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ROBERT MERRY'S

MUSEUM.

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

VOLUME VII.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VII. 1844. No. 1.

WELL—here we are again! The old year has passed away, and the new one has come. How rapidly the months have flown! It seems but a brief space since our last farewell to the old year,—and since we greeted you all with wishes of a happy new one. And yet, within that space, this great world on which we live has made its annual journey of three hundred millions of miles around the sun—and we have kept it company. The year 1843 has departed, and carried up to heaven its record of good and of evil!

And we are now at the threshold of another year; we are about to begin a new race—to perform a new journey. The year 1844 is an untried region—an unknown country. What may be there in store for us, we cannot say. But let us start with cheerful hearts, with hopeful anticipations, and with a stock of good resolutions.

It is the first day of January,—that cold and stormy month, which the ancients represented under the image of an old man, with a long beard,—such as appears at the head of this article. Boys and girls—I wish you all a happy new year! But what are mere wishes?

They are idle breath—a mockery of words, unless the heart goes with them. And my heart, on the present occasion, does go with my words. I not only wish you a happy new year, my friends, but, so far as in me lies, I intend to make it a happy one for my readers. I have in store for them—not cake and candy—not sweetmeats and sugar-plums—but rhymes and riddles—fables and allegories—prose and poetry—lays and legends—fact and fancy—in short, a general assortment of such things as belong to a literary museum for young people. And although I profess to deal in matters that may amuse my friends, I have still a desire that, while they are entertained, they shall be instructed. The only way to be happy—really and truly happy—is to be wise; and wisdom comes through teaching—through education. I think I can make this very plain, if you will listen to me a few moments.

You know there are such people as savages—those who roam wild in the woods, or dwell in wigwams, sitting upon the ground, and sleeping upon the skins of beasts; those who have no books, nor schools, nor churches; those who have never read the Bible; those who know not Jesus Christ, nor the ten commandments.

Well—what makes the difference between these wild, savage people, and those who live in good houses, in towns and cities, and have all the comforts and conveniences of life? Knowledge makes the whole difference, and knowledge comes by instruction—by education. Do my little readers know that without education they would be savages? Yet it is really so. All are born alike—the child of the savage, and the child of the Christian. One grows up a savage, because its father and mother do not send it to school—do not furnish it books, do not teach it to read and to write. The other grows up a Christian, because it is instructed—it is educated. Education, therefore, makes us to differ.

Now, what do you think of this? Do you observe, that all our little friends, who hate books, and school, and instruction, are trying to be like little savages? Bah! I hope none of my readers are so unreasonable. I hope they see that it is best for them to be Christians—and as far as possible from the savage state. I think one thing is very clear: our good Father in heaven, whom we ought all to love and obey, did not intend us to be savages; and, at the same time, he has provided only one way to avoid it—and that is by education. He makes it our duty, therefore, as well as our happiness, to seek instruction—education.

This design of Providence is very apparent, when we compare man with animals. Birds and beasts do not go to school; they are provided with all needful knowledge by that power which we call instinct. A little chicken, only a day old, will run about and pick up seeds, which lie scattered among the stones and dirt. How does the chicken know that seeds are made to eat, and that stones are not made to eat? How does the chicken distinguish the wholesome and nutritious seed, from the dirt and gravel? God has taught it—God has given it a wonderful instinct, by which it is guided in the choice and discovery of its food.

But the infant has no such instinct; left to itself, it will pick up dirt, stones, pins—anything that comes in its way—and put all into its little greedy mouth! The child has to be taught everything by its parents or its nurse. It must be taught what is good and what is evil—what to seek, and what to shun.

The chicken runs about, as soon as it is hatched; the child must be taught first to creep, then to walk. The chicken, left to itself, though but a day old, will hide from the hawk that would devour it; the child, if left to itself, would as soon go into the fire, or the water, or the bear's mouth, as anywhere else. The chicken is guided by instinct—the child by instruction.

Thus it appears, that, while instinct is the guide of the animal world, education is the instrument by which children are to reach their true destiny. God meant us to be educated; and children who hate education, hate God's will and God's way; they hate the road that leads to their own happiness. Think of that—black-eyes and blue-eyes!—think that when you resist instruction, you resist the will of Providence, and sin against your own peace! The designs of Providence, in respect to animals and mankind, appear very striking from other considerations. Now a beaver is a natural architect, and his instinct not only teaches him the art of house-building, but he has a set of tools ready furnished. He has sharp teeth, with which he cuts down trees, and divides them into proper lengths: thus his teeth answer both as hatchet and saw. His tail is flat, and when he has laid on his mortar, he turns round and spats it with his tail, which operates like a mason's trowel. So here is a carpenter and mason, both in one, educated by nature and provided with a set of tools, scot free. What a happy fellow!

So it is with the woodpecker; he never learnt a trade, or paid a shilling for tools—yet he knows how to chisel out his hole in a dry tree—and his bill answers as both gouge and hammer. The spider has no shuttle or loom; he never had a lesson in the factories of Lowell—yet he weaves his ingenious web—and he sets it, too, so as to take his prey.

Surely, Providence has taken care of these creatures in a wonderful way. And perhaps you think that God has been more kind to them than to human beings; for while He teaches the animal world, He leaves children to schoolmasters; and while He teaches the beavers and the birds their trade, and furnishes their tools, gratis—boys and girls must serve seven years for a trade, and pay for their tools when they have done!

But let us look a little farther. It is true that if children refuse to learn—refuse to be educated—they remain ignorant, and like savages. But children can learn, if they will. Education is offered to them—and, if it is improved, what is the result? Look around, and see what mankind, who have obeyed the will of God, and who have improved their faculties by education,—see what they are, and what they have done. The instinct of the beaver is very wonderful—but, after all, it only enables the beaver to build rude mounds of earth, wood and stone, which serve as its abode; and also enables it to provide its

simple food of roots and grass and fruits. This is the whole stretch of instinct.

But let us look at the results of education, operating upon the faculties of man. Look at Boston—what a mighty city! How many houses—and if we go into them, how beautiful—how convenient! Look at the paved streets—the pleasant side-walks! Go into the shops, and see the beautiful merchandises. Go into the Museum, in Tremont street, and see the wonders there, gathered from the four quarters of the globe. Go down to the waters and see the ships, made to plough the mighty ocean, and hold intercourse with the ends of the earth. Go to the Atheneum, and see the stores of knowledge, which man has discovered. Go to the churches, and see the people holding communion with that God who built the earth, and spread out the heavens. Open the Bible, and read the wonders of revelation—the immortality of the soul—the mighty plan of man's salvation. Go to the fireside, and see the comfort—the peace—the happiness, which are there. And remember that all these things—every one of them—is the product of education. Oh, who then would be content with instinct, merely because it is easy, and costs nothing; and spurn education, because it requires effort?

Education, then, is a great and glorious thing; but remember that you must take advantage of it. The old adage says—"One man may lead a horse to water, but ten can't make him drink." It is so with children in education: it is easy to send them to school—easy to put books before them—easy to give them good counsel; but if they will not try to learn, they will not learn. You cannot teach an unwilling mind. When I was a boy, I caught a blue jay, and put him in a cage; but the fellow would n't eat. I got hold of his head, and opened his mouth, and put some cherries down, but he would n't swallow; and as soon as I let him go, he threw it all up; and so he died! Now, this is just the way with some boys and girls—they will not take knowledge into their minds; they reject good counsel; even if you cram it down, they throw it up. Is n't that bad? Yes—very bad indeed.

Now—ladies and gentlemen—boys and girls—walk up,—here 's Merry's Museum for 1844! We are going to set matters all right; we are going to show the advantages of education, the pleasures of education, the duty of education. We shall have our sweetmeats and sugar-plums, as we go along; but still—still—we mean to know a great deal more at the end of the year, than we do now! We mean to lay up a good stock of knowledge, which may last us through life. Who will go with us?

A London printseller advertises, "A head of Charles I., capitally executed."

A Test.—"Never," said the celebrated Lord Burleigh, "trust a man who is unsound in religion, for he that is false to his God can never be true to man."

Significant.—An old picture represents a king sitting in state with a label, "I govern all;" a bishop, with a legend, "I pray for all;" a farmer, drawing forth, reluctantly, a purse, with the inscription, "I pay for all."

The Thorn.

THERE was once a boy, named James, who, with his little brother and sister, was going to take a walk in the fields and woods. It was a beautiful warm day, and James thought he would take off his stockings and shoes, and go barefoot.

I suppose my young friends all know how pleasant it is to take off the covering of the feet, in a warm summer day, and run about on the smooth grass. How light one feels—how swift one can run with his foot free as that of the mountain deer!

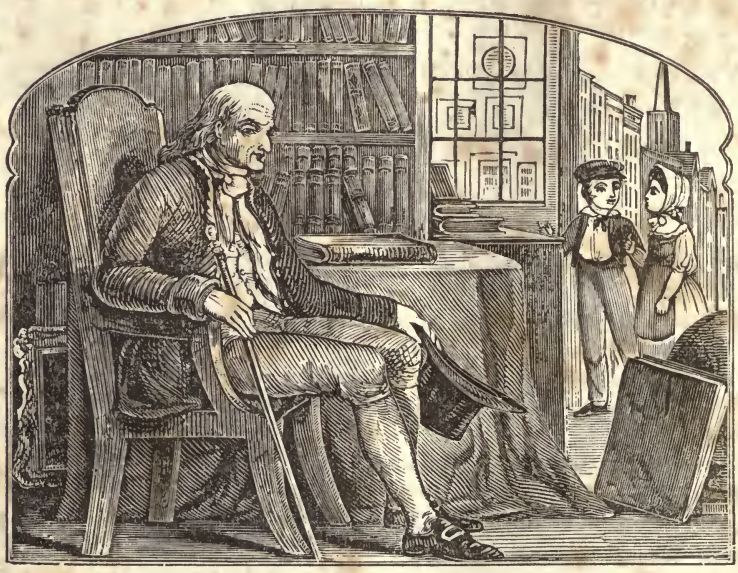
Now it happened that James had been forbidden by his mother to take off his stockings and shoes, for she was afraid that he would take cold. But he was now at a distance from home, and he thought he would do as he liked. So he took off his stockings and shoes.

Oh, how he did scamper about for a time; but, by and by, as he was skipping along, he stepped upon a thorn, which entered the bottom of his foot, and inflicted a severe wound. As it gave him great pain, he sat down and tried to pull out the thorn; but, alas! it had entered quite deep, and had then broken off in such a manner, that he could not get hold of it. There he sat for some time, not knowing what to do—but at last he was obliged to hobble home as well as he could.

James told his mother what had happened, for how could he help it? "Ah

—ah—my son!" said she, "this comes of your disobedience. When will children learn that parents know what is best for them?" However, the good woman set to work to try to get out the naughty thorn, but she could not succeed.

By this time James was in great pain; so his mother put on a poultice, hoping that would cure it. But the poor fellow did n't sleep any all night, he was in such distress, and in the morning his foot was sadly swollen. The doctor was then sent for, and at last he succeeded in getting out the thorn; but poor James had a sad time of it. It was at least three weeks before he got quite well. But the event was a good lesson to him. Whenever, in after life, he was tempted to disobey his mother, he said to himself—"Mother knows best—remember the thorn!" Whenever he was tempted to seize upon any forbidden pleasure, he would always say—"Remember the thorn!"



The Old Man in the Corner; or, the Pedler's Pack.

Not long since, an old man—a very old man—came into the office of Merry's Museum, and sat down in a corner of the room. He looked a little like old Peter Parley—but it can't be that it was he, for some say Peter is dead—and, at any rate, he is not to be seen about these days.

After the old man had sat for some time,—saying nothing to anybody, and only looking about with a kind of mournful countenance,—he got up, and slowly marched away. When he was gone, one of the boys found a little parcel on the bench where the old man sat, addressed to "Mr. Robert Merry; care of Bradbury & Soden, 10 School street, Boston."

On opening the paper, we found an old greasy book within, written full of tales, fables, sketches, &c.; some of them very good indeed, and some very queer. The title of the little book was the "Pedler's Pack," and it had the following motto:

Come, all my youthful friends, come near—
For every one I've something here:
Anecdotes for those who choose—
Rhymes for all who love the muse—
Riddles and conundrums—bless 'em—
For little folks who love to guess 'em;
Odd scraps have I from history torn,
Strange tales from other countries borne—
And many a story, true and funny,
Well worth your reading and your money.
So, all my youthful readers, come—
Boys and girls, each shall have some.
Walk up, my friends—Blue Eyes and Black—
And let us ope the Pedler's Pack.

There was no note or direction, which informed us clearly what the *Old Man in the Corner* intended we should do with his book; but we suppose that he intended we should publish it in Merry's Museum. This we have accordingly concluded to do. We shall insert such articles as seem suitable for our columns—making occasional notes of an explanatory nature. The first article we shall insert, is entitled *The Blues;* and in order that our readers may understand it, we must premise that when people are sad, or unhappy, on account of troublesome thoughts, they are said to have the *blues*, or the *blue devils*. The same thing is meant by the terms, *bad spirits*, the *vapors*, *low spirits*, &c. The *Old Man in the Corner* seems to think that these troubles may be avoided by a proper course of life.

Here is his queer article about

The Blues.

How it rains! Patter, patter, patter! Well, let it pour! I love the rumble of the drops upon the roof, like the prolonged roll of a distant drum. Let it rain; I am secure. I shall not go out to-day, nor shall any one intrude upon my privacy. This day is mine!

A wet day is often considered a lost day. To me it is otherwise. I can shut the door upon the world—turn the key upon life's cares, and give myself up freely to the reins of a vagrant fancy, without reproach of conscience. Providence has stepped in, and, arresting my tasks and my duties, gives me a sort of Sabbath of leisure and mental recreation. To me a wet day brings no blues, or, if it does, they are those which come on the wings of reverie, and are such as I am sometimes willing to entertain. Your reasonable blue is a communicative, suggestive thing, and I always court its society.

And, after all—what are "the Blues?" Everything else has been classified, analyzed, and reduced to scientific system; and why not these beings which figure so largely in the history of the human mind? This is a subject of profound inquiry, and I wonder it has not at-

tracted the attention of the philosophical. Let us look at it.

To get firm hold of the subject, we must suppose a case. I sit in my room alone. Alone, did I say? As nature abhors a vacuum, the mind instinctively shrinks from solitude. If fleshy forms are not present, a host of imps press in from crack and crevice, to gambol around us. The mind is like the room in which the body is held, and these shadowy elves issue forth from the plastering of the walls, or peep out from the dark arras that hangs betwixt the visible and invisible world. Could we break through the plastering, or lift the arras, and see what these seeming imps are—whether they are things, or only images of things; whether they are substantial spirits, which, like invisible eels in water, are ever playing their pranks behind the curtain of vision; could we do this, our task would easily be done; and for our discovery we should expect to be made a member of some philosophical society. But, alas! there is no bridge that crosses the gulf between life and death—none, at least, upon which a being of flesh and blood can return. It is therefore impossible to follow "the blues" to their retreats—to the recesses from which, unbidden, they come. and to which, pursued, they fly.

What, then, are "the Blues?" In natural history, there is nothing like dissection. But, before dissection, we must have a subject. How, then, shall we catch a blue?—that is the first question. The easiest way is to take one by supposition, and, while we are supposing, we may as well include the whole race. These can be arranged as follows:

ORDER I. THE BLUES.

These have no head, no heart, no ears, no breathing organs; body, invisible; food, the human heart.

Order I. The Blues.

- CLASS I. Blues of reverie: pleasing, but not to be too much indulged.
- CLASS II. Rum blues: pestiferous.
- CLASS III. Blues of indigestion: horrible.
- CLASS IV. Blues of bad conscience: frightful.

We might now proceed to give the several kinds into which each class is divided, and then the numerous species of each kind. But this must be reserved for some future work on the subject; and if we should publish such an one, let no person laugh at our labors, nor sneer at our philosophy. "The Blues" constitute a great subject of scientific research, and are by no means unworthy of the moral philosopher. We have only time to make a few observations, to show the force of this latter remark.

In the first place, it may be noted that those persons who live temperately, rise early, and go to bed early; those who fulfil their duties toward God and man; those who have good digestion, and a good conscience—are never visited by any other blues than Order I., Class I. If any others ever do come to such persons, they usually depart as speedily as a rattlesnake from an ash stick. Of course, these people are not supposed to be particularly interested in our subject.

But that numerous class, who are in the habit of neglecting some daily duty, or violating some moral or physical law·

those who eat too much; those who take strong drinks; those who follow pleasure rather than peace; those, in short, who keep the mind like an ill-swept garret, decorated with dust, cobwebs and confusion—those persons are doubtless particularly interested in our subject. For these, the little blues of the pestiferous classes have a strong affinity. Around the hearts of these persons they are ever to be found. Upon their life-blood these elves live.

Of all classes of blues, the Rum Blue is, perhaps, the worst. Whether the insect called "*blue bottle*" took its name from it, or not, is a question for the learned. The class is pretty numerous, and includes a variety of genera, among which are the following.

Class II. Rum Blues; or, the Horrors.

- Genus 1. The gin blue.
- Genus 2. The whiskey blue. (In London called "blue ruin.")
- Genus 3. The wine blue.
- Genus 4. The toddy blue.
- Genus 5. The brandy blue.
- Genus 6. The Santa Croix blue.

This class of blues is particularly pestiferous. There is no great difference between them, and none but a nice observer can distinguish them: they are, however, a most destructive race. They often assemble in crowds around the mind, and are then called "*low spirits*," or "the horrors," terms which are descriptive of their character. They not unfrequently sting the soul and body with such agony, as to bring on what is called the *delirium tremens*—the most frightful of mortal maladies. Under the agony of the rum blue, a man will sometimes murder his wife and children. This subject is almost too frightful to dwell upon; but there is one source of consolation, and that is, that no one ever need be afflicted with the rum blue. If a person will only abstain from alcoholic liquors, he will never be infested with any species of this kind of vermin.

The class of blues belonging to bad conscience, as well as that of indigestion, is numerous, and includes a variety of genera. We will not now enter into a detail of them, as our present observations are intended to be rather practical than scientific. We may therefore close this article with the observation, that *whoever is afflicted with the blues, has it in his own power to get rid of them.*

And now, gentle reader, the moral of all this is as follows. Many people are subject to pain of mind—which they express by the terms, *blue devils*, *the horrors*, *low spirits*, &c. &c. Now, this pain of mind almost always proceeds from some misconduct; from the neglect of duty; from improper eating or drinking; from wrong doing of some kind or other. Therefore, if you would avoid pain of mind—if you would keep away the blues—adopt good habits, and stick to them.

Chinese notion of Dancing.—When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the ship Centurion had a ball upon some holiday. While they were dancing, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, said softly, to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

"Don't give up the Ship."

During the last war with England, a bloody battle was fought between the British vessel of war Shannon and the American vessel Chesapeake. This took place in the waters off Boston harbor.

In a short time, the Chesapeake was terribly cut to pieces, and many of the men were killed and wounded. The commander, Captain Lawrence, was himself mortally wounded, but, while he was dying, he exclaimed, "*Don't give up the ship!*" These striking words have passed into a proverb, and nothing is more common than to hear people say, when they wish to inspire those who are in difficulty with a new stock of courage and energy, "don't give up the ship!" Now such little sentences, take the whole world together, produce an immense deal of effect,—for very often a person about to despair has

taken new courage from saying to himself,—or having it said to him,—"don't give up the ship!" I am going to tell you a story which may show an instance of this.

Richard Dribble,—familiarly called Dick Dribble,—was a poor boy, about eleven years old, who was put out to a farmer, to go to school, and do chores at odd hours. I need not describe his appearance particularly, for his portrait is at the head of this article; but I must tell you that Dick was rather disposed to be lazy and idle. He was a good-natured fellow, but he hated exertion, and was even too indolent to keep himself tidy. He therefore had always a kind of neglected, shabby and shiftless look.

Well, it was winter, and one day Dick was sent of an errand. The distance he had to go was two or three miles, and his way led through some deep woods. Dick had a great coat, but he was too lazy to put it on, and, though the weather was bitter cold, he set off without it. He had not gone far before he began to shiver like a pot of jelly, but still he kept on. After a while it began to snow, and pretty soon Dick's neck and bosom were almost filled with it, though some of it melted and went trickling down his back and breast.

The boy took it very quietly for a time; instead of beating off the snow, he let it rest, until at last he was almost crusted over with it. His fingers now began to ache, his nose tingled, his toes grumbled, his teeth chattered, and his whole frame shivered like an aspen leaf. At last the poor fellow began to snivel, and, stopping plump in the path, he exclaimed "It's too bad! it's too bad!" Saying this, he gathered himself all into a kind of heap, and stood stock still.

How long he would have remained here, if he had been left to himself, I can't say; it is probable that he would have remained inactive till he had become benumbed and unable to move, and that he had then lain down and been frozen to death. Indeed, he was already chilled through, and his limbs were getting stiff, and almost incapable of motion, when a gay young fellow came driving by in a sleigh. As he passed, he saw Dick, and exclaimed, "Don't give up the ship!" He was driving very swiftly, and was out of sight in an instant.

Dick had sense enough left to appreciate the force of the counsel thus hastily given; it forced him to see, that, if he did not make an effort, he would die; at the same time, it put into his bosom a feeling that he could overcome the cold and extricate himself from his trouble. "At any rate," said he to himself, "I will try!" No sooner had he adopted this view of the case, than he began to march forward. He rubbed and beat his fingers; he knocked off the snow from around his neck; in short, he laid out his whole strength, and before he had gone half a mile, he was in a fine glow, and though his fingers and toes tingled a little from the hot-ache, he was very comfortable.

So Master Dick trudged on; he performed his errand, and returned in safety. Nor was the adventure wholly without its use to him. He often thought of the advice of the gay sleigh-driver, and the effect it had upon him.

"Don't give up the ship," said he, amid the piercing and trying circumstances of after life; and often that brief but pointed counsel enabled him to triumph over difficulties which, perchance, had otherwise overbalanced him.

And now, gentle reader, if you find it hard to get your lesson, hard to perform your task, hard to do your duty, think of Dick Dribble in the snow-storm, and say to yourself, "Don't give up the ship," and go ahead!

CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.—Fill your mouth with cream, and bump your head against a post till it turns to butter.

EITHER WAY WILL DO.—"Wilt thou have me, Sarah?" said a modest young man to a girl whom he loved. "No, John," was the reply of Sarah—"but you may have me, if you will!"

"The rolling stone gathers no moss." Unstable people seldom prosper.

The Stormy Petrel.

My course is o'er the sea, the sea,
Where the wind roams free,—
  Where the tempest flies
On a wing of might,
  And the billow rolls
In a robe of white!

My course is o'er the tide, the tide,
Where the fearless ride,—
  Where the bloody deed
In battle is done,
  And the gory wreath
Of victory won!

My course is o'er the deep, the deep,
Where the lost ones sleep,—
  Down, down in the hush
Of a coral bed,
  Where the mermaid sighs
O'er the lonely dead!

My course is east—my course is west—
Where, where shall the petrel rest?—
  In the cleft of a rock,
Where the surges sweep,
  And lulled by the shock,
Shall the petrel sleep.

Bill and the Boys.

I HAVE been often requested by my young readers to tell them something more about Bill Keeler. I have, therefore, been rumaging over my memory, to see if I could pick up something about him, worth relating. Now Bill was a great story teller, and he with myself and several other boys, used often to get together, and amuse one another by relating such narratives as we could invent or recollect. Bill was always foremost on these occasions, and not only told the best, but the most stories. It is my purpose to present my readers with such of these tales as I can recollect. I shall not try to put them down in the exact language in which they were originally spoken,—but I shall give their substance and point. The first of these tales, I shall call

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

There was once a poor, but worthy man, whose name was Trudge. He was a pedler, and though he dealt only in pins, needles, thread, combs and such little articles, he succeeded in getting a comfortable living. Nay, more—he laid up a trifle every year, and finally he had enough to buy him a small house. He had a wife and two or three children, and to this humble cottage they speedily removed.

Trudge thought himself very happy when he was snugly established at his new house. He kissed Mrs. Trudge, and all the little Trudges; danced "hey

Betty Martin!" and thought himself one of the luckiest fellows in the world. And so he was, if he could have been content; but, alas! he was beset with certain very troublesome visiters; they were Ambition, Envy and Idleness. I must tell you all about it.

As Trudge travelled about the country selling his wares, he noticed some fine houses, around which he always saw nice carriages, gay horses, and well-dressed people, who seemed to have nothing to do but to amuse themselves. This made Trudge feel uneasy, and he said to himself—"Why was n't I rich, and why can't I live in a fine house, and be a gentleman? Here I am—only a pedler—poor Tom Trudge—and it's all trudge, trudge, from morning to night; winter and summer, fair or foul, hot or cold, I must trudge, trudge! If I was rich, and lived in a fine house, I should be Thomas Trudge, Esq., and then I should be as good as anybody. I should have easy carriages and fat, slick horses, and Mrs. Trudge would be a fine lady!"

Thus it was that poor Tom indulged his fancy, and all the time Envy and Ambition and Idleness were at work within, making him very unhappy. Envy made him feel a sort of hatred toward people who were richer than himself. Ambition urged him to make every effort to be rich; and, at the same time, Idleness told him that the greatest comfort in life was to have nothing to do. Thus it was that Tom, who had a neat pretty home, and every necessary comfort and convenience, was really miserable, because of these uneasy and uncomfortable thoughts

Tom at last opened his mind to his wife, and it seems that she had been feeling pretty much like himself. "I don't see," said she, "why we ain't as good as the best; and I think it mean of you, Mr. Trudge, not to let me have as good a gown as Mrs. Million, up there on the hill. Last Sunday she came out with a bran-new yaller silk gown, and there was I, in the next pew, in my old caliker; and I thought to myself, 't an't right! And then, you must know, when the minister said any pleasant and comforting scriptures, he looked very kind at Mrs. Million and her new silk gown, and when he said anything about the wicked, he looked at me and my caliker. Now, Tom, I say 't an't fair." And here Mrs. Trudge buried her face in her apron.

Poor Trudge did all he could to comfort his spouse; but, alas! the peace of the cottage was gone. Tom and his wife had cast out Content and let in Envy, and Envy is a troublesome companion. He is never happy himself, and will let nobody else be happy. Envy is like a chestnut burr—all covered with prickles—and the closer you clasp it, the more it torments you. Yet this was now the inmate of Trudge's cottage.

Well, time went on, and things grew worse rather than better. It is true that Tom and his wife were thrifty people; they had now got to be pretty well off in the world, but still they were by no means as happy as they once were; envy and ambition still goaded them on; they yearned to be rich; and, strange to say, they hated the people who were in the station they themselves desired.

They envied and hated Mrs. Million; yet they wanted very much to be like Mrs. Million.

And—who would have thought it?—the time came when they had an opportunity to gratify their desires. Tom was one day in New York, whither he had gone to buy his stock of pins, thread, and needles—when he chanced to pass by a lottery office. Here, in the window, was a picture of a gay, lightly-dressed lady, pouring out gold and silver from a long thing, shaped like a horn, but as big as a corn basket. Plash went the money upon the ground, as free as water from the town pump. A bright thought struck Tom: "it's of no use to plod," said he to himself; "here I've got fifty dollars; if I lay it out in goods, I must go and peddle them out, and that's hard work. Besides, what's the use of it? Though I am a little richer by means of my labors, still, compared with the Millions and the Goldboys, I shall be poor. Now, I've a good mind to step in and buy a ticket in the New York State Lottery, ☞ HIGHEST PRIZE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! ☜ Perhaps I shall draw it."

While these thoughts passed in his mind, Tom entered the lottery office, and in a kind of frenzy, bought a ticket and paid his fifty dollars for it. He then rolled it carefully up in his pocket and set off for home—a distance of some forty miles. On his arrival here, he communicated what he had done, to his wife; and though she secretly approved of what he had done, she took him to task for it roundly; for it was dear Mrs. Trudge's way to find fault with everything her husband did. Besides, in the present case, she wished, if the ticket should draw a blank, and the money be thus lost, to have it in her power to say to her spouse, ☞ "*I told you so, Mr. Trudge!*"—thereby proving her own sagacity and her husband's want of sense. It is a pleasure to some wives, to prove that they ought to have been men, and their husbands women, and Mrs. Thomas Trudge was one of this amiable species. But, let us not be misunderstood. Mrs. Trudge wished only to degrade her husband in her own house, so as to keep the upper hand of him. Out of it, she always praised him to the skies, and she passed—except with those who knew better—as a most obedient, devoted, respectful wife.

The lottery was to draw in about two months. Tom whiled away the time as well as he could. It is strange that creatures who have got only a few years to live, should still, at least half the time, be wishing to annihilate that very time which is so short. Yet so it is. Tom had given up peddling, for he was determined to be a rich man, and toil no more; besides, he had spent his money in the lottery ticket, and he had no cash to buy pins and needles with. He went to the tavern, drank gin sling, loafed with the idle fellows of the town, talked politics and scandal, and thus killed the time; but all did not make him content. Many times did he say to himself, "This idleness is a great curse; I wish I was at work; I'd rather peddle than play;" and yet, all the time, he was hoping and yearning for the day when he could be rich, and live without work.

At last the time came when the lottery was to be drawn, and Tom was

preparing to set off for New York, to be present at the important crisis. "Now, Tom," said his wife, "mind! If you draw the highest prize, I want you to buy me a yaller silk gown, jest like Mrs. Million's, only a great deal smarter. And do you buy me a red satin bonnet, like Mrs. Goldboy's, only redder. And then do you buy me a new fan, with a pikter of a Wenus on one side, and a Cowpig on the other. And then if I don't go to meetin', and see who'll hold their heads highest, and who'll get the comfortin' scripters—I'm not Bridget Trudge!"

"Well, well," said Tom, in reply, "and suppose I don't draw the prize?"

"Suppose you don't draw the prize!" said the spouse, "why then you have thrown away your money like a fool, and remember what I say; if you don't draw the prize, remember that I told you so; and if you do draw the prize, get the silk gown and the silk bonnet, and the fan."

After a little further conversation, Tom departed on his errand. The result will be told in another chapter.

Pictures of Various Nations.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

About the different colors of the human race.

THE globe upon which we dwell is a small body compared with the sun, or with Jupiter, or Saturn; yet it contains many millions of inhabitants. The exact number can never be ascertained. The best estimates make the number between eight and nine hundred millions. This number is too great for a young mind to grasp. A better idea may be formed of it, by supposing the whole population of the globe to pass by you, one by one. How long would it take you to count them, at the rate of twenty thousand a day? More than one hundred and twenty years.

These inhabitants are scattered over every part of the earth, and are to be found in almost every island of the sea. They have penetrated into the frozen regions, where scarcely anything grows but moss: where fish, bears and reindeer are their only food; and where they are obliged to live in cabins under ground.

Vast as the number of the earth's inhabitants is, and widely scattered as they are, yet they all sprung from one pair. This the scriptures tell us. About six thousand years ago, God created Adam and Eve in Asia, and from them all mankind have descended.

Do you ask how this can be? Do you say, that the inhabitants of different countries and climates differ much? They do indeed differ. They differ in respect to laws, and government, and manners, and dress, and language, and color. In this last respect, color, they differ almost more than in anything else.

Well, because they differ thus much, you think they could not all have descended from Adam and Eve? If they did not, then the Bible, so far, cannot be true. This would be a sad conclusion.

But, is such a conclusion necessary? Cannot we account for the differences which exist among different nations,

upon the supposition that they all did descend from Adam and Eve?

Take the difference in color, which exists among different nations. This, perhaps, is the most difficult to be accounted for. A great variety of color may be noticed; but the various colors may, perhaps, be reduced to three—white, black and red. All the others may be supposed to be different shades of these.

Now, were Adam and Eve white, black or red? This we cannot ascertain. The late Dr. Dwight, I believe, supposed that they were red; but allow that they were white; by what process could their descendants have become some brown, some yellow, others red, and others still quite black?

Suppose that a white person in the United States should constantly go abroad without any covering upon his head. What would be the consequence of his exposure to the wind and sun? He would "tan," as we say, or grow dark colored; and the longer he was exposed the darker he would become.

Exposure, then, to the heat of the sun, and to changes in the weather, causes a change of complexion. Suppose this same person visits the torrid zone. Here, as the heat of the sun is much greater, and the winds are more scorching, we should naturally expect that his complexion would darken faster, and, in time, become of a deeper cast.

This is precisely as we find the fact. All the inhabitants of the torrid zone incline more or less to a black color. Under the equator, where the heat is greater than in any other part of the world, they are quite black. In other parts of the world, where the heat is less intense, as in the temperate climates, they are generally white, or only brown. Still farther north, in the frigid zones, where the air is very dry, and the cold very severe, the inhabitants are tawny.

Thus it appears that difference of climate produces a great difference in the complexion of people. But do not nations living in the same climate, differ in color? They do. This is remarkably exemplified in the Tartars and Chinese. The latter are fairer than the former, though they resemble the Tartars in features; but, then, they are more polished, and adopt every means to protect themselves from the weather. On the other hand, the Tartars, are a roving people, without any fixed dwellings; and hence, are continually exposed to the sun and air.

We might mention many other causes of a variety of color. Perhaps few things injure the complexion more than want of cleanliness. This recalls to my recollection a set of people, who were called Yonkers, and who lived a few miles from the city of Schenectady, in the state of New York. When I saw them, some years since, they consisted of about one hundred souls. Their ancestor's name was Johnson. He and his wife were white persons.

Being poor and shiftless, they removed into the woods a few miles from Schenectady, where they erected a miserable hut, without a floor, and without a chimney. Some loose straw served them for a bed; and in dirt and in filth they lived. They had several children, who followed their examples. Other huts were erected—they intermarried, and in smoke, and

in grease, and in filth, they and their descendants have lived. In the hottest season of the year the children are accustomed to roll in the dirt with the pigs around the door; and in the winter season they play with the ashes and live in the smoke. They seldom, if ever, wash; and it is doubtful whether a child's hair is combed half a dozen times, till it is grown up. When I visited them, which was for the purpose of distributing bibles among them, it was stated that only five of the whole clan were able to read.

The consequence of this filthy mode of living may be easily guessed. They appeared like a different race of beings. Their features were greatly changed; but much more their complexion. In this latter respect they were nearly as dark as the North American Indians. From this story my readers may learn something of the influence which manner of living exerts, not only on complexion, but even upon features.

From the foregoing facts it is easy to perceive how white people may, in process of time, become dark-colored, and even black. Hence, admitting that Adam and Eve were created white, their descendants might, through the influence of climate and other causes, become red and even black.

But, you say, perhaps they were not white—perhaps they were red, perhaps black. Yes, they might have been red, or they might have been black. Well, if they were either of these, you ask how any of their descendants became white.

This is a nice question. But, perhaps, something may in truth be said by way of a satisfactory answer. We have seen how a white man might become very dark-colored, and how his descendants might become, in process of time, even black, by removing to the torrid zone, and there continuing to dwell for several hundred years.

Now, might not the very reverse of this prove true? Do not the blacks from Africa grow lighter colored, when brought to the northern parts of the United States? Listen to what President Dwight says on this subject:

"The change of the blacks," says he, "whose ancestors were introduced into New England, is already very great, as to their shape, features, hair and complexion. Within the last thirty years, I have not seen a single person, of African descent, who was not many shades whiter than the blacks formerly imported directly from Guinea."

Now, it is possible that the black people in the United States might become white, in process of time. I do not say that they ever will, because their manner of living is far different from that of the whites. They are not as cleanly; most of them are much exposed to the weather. And this is true of the Indians, or "red men."

But, you ask, can any instances be produced of either "red men" or black men becoming white? I answer, yes, instances of both. I will give an account of an instance of each kind; and I can assure my readers that the account is true, and they may find it in an enlarged form, in Dr. Dwight's travels. And first, I shall tell them the story of the Indian, or "red man."

Or, rather I might say, that my story

relates to four Indians. They belonged to the tribe called Brothertown Indians, who lived at a place called Brothertown, in the state of New York. It was in the year 1791, that Mr. Hart, formerly minister at Stonington, in Connecticut, saw four Indians, whose skin, in different parts of their body, was turning white.

One, whose name was Samuel Adams, had become almost entirely white. This Indian told Mr. Hart, that his skin had been gradually changing its color for fourteen years. He was a very healthy man; nor was he sensible of any pain or disease which occasioned the change. "His skin appeared perfectly smooth and fresh, and delicately white." His hair, also, had become in part gray, like that of aged white people.

The instance of a black man, who became white, is also related by Dr. Dwight, who himself saw the man, and examined him. His name was Henry Moss. He was a native of Virginia. He came to New Haven in the year 1796, where Dr. Dwight saw him. He was originally black, and woolly headed, like other negroes; but, at this time, he was almost entirely white, and of a "clear, fresh, and delicate complexion." His hair, also, was in part changed, and was exactly that of fair white people; of a flaxen hue, and perfectly free from curling.

From these examples my readers may learn that no one color is essential to the nature of the body; and that, as white men have become black, and red and black men white, all mankind, how different soever they may now appear, may have descended from Adam and Eve, whatever their complexion might have been.

I might say much more in relation to the differences which exist among different nations; and might, perhaps, explain how they came to differ so greatly in respect to language, and dress, and laws, and government, and other things; but I must not be tedious.

It would be pleasant, no doubt, to my readers, could they travel in safety round the world, and visit the different nations and tribes of men, and mark the differences which exist, for themselves. This pleasure some have enjoyed to a certain extent; and many are the vessels which yearly sail from the United States to various parts of the globe.

A few men have visited almost every country on the globe; but it would take a long life to become even superficially acquainted with the different tribes of men, had one the means which would be necessary. But it is not essential to travel much, to become tolerably acquainted with the people of different countries. Different men have travelled the world over, and have given faithful accounts of the people whom they saw It is desirable to know what has been thus related. Many of my readers, I suppose, cannot obtain the books which have been written on this subject. I shall, therefore, proceed to tell them something about it.

[To be continued.]

Fresh Water.—The basin of the St. Lawrence, including the great lakes, contains, in mass, more than half the fresh water on the globe.

Candle-flies.

Light.

BEFORE the creation of light, the world must have been involved in darkness. A state of darkness is the natural condition of the universe without light. We are very apt to think of everything as a matter of course, and we are not apt to reflect that everything has been made, created—by God. Now, let us bear in mind the fact, that darkness was the original state of the universe; then let us reflect upon the stupendous, beautiful and benignant creation of light. How wonderful must have been the first rising of the sun upon this world of ours, before involved in the shades of midnight! How wonderful must have been the first appearance of the thousand stars in the sky—and how wonderful that of the pale, but lovely moon, hung like a bow in the heavens, or bursting in its full splendor upon our world below.

And let us consider a moment what a wonderful element light is. We do not understand all its properties, but we know that it proceeds in a straight direction from its source. Now the sun produces light, and it comes to us with an

inconceivable velocity. The distance of the sun is ninety-five millions of miles from us—yet the rays of light reach us in seven minutes and a half; thus showing that the rays fly at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in a second!

Let us consider, for one instant, what a stupendous work it was to make and sustain the sun, which is every instant pouring off a flood of light on all sides, reaching ninety-five millions of miles, and flowing constantly at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second; and consider, also, that this process has been in operation for at least six thousand years! This is indeed enough to overwhelm us with wonder and admiration; and yet we are only considering one source of light—the sun—while every fixed star in the firmament is another, and presents the same topic of admiration.

We might now pass from this view of the subject, to the uses of light—and remark upon the fact, that by means of it we see things. Color and form—all that constitutes the beauty of the world of vision—is revealed to us by light. The production of light—its manufacture and supply—is a stupendous thing—but yet its conception, its invention, was still more wonderful. There was a time when all was darkness. It was then that God said, "Let there be light, and there was light!" But he had an object in producing light. He intended that his creatures should see by it. How great, then, were his wisdom and goodness in designing it—how wonderful his power in producing it!

I intend, hereafter, to say something more about the philosophy of light; but my intention, at present, is to speak only of some curious particulars in relation to it. In the first place, let me tell you that there are some plants which throw out light. A gentleman observed, in the shady recesses of some of the rocks of Derbyshire, England, a brilliant gold and green light, which appeared to proceed from a fine net-work of moss, growing upon the rocks. In the coal mines near Dresden, in Germany, there are certain mosses, which are said to be abundant and luminous. They are described by a visitor as appearing in "wonderful beauty," and he says, "The impression produced by the spectacle, I can never forget. The abundance of these plants was so great, that the roof, and the walls, and the pillars, were entirely covered with them. The beautiful light they cast around, was almost dazzling; it resembled faint moonshine, so that two persons, near each other, could readily distinguish their bodies."

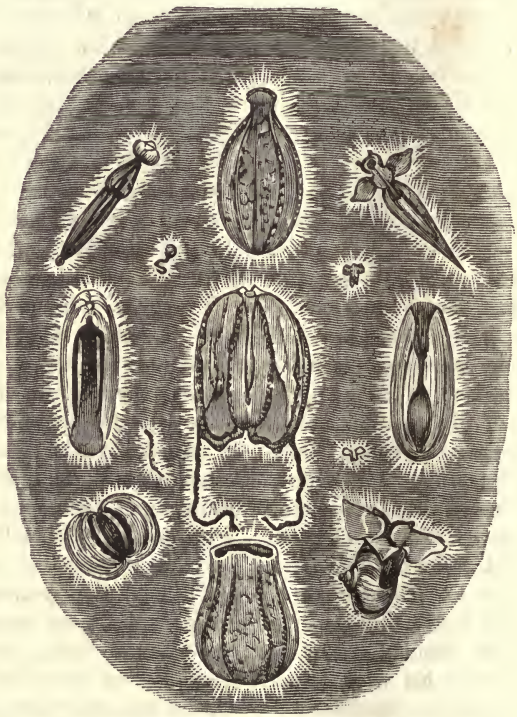
The phosphorescence of the sea presents a most remarkable spectacle. Sometimes the vessel, while ploughing her way through the billows, appears to mark out a furrow of fire. Each stroke of an oar gives rise to sparks of light, sometimes tranquil and pearly, at others brilliant and dazzling. These movable lights, too, are grouped in endless varieties; their thousand luminous points, like little stars, appearing to float on the surface; and their matter forming one vast sheet of light. At such times, the bright waves heave, roll, and break in shining foam; or large sparkling bodies, resembling the forms of fishes, pursue each other, disappearing and bursting forth anew.

Beautiful illuminations of the same

kind are frequently seen at a great depth in the clear water, which in the night time becomes jet black. Often, through this dark, yet limpid medium, have voyagers amused themselves, by tracking the routes of large fishes, such as porpoises or sharks, gleaming along in lines of light beneath the abyss, itself invisible with gloom.

As Captain Tuckey passed in his voyage towards Prince's Island, the ship seemed to be sailing on a sea of milk. In order to discover the cause of such an appearance, a bag, having its mouth distended by a hoop, was kept overboard, and, by means of it, vast numbers of small animals were collected. Among them, were a great many small sea animals, with innumerable little creatures attached to them, to which Captain Tuckey principally attributed the whitish color of the water.

Thirteen species of cancer were observed, not above one fourth of an inch long; eight having the shape of crabs, and five that of shrimps. Among these,



Luminous marine animals, magnified.

some luminous creatures were discernible. When one species was examined by the microscope, in candle-light, the luminous property was observed to re-

side in the brain, which, when the animal was at rest, resembled a most brilliant amethyst, about the size of a large pin's head; and from this there darted, when the animal moved, flashes of a brilliant and silvery light.

Of the number of these little creatures, of some of which a magnified representation is here annexed, some interesting statements are furnished by Captain Scoresby. "During a run of fifty leagues," he says, "the sea was constantly of an olive-green color, remarkably tinted; but, on the afternoon of the 17th of April, it changed to transparent blue. This green appearance of the sea in these latitudes, was occasioned by myriads of small marine animals. A calculation of the number of these animals, in the space of two miles square, and two hundred and fifty fathoms deep, gave an amount of 23,888,000,000,000!

"On September 1st, the sea was colored, in veins or patches, of a brown color, or sometimes with a yellowish green; and this water, on being examined by the microscope, appeared swarming with minute marine animals. A drop of this water contained twenty-six thousand five hundred animalculæ. Hence, reckoning sixty drops to a drachm, there would be a number in a gallon of water exceeding by one half the amount of the whole population of the globe. It affords an interesting conception of the minuteness of some tribes of animals, when we think of more than twenty-six thousand individuals, living, obtaining subsistence, and moving perfectly at their ease, in a single drop of water!"

A sea is required for a whale to spout in; but a common tumbler affords abundant space for a hundred and fifty millions of these little creatures! The phosphorescent appearances presented by them are not, however, without an important design. It is probable that God, whose knowledge is unbounded, foreseeing that man would learn to traverse the mighty deep, and explore the most distant regions of the globe, has given this brightness to the ocean to lessen his dangers, and to render his nights less gloomy.

Especially will this seem likely, when it is remembered that it is seen only in the night season, and is vivid in proportion to the darkness. It disappears even before the feeble light of the moon, and increases with the agitation of the sea; so that, during the prevalence of a storm, it generally diminishes the dense gloom, which at such times even the moon and stars cannot penetrate. It casts such a light on the ship and rigging, that the sailors may execute their allotted tasks with certainty, and at all times it points out to the cautious mariner the lurking danger of sunken rocks, shoals and unknown coasts.

It is well known that sea animals, larger than those minute creatures of which we have been speaking, have also the power of emitting light. Pliny tells us, that some of the old Romans, in his time, used to sup in darkened apartments upon the *pholas*, a kind of shell-fish, which gave out sparks of light, and amused the people, while they gratified their appetites. A traveller in a remote land, speaks of fishes that played around the boats, each being encircled by a halo of light.

But the land has its luminous animals, as well as the sea. The glow-worm is common in Europe: this is a female beetle, without wings. It emits a light of a sulphur color, so strong that if placed at night on a page of small print, it may be easily read. In Africa there is an insect that emits light from two globes, like lamps, upon its horns.

The fire-fly of South America is very common, and its light is so brilliant as that several put together will enable a person to see to write. The fire-fly of our country, which seems to make the landscape at night sparkle as with a thousand gems, is smaller than that of South America.

In the East Indies, thousands of lantern-flies, sending forth a beautiful illumination, are seen dancing at night amid the banyan trees; and candle-flies, of which we give a cut at the head of this article, have a similar power.

These are a few of the facts connected with the luminous qualities of plants and animals. We do not fully understand the uses of these powers, but we can see that the subject of light is very extensive, and that the study of it leads to a great many curious and wonderful realities.

Herons and Rooks.

At Dallam Tower, in Westmoreland, England, there were, some years ago, two groves adjoining the park, one of which, for many years, had been resorted to by a number of herons; the other was one of the largest rookeries in the country. The two tribes lived together for a long time without any disputes. At length, the trees occupied by the herons, consisting of some very fine old oaks, were cut down in the spring of 1775, and the young birds had perished by the fall of the timber. The parent birds immediately set about preparing new habitations to breed again; but as the trees in the neighborhood of their old nests were only of a late growth, and not high enough to secure them from the depredations of the boys, they determined to effect a settlement in the rookery. The rooks made an obstinate resistance, but, after a very violent contest, in the course of which some on both sides lost their lives, the herons at last succeeded in their attempt—built their nests, and brought up their young.

The next season, the same contests took place, which terminated, like the former, by the victory of the herons. From that time, peace seemed to have been agreed upon between them; the rooks relinquished possession of that part of the grove which the herons occupied; the herons confined themselves to those trees they first seized upon, and the two species lived together in as much harmony as they did before their quarrel.

When Mr. West, grandson of Sir Benjamin, was in this country, exhibiting the great picture of "Christ rejected," he employed a man to hang it up in the exhibition-room. Accordingly, the latter brought in a bill "for hanging Christ rejected by your grandfather"

Dr. Vince seeing the images of a ship in the air.

Spectral Illusions.

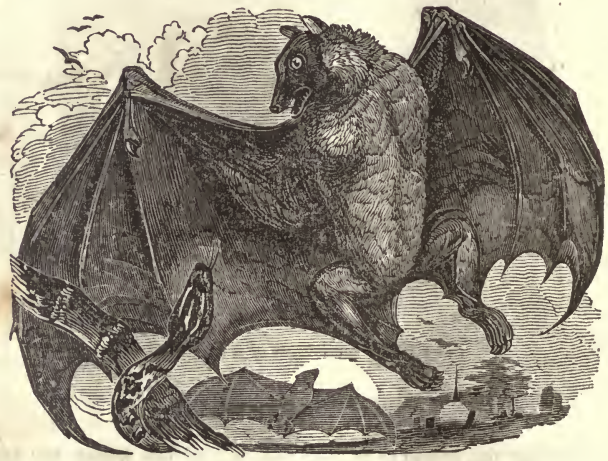
THE atmosphere has the power of bending the rays of light, so that we see the sun before it actually rises above the horizon, and after it has actually sunk below it.

This bending of the rays, produces some curious appearances, and which were formerly viewed with superstition. Dr. Vince, an English philosopher, was once looking through a telescope at a ship, which was so far off, that he could only see the upper parts of the masts. The hulk was entirely hidden by the bending of the water, but between himself and the ship, he saw two perfect images of it in the air. These were of the same form and color as the real ship; but one of them was turned upside down.

When Captain Scoresby was in the Polar Sea with his ship, he was separated by the ice from that of his father for some time, and looked out for her every day with great anxiety. At length, one evening, to his utter astonishment, he saw her suspended in the air, in an inverted

position, traced on the horizon in the clearest colors, and with the most distinct and perfect representation. He sailed in the direction in which he saw this visionary phenomenon, and actually found his father's vessel by its indication. He was separated from the ship by immense masses of icebergs, and at such a distance that it was impossible to have seen her in her actual situation, or to have seen her at all, if her spectrum had not been thus raised several degrees above the horizon in the air by this most extraordinary refraction.

It is by this bending of the rays of light that the images of people are often seen at a distance, and sometimes magnified to a gigantic size. We have given an account of such an appearance in the Hartz mountains, in Germany, in the Museum, Vol. i. p. 79.



Rousette Bat.

Bats.

Bats are of various sizes and many kinds. In this country there are various species, but none of them very large. They are generally innocent creatures, living in dark caverns and hidden places during the day, and sallying forth to feast upon insects by night. The little bats that we see flying about of a summer evening, are very amusing creatures in one respect; if you throw anything up near them, they will dive at it immediately,—no doubt supposing it to be something to eat. A boy may throw up his cap, and the bat flies at it instantly, as if he would make a supper of it.

But in other parts of the world, especially in hot countries, some of the bats are very large. The rousette bat is found in the great island of Madagascar, near the southeast shore of Africa. Its wings are sometimes two feet from tip to tip. But the most frightful kind of bat is the vampire, which is found in Guiana, on the northeast coast of South America. The length of its body is about six inches, and the extent of its outstretched wings two feet.

This creature sucks the blood from men and cattle, while they are fast asleep, even sometimes till they die; and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavor to give a distinct account of it. Knowing by instinct that the person they intend to attack is in a sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet, and, while the creature continues fanning with his enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is consequently not painful, yet, through this orifice, he sucks a great quantity of blood. Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in places where the blood flows spontaneously.

"Some years ago," says Mr. Waterton, in his Wanderings in South America, "I went to the river Panmaron with a Scotch gentleman, by the name of Turbet. We hung our hammocks in the thatched loft of a planter's house. Next morning, I heard this gentleman muttering in his hammock, and now and then letting fall an exclamation or two. 'What is the matter, sir?' said I; 'is there anything amiss?' 'What's the matter?' said he, surlily, 'why, the vampires have been sucking me to death.' As soon as there was light enough, I went to his hammock, and saw it much stained with blood. 'There,' said he, thrusting his foot out of the hammock, 'see how these imps have been drawing my life's blood.'

"On examining his foot, I found that the vampire had tapped his great toe. There was a wound somewhat less than that made by a leech. The blood was still oozing from it. I conjectured that he might have lost from ten to twelve ounces of blood. While examining it, I think I put him into a worse humor, by remarking that an European surgeon would not have been so generous as to have bled him without making a charge. He looked up in my face, but did not say a word. I saw he was of the opinion that I had better have spared this ill-timed piece of levity."

YANKEE WIT.—A "notion seller" was offering Yankee clocks, finely varnished and colored, with a looking-glass in front, to a lady not remarkable for personal beauty. "Why, it's beautiful!" said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed! why, a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady. "Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better buy one that ha'n't got no looking-glass."

A MUSICIAN, in giving notice of an intended concert at Cleveland, Ohio, says: "A variety of other songs may be expected, too tedious to mention."

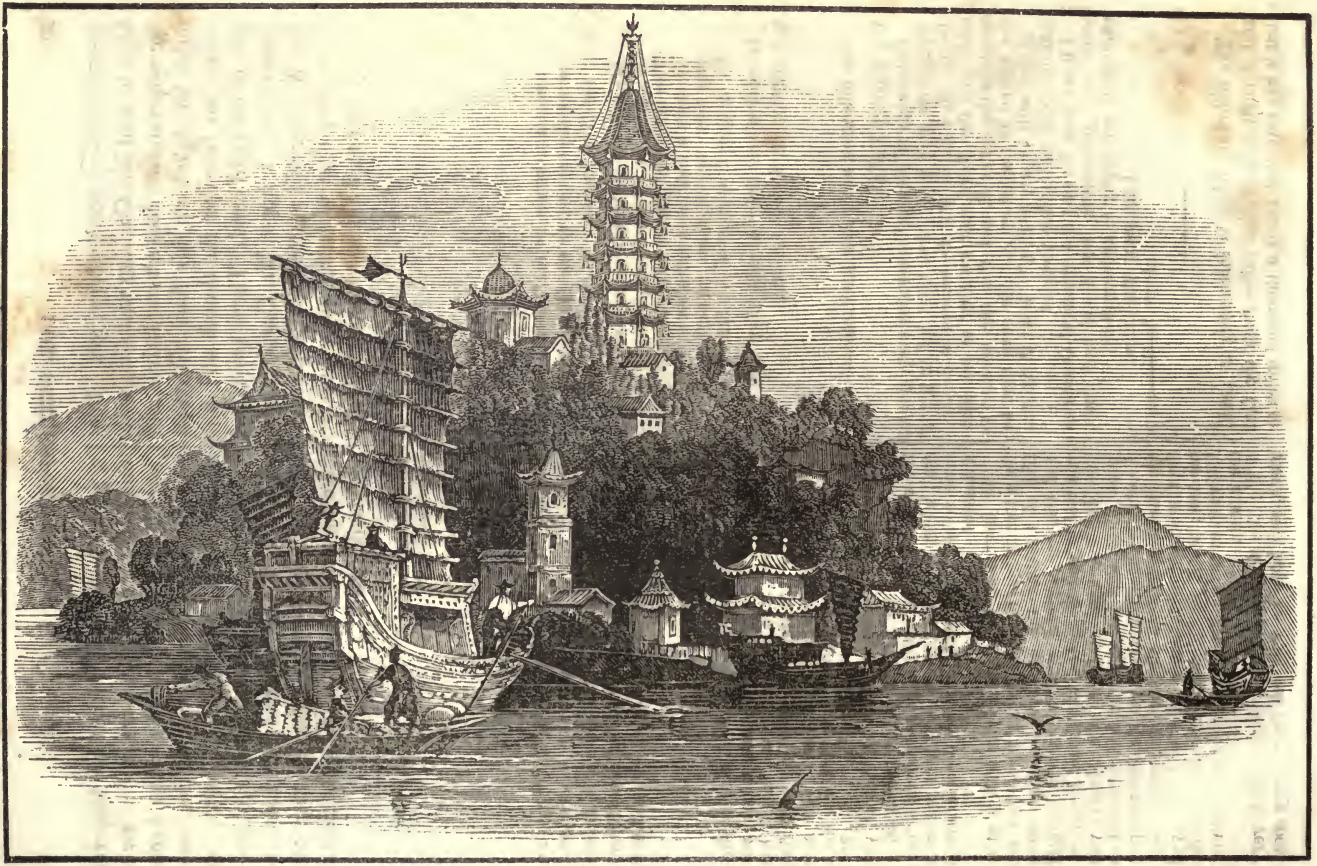
Kin Shan; or, the Golden Isle.

THERE is no country more full of wonders than China, yet we know comparatively little of it. We know, indeed, something about Canton, near which foreign merchants are permitted to reside; about Nankin, which is famous for its beautiful pagoda; and about Pekin, which is a city almost as populous as London, and where the emperor resides. We know, also, that there are many other large cities in China; we know that the empire is the most populous in the world, containing three hundred and forty millions of people.

We know, too, that the Chinese produce tea, and silks, and porcelain, and many other curious manufactures; that they worship idols, and sometimes eat worms, birds' nests, rats and puppies; but still, it has been the system of the government to exclude foreigners from the country, and accordingly few travellers have penetrated into its interior, and given us an account of what is there to be seen. It is probable that we shall soon know more about China, for the British have sent soldiers and ships out there, who have made the emperor agree to be more sociable, and let foreigners come into his domains a little more. Our government has sent out Mr. Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, in Massachusetts, to see the emperor, and make arrangements for a free trade between the people of China and the Americans. Mr. Cushing is a very learned man, and it is pretty likely he and the emperor will come to a good understanding. You must know that the emperor is fond of fine dress, and expects everybody who comes to see him, to make a dashing appearance. Accordingly, Mr. Cushing has carried out a gay military dress, in which he is to present himself to the emperor. The old man is named Taou-Kwang, and is over seventy years of age. I should like to see the meeting between him and Mr. Cushing—should n't you?

When Mr. Cushing comes back, he will write a book, and tell us all about China. In the mean time, we shall say something about a very beautiful place, called the Kin Shan, or the Golden Island. This is not far from the city of Nankin, and near the flourishing city of Quatchou. It is situated in the river Yang-tse-Kiang, and is famous all over China, for its beauty. It is about three hundred feet high, and fifteen hundred in circuit. It is rocky and precipitous, but it is shaded with the loveliest trees. It is also decorated with temples, devoted to Confucius, Lockien and Fo—the divinities of Chinese superstition. Here, also, is a palace, erected by the emperor Kienlong—the grandfather of Taou-Kwang. In this he used to spend a great deal of time, to get away from the cares of governing such an empire, and to consider how happy he should be, if he was only a private individual, and not an emperor!

The river, from the top of the Golden Island, is exceedingly beautiful; and when Mr. Cushing comes back, we must get him to tell us all about it. Mr. Fletcher Webster has gone with Mr. Cushing, and, as he is a very pleasant, sociable gentleman, I think he will bring



The Golden Isle

us some pretty good stories, too. Perhaps he and Mr. Cushing will dine with the emperor, who does n't use knives and forks, but takes up his food with two sticks, put between the thumb and fingers of the right hand. These are called chop-sticks. I hope Mr. Cushing and Mr. Webster will practise the chop-sticks before they dine with the emperor; for if they do not, I am afraid they will get a poor dinner, and make the emperor think that the Yankees are rather awkward! If, indeed, the dinner should consist of salted angle-worms, bird-nest soup, Japan leather, balls made of sharks' fins, and figured pigeons' eggs—all of which are esteemed great delicacies in China—perhaps the less they can take up with the chop-sticks, the better they will like it.

Our Correspondence.

A SUBSCRIBER sends us the following pretty solution of the enigma in the November number of the Museum:—

When walking by the water's edge,
We often find the modest *sedge;*
The lamp that guides our weary feet,
Without a *wick,* is incomplete:
But these, united, form the name
Of *Sedgwick,* worthy of her fame.

Several of our little friends have also sent us a correct solution of the same.

The following will speak for itself:—

MR. ROBERT MERRY,

I like your riddles and charades very much. My mother says it sharpens the mind to guess them. So, I guess that the answer to the first riddle, in the November number of the Museum, is the letter *R,* and that the answer to the second is the letter *A.* He says that he "is also with a party of five." Does this mean that he is one of the five vowels?

I think your Twenty Geographical Questions were very interesting, but I did not know enough of geography to answer them.

I am your true friend,

JOHN L———N.

The following letter is interesting in itself, and it derives additional value from the fact that it has travelled about a thousand miles to find us. It was accompanied by correct answers to our Twenty Geographical Questions; thus showing that our little friends in Illinois know as much as our Yankee girls and boys. We shall be happy to be made acquainted with more of them.

MR. MERRY:

In this month's Museum, we find an invitation to answer twenty questions which you have proposed, and our indulgent father has consented to pay the postage if we will find correct answers and send to you. But how can you expect children, who live on Rock River, Illinois, to know a great deal? So, Mr. Merry, if the answers are not all correct, you must not laugh at us, but please to tell us, in the next Museum, what the right answers are; and, when it is convenient, will you tell us a little something about the two New Holland animals?

We have been threatening you with a letter for a month past; for you must know that, the 23d of October, the numbers for September and October arrived, and we verily thought you had forgotten us, and we should never see the Museum again. Now, Mr. Merry, you know we cannot get as many books to read as the children who live east, so we depend upon the Museum, for both pleasure and profit, more than many of your black-eyed and blue-eyed readers; so, if you please, we would like the Museum every month, certainly by the tenth of the month.

We like the story of Inquisitive Jack very much, and hope he will not forget, very soon,

how to ask questions; we also are very much interested in Jumping Rabbit's story.

Blue-eyed EDWARD E. P——.
Black-eyed S. ADALINE P——.

Nov. 1st, 1843.

– HOLLISTON, Nov. 23.

MR. MERRY:

I take this opportunity to write a few lines. I have taken your Museum for the year, and I like it very much. I think if you put in a piece of music it would be much more interesting. I have always taken an interest in your Puzzles; and, as you have had none in your last numbers, I thought I would make one, and if you think it deserves insertion, you can insert it.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 1, 6, 10, 5, 2, 7, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 11, 5, 9, 4, is a place in Boston.
My 5, 9, 7, is a metal.
My 3, 6, 12, 13, 14, 4, is a city in Europe.
My 6, 10, 5, is an insect.
My 4, 6, 1, 11, is a river in New England.
My 12, 9, 7, 14, is a kind of wood.
My 2, 7, 9, 11, 10, is a vegetable.
My 10, 6, 9, 13, is a very useful article.
My 6, 1, 8, 11, 3, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 14, 5, 10, 6, is a burning mountain.
My 13, 14, 6, 4, 8, is an adjective.
My 14, 6, 4, 8, is a point of the compass.
My 9, 13, 13, 9, 3, 11, 9, 4, is one of the States.
My whole is a city on the eastern continent.

From a black-eyed friend.
H. P——.

The following letter from Washington is very acceptable, and we hope our little friend will continue his interesting correspondence:—

MR. MERRY:

I have come on to Washington with my father, to spend the winter here, and I thought I would write, and tell you something about Washington. It is a pretty large place, but it is scattered about, and looks like a great city broken into a great many pieces. The capitol is situated on the brow of a hill, and is a very fine building, of white freestone. It is the handsomest building I ever saw. The grounds around it are so neat, and have such fine walks! And then there are so many pretty trees scattered about in groups! And then there are beautiful fountains, out of which the water is spouting as bright as flowing silver!

The capitol is twice as large as the Boston state-house, and has a vast number of rooms, and passages, and staircases. I got quite lost and bewildered in it several times, but I can find my way pretty well now. There is a large circular room in the middle of the building, called the Rotunda. It is lighted at the top, by the dome or cupola.

Around the sides of the rotunda are several carvings and pictures. One of the latter represents the marriage of Pocahontas to Rolfe, the Englishman. It is a very large picture indeed, the figures being as large as life. It is very interesting.

The House of Representatives and the Senate, being called Congress, meet in two different rooms in the capitol. The United States Court also meet every winter in a room in the capitol.

I have only been to the House of Representatives yet. The room is a half circle, very lofty, and supported by beautiful pillars of many-colored marble. There are about two hundred and thirty members; and what strikes me as very odd is, that they sit with their hats on. If they were boys, they would have to take their hats off; for boys are expected to observe good manners, but men and members of Congress, I suppose, may do as they please.

The Speaker is Mr. Jones, of Virginia; a man of dark complexion, and plain appearance. He is also a little lame. Yet he seems to be a mild and good man. But there is one thing that he ought to pay attention to. He being chairman, the members must address their speeches to him. When they begin, they say *Mr. Chairman;* and sometimes they speak of addressing the *chair*. Now, what I notice as wrong is this, that many of the members say *cheer* and *cheerman!* Would you believe, Mr. Merry, that such things would be tolerated in the Congress of the United States? Why, any school-boy would get a striped jacket for talking through his nose, and murdering the English tongue in this fashion; but I suppose members of Congress may do as they please.

I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, make a speech. He is very old, and his hand trembles, and his voice breaks. I was sorry to see that he got very angry—very angry indeed. It seems to me that such an old man should not get angry; but perhaps I am wrong, for I am only a boy. I should have loved him, if he had been mild, and calm, and dignified.

I must now close my letter: perhaps I shall write you again. Good bye.

Yours, truly,
JAMES NORTON.

The Two Leaves.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY GEO. J. WEBB.

Allegretto.

Upon a bough a yellow leaf, Seemed sad and sighing, full of grief; While bright be-
side it gai-ly sung Another leaf, still green and young; And then the
old leaf whisper'd light, Unto its neighbor fair and bright—"Why giddy leaf art thou so
gay, While I, thy sis - ter, fade a - way? While I, thy sister, fade away?

Look down, and mark the valley deep,
Where we must soon in shadow sleep;
And is it meet so frail a thing,—
A trembling leaf,—should dance and sing?"

The green leaf, answering, softly sung,
"Sweet sister, once thyself was young,
And thy fond bosom danced with bliss,
E'en though the zephyr stole a kiss!

"I sing a soft and cheerful lay,
Perchance, because my heart is gay;
Perchance to please a floweret, born
Beside me on my own birth-morn.

"So pray forgive, my sister sere,
If more I court the smile than tear;
And when I 'm yellow, withered, pale,
I 'll sigh, and sink in yonder vale."

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VII. FEBRUARY, 1844. No. 2.

FEBRUARY is upon us; a severe, unrelenting month, in which winter seems to reign, in these northern regions, with resistless sway. Far to the south, as in Georgia and Louisiana, the birds have chosen their mates and are building their nests; the peas in the gardens are in blossom; the strawberries are beginning to form, and the lilacs and roses are in bloom. But here, alas, the rivers are in icy fetters—the earth is wrapt in snow—and not a symptom of starting vegetation is seen over the whole face of nature.

It may seem strange that February should be the coldest month in the year—yet so it is. In December we have the shortest days; then the nights are longest, and the sun bestows upon us the least warmth; why, then, should not December be the coldest month? The reason is this. In February, the heat has gone from the earth; the frost, ice and snow have accumulated; and these exercise an influence which the heat of the sun cannot yet overcome. If the sun remained as it is during the winter months, all vegetation would finally cease in our climate, and the whole country would remain buried in snow and ice.

In England, February has nearly the same character as our March, and it is regarded as the opening of spring. There the birds pair in February, and the blackbird, thrush and chaffinch fill the woods with their songs. The ravens begin to build their nests, the moles in the ground throw up their little hil-

locks, and some intrepid plants put forth their blossoms. The snow-drops, "fair maids of February," as they are there called, often peep out, even though it be amidst the snow—the alder-tree discloses the flower-buds—and the catkins of the hazel become conspicuous in the hedges. This is the picture of things in *old* England. What a different picture is before us in New England!

The Three Sovereigns.

The following anecdote was often told by the late emperor Alexander, and is amongst the traditions of the Russian court:

In 1814, during the period that the allies were masters of Paris, the Czar, who resided in the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, was in the daily habit of taking a walk, (in strict *incognito*,) every morning, in the garden of the Tuilleries, and thence to the Palais Royale. He one day met two other sovereigns, and the three were returning arm-in-arm to breakfast in the Rue St. Florentin, when, on their way thither, they encountered a provincial, evidently freshly imported to Paris, and who had lost his way.

"Gentlemen," said he, "can you tell me which is the Tuilleries?"

"Yes," replied Alexander; "follow us; we are going that way, and will show you."

Thanks on the part of the countryman led them soon into conversation. A few minutes sufficed to arrive at the palace; and as here their routes lay in opposite directions, they bade each other reciprocally adieu.

"*Parbleu!*" cried the provincial, "I should be glad to know the names of persons so amiable and complaisant as you are."

"My name?" said the first—"Oh, certainly; you have, perhaps, heard of me; I am the emperor Alexander."

"A capital joke," exclaimed the Gascon—"An emperor! And you?" addressing the second individual,—"Who may you be?"

"I?" replied he; "why, probably, I am not wholly unknown to you, at least by name; I am the king of Prussia!"

"Better and better," said the man. "And you, what are you, then?" looking at the third person.

"I am the emperor of Austria!"

"Perfect, perfect!" exclaimed the provincial, laughing with all his might.

"But you, monsieur," said the emperor Alexander, "surely you will also let us know whom we have the honor to speak to?"

"To be sure," replied the man, quitting them with an important strut, "I am the Great Mogul."

WRITTEN ON A BOY'S MARBLE.

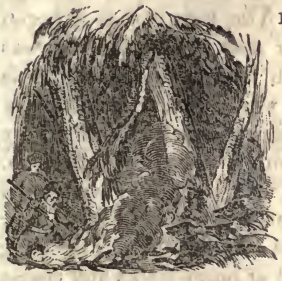
The world's something bigger,
But just of this figure,
And speckled with mountains and seas,
Your heroes are overgrown schoolboys,
Who scuffle for empires and toys,
And kick the poor ball as they please.
Now Cæsar, now Pompey, gives law;
And Pharsalia's plain,
Though heaped with the slain,
Was only a game at *taw*.

Mrs. Barbauld

Inquisitive Jack.

CHAPTER I.

About the Wren and his family.



We have given some account of this curious, inquiring, investigating little hero, in a former volume of our Museum. But there is a good deal to tell about him yet; and, as I have many letters from my little readers, expressing their interest in Jack, I propose to go on and continue his story. I think everybody will be pleased to hear how he became acquainted with the natural history of birds.

One day Jack was down at the bottom of the garden, when he became interested in some insects which he saw on the leaves of a hop vine, which was climbing up a trellis close by. In order to examine the insects more closely, Jack took off his cap and carelessly hung it on the top of one of the stakes which supported the trellis.

After examining the insects for a while, Jack became so interested in the subject that he picked off some leaves of the hop vine, covered with the little creatures, and carried them to his aunt Piper, to ask her about them. He forgot his cap, which was left on the stake; nor could Jack recollect, when he wanted it, where he had left it. He was obliged to wear his best hat for nearly a week, when, by chance, he discovered his cap on the stake. He then recollected all about it, and ran to the trellis to take it down. But what was his surprise to find it tenanted by a fierce little wren, who flew out of the cap and then darted at Jack, snapping at him sharply with his tiny beak.

Jack was almost frightened at the fierceness of the little bird, but after a while he reached up his hand and took down the cap. You may well believe that he was greatly amused to find that the little wren, with its companion, had begun to build a nest in it. They had already packed it more than half full of sticks, straws, and dried grass.

At first, Jack was sorry that he had robbed the little birds of their home; but after a while, he got a little box and made a hole large enough for the wrens to go in and out, and set it upon

the stake where the cap had been. For two or three days the wrens were very shy, and would not go near the box. But at last, one of them flew to the trellis and peered all about to see if there was no danger near. In a little while, he hitched along towards the box, making a queer noise all the time. By and by, he ventured to alight upon the box, and finally he popped his head into the hole. Then he looked all around again very cautiously, and at last in he went. Pretty soon he came out again, and stationed himself upon the top of the box, and began to sing with all his might. If you will excuse me, I will try to put his song into words:

Hi diddle ho diddle,
Pop diddle dee,—
Here 's the prettiest house
You ever did see.

Come hither, come hither,
My own pretty friend,
Here 's a home for us both,—
Come, come, little wren!

Here 's a hole for our door,
And a room for our nest,
So come my sweet bird,
And we both will be blest.

Hi diddle ho diddle,
Pop diddle dee,—
'T is the prettiest house
You ever did see!

Thus the little fellow went on singing as if he would split his throat, and pretty soon his little mate was seen flying along toward him. She alighted upon the box, and nothing could exceed his apparent delight. Mr. Wren then popped into the box, and Mrs. Wren popped in after him.

Jack was an attentive observer of all these proceedings, and he was greatly delighted to find that the wrens were willing to accept of the box in exchange for the cap. The next day, they began to build their nest in the box. It was very pleasant, indeed, to see the little creatures at work. They would carry up quite large sticks, and were very handy in getting them into the hole. They began their work by sunrise, and so industrious were they, that, in four days, the nest was finished. The lower part consisted of rough sticks and coarse straws. The upper part was finer, and the nest was lined with fine grass. In a week, there were four little spotted eggs in the nest. The female wren was now rather quiet, but the male wren was very watchful indeed. If he saw the cat coming near the trellis, he would fly at her, and snap his little beak close to her ears. Puss would sometimes strike her paws at him, but, in general, she was frightened and ran away. The little wren was very pugnacious. If a robin or a blue jay came near, he went at him in the most fearless way, and drove him off. One day, as Jack was watching him, the little fellow attacked a crow that was passing by, and, overtaking him, picked at him so sharply as to make the old fellow cry for quarter in a very loud voice. "Caw, caw, caw," said the crow, and Mr. Wren, seeming satisfied, returned to his box. Perching himself upon the very top of the trellis, he began to sing a song of triumph, shaking his wings all the time, in great glee.

The female wren soon began to sit

upon the eggs, and nothing could exceed the watchful care and anxiety of good master Wren. He was always on hand, if any cat or bird intruded upon his dominions; and they were sure to pay dearly for their temerity when they did so. He spent a good deal of his time in singing, in part, I suppose, to amuse himself, and in part also to amuse his little lady.

Well, after a time, there were four young birds in the nest, and both Mr. and Mrs. Wren were too busy in feeding their children, to sing or play. They caught flies, and moths, and spiders, and gave them to their young ones, and it was amazing to see what a sight of these insects the little wrens ate, and it was really amusing to see how serious the old wrens appeared to be about these days.

The little ones grew apace, and in a short time it was thought best for them to leave the nest. You may well believe that Jack was on the look-out, to see the little creatures in their first adventure forth into the world. In the first place, one of the young birds put his head through the door of the box, and looked all round to see if the coast was clear. It was amazing to see how cunning the little fellow was, though not more than a fortnight old. The old wrens were at a little distance, chattering at a great rate, and seeming to invite the little fellow to try his wing. At last, he took courage, leaped from the box, and alighted safely upon a fence at some distance.

Now, how do you think this little bird knew how to fly,—where to go,—and how to 'light upon the fence? for you must remember that he had never been out of the box before. I suppose you will tell me that he was guided by instinct—that strange power given by the Creator; and you will tell me right. After the first one had departed, the others came out one by one, and all were successful in their first flight, except the last. This little fellow, in attempting to light upon the fence, missed his footing, and fell to the ground. The old wrens came to him immediately, and there was a prodigious chattering about what had happened. The little fellow looked very serious for a time, but at last he made a new effort, flew a little distance, and reached one of the lower rails of the fence. The old wrens cheered him with their approbation, put a big spider into his mouth, and he seemed to be quite happy.

This was a great day among the wren family. Never was there such a bustle before! The little wrens kept calling out for something to eat; the old wrens flew first to one and then to another, giving each an insect with a little good advice, and departing to provide more food.

It would take me a long time to tell all that happened upon this interesting occasion. Jack was there, and saw it all, and if you ever meet with him, you had better ask him about it. I can only tell you, at present, that, from this time, he was very much interested in birds; not as creatures to be hunted and tormented or killed, but as creatures that build nests, and have their homes, and rear their young ones, which they love very much, and whom they treat with the utmost care and tenderness. He looked

upon them as creatures displaying great ingenuity, many curious habits and wonderful instincts. He, therefore, found a great deal more pleasure in watching their movements, and studying their characters, than in throwing stones at them, or shooting them. I shall tell you about other birds as we proceed in our story.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER I.

Early days—The keg of gold—Misfortunes—Voyages.

As I am about to tell my story, it is proper that I should say something of my birth, parentage and early days. About half way between Hartford and New Haven, in Connecticut, is a small, pleasant city, called Middletown. It is situated upon the western bank of Connecticut river, and lies upon the turnpike which constitutes the great avenue between the two places first mentioned.

About a mile and a half south of Middletown, upon this high road, is a turnpike gate, and contiguous to it is a small toll-house. This was originally called Hill-gate, being situated on a hill, but at last it was familiarly called Hell-gate. In the house which bore this ominous title, I was born, about five and forty years ago.

Our family then consisted of my father and mother, a brother, named Seth, and myself. Seth was two years old when I was born. When I was about two years old, a girl was added to our circle, and she was named Sarah. We were now very poor, but had once been in good circumstances. My father had formerly been a merchant in Middletown, in partnership with his brother Benjamin. They traded to the West Indies, with a sloop called the Carbuncle, and my uncle Ben used to command her. He usually went to St. Domingo, where he carried horses, mules, cows, oxen, potatoes, onions, &c., and brought back sugar and molasses.

From all I can learn, it seems my uncle Ben was an eccentric character, but still he managed his part of the business well, and the concern went on in a thriving way for some years. At last, it was thought best for him to remain at St. Domingo, so as to carry on the business there, and accordingly it was so arranged. He took up his residence at Port au Prince; but, in about a year after he was established there, the insurrection in St. Domingo broke out. My uncle, who was a hot-headed fellow, took some part in the struggle, in consequence of which, he was obliged to seek safety in flight from the island. Whither he went, we could not exactly find out, but we were told that he went on board a Dutch vessel, bound for Surinam. From that time, however, we heard nothing of him.

At the time that the disturbances commenced at Port au Prince, the Carbuncle was lying in port. Her cargo was in, and she was almost ready to sail; accordingly, she took her departure, and escaped. She brought a letter from my uncle Ben, very hastily written, saying that his life was in danger, and

very probably he might never return. He went on to say, however, that he should send a keg of gold by the vessel, which was of great value; that, if my father never heard of him more. he might consider it as his own.

You may well imagine my father's disappointment, at finding that the precious keg was not to be found on board the sloop, when she came back. The supercargo, whose name was Ambrose Dexter, and familiarly called Amby Dexter, declared that my uncle had not time to put the keg on board,—that he was obliged to fly, and that he went hastily by night on board the Dutch vessel of which we have already spoken.

My father continued the business for a year or two, employing Dexter as his supercargo; but the trade proved unprofitable, and at last he became a bankrupt. The idea was then common that the creditor has a right over the soul and body of his debtor. Accordingly, the persons whom he owed threw him into prison, where he remained for two or three years. My mother was reduced to extreme poverty, but she still continued to pick up a subsistence.

Upon my father's failure, Dexter took the store and continued the business, and very soon he became a rich man. For some reason, he seemed to hate my father, though he pretended to be very kind to him. He used to go and see him in prison, and promised to use his influence for his liberation; but it afterwards appeared that he had actually bought up claims against him, and caused him to be imprisoned upon them.

My father suffered so much from his confinement, that his constitution was weakened, and his health impaired forever. After his release, he obtained the situation of toll-keeper, from which he received about one hundred dollars a year. Upon this pittance, our family was now obliged to live. My mother, however, was a good economist, and though we lived humbly, we had still the necessaries of life.

As I have said, Amby Dexter advanced rapidly in wealth, and in the space of a few years he became a very rich man. In reflecting upon all the circumstances, my father became suspicious that he had embezzled the keg of gold, which had been sent by my uncle Ben, and that this was the secret of his sudden prosperity. He intimated these views, in a confidential way, to one or two whom he esteemed friends. He showed them the letter he had received from his brother, together with the documents tending to establish his views. These confidential friends, however, betrayed his trust, and told Dexter of what my father had said.

As if our cup of misfortune was not yet sufficiently full, our house was secretly entered shortly after this time, by some one at night, and my father's papers were carried off, together with two hundred dollars, which belonged to the turnpike company. A story was soon put in circulation, that the robbery was all a sham; and it was soon generally suspected that my father had taken the money, and caused the rumor of the theft to cover up his guilt. He was tried for the embezzlement of the property, but though he was acquitted, he was deprived of his place.

Nor was this all. Dexter brought an action against him for defamation, in consequence of what he had said about him to his confidential neighbors. A poor man's word is feeble, and carries little conviction with it; while the rich man's word is full of authority. Accordingly, in this contest, my father could hardly fail to be overwhelmed by his proud and prosperous enemy. He had even lost the papers, by means of the robbery, which justified the suspicions he had expressed, and thus he was regarded by the jury as without excuse or defence.

He was sentenced to pay five hundred dollars, and being unable to do it, he was sent to prison. Here he lingered for a few months, till, at last, worn out and emaciated with confinement, and sick at heart, his spirit departed, as I trust, for a better world.

As it is a painful story, I shall not detail the course of events which followed, in respect to my mother. It must be sufficient to say, that my brother Seth grew up rather a wild fellow, and the neighbors said—"I thought it would be so, for he comes of a bad father." At last, when he was about seventeen years old, he went to sea, and was not heard of afterwards. For myself, I went to school till I was nine years old, when I went, as cabin-boy, on board a vessel which plied between Middletown and New York. Here I continued for several years—though I was often beaten because they said I belonged to a bad family. They seemed to think I could do nothing right. However, I bore it all, and grew up a sailor. When I was about fifteen, I went on a voyage to St. Domingo, and was instructed by my mother to make inquiries about my uncle at Port au Prince. This I did, but as it was about twenty years since the events occurred which I have mentioned, I could hear nothing of him.

After my return, I made several other voyages, and was soon able to do something towards the support of my mother and sister. At last I went upon a voyage which produced results which may be interesting to the reader. I shall give an account of it in the next chapter.

The Indian and his Dog.

On the borders of the state of Pennsylvania there lived a man by the name of Le Fevre, who had a family of eleven children. One morning, the youngest of these, about four years of age, was found to be missing. The distressed family sought after him, by the river and in the fields, but to no purpose. Terrified to an extreme degree, they united with their neighbors to go in quest of him. They entered the woods, and beat them over with the most scrupulous attention. A thousand times they called him by name, but were answered only by the echoes of the wilderness.

The different members of the party employed in the search, at length assembled themselves together, without being able to bring the least intelligence of the child. After reposing for a few minutes, they formed themselves into several different bands, and renewed the search. Night came on, but the

parents refused to return home. Their anxiety increased by knowing that the forests were inhabited by panthers and wolves, and they could not but paint to their imagination the horrid spectacle of some of these dreadful animals devouring their darling child.

"Derick, my poor little Derick, where are you?" frequently exclaimed the mother, in the most poignant grief,—but all was of no avail. As soon as daylight appeared, they recommenced their search, but as unsuccessfully as the preceding day. At last, an Indian, laden with furs, coming from an adjacent village, called at the house of Le Fevre, intending to repose himself there, as he usually did, in his travels through that part of the country. He was much surprised to find no one at home but an old negress, kept there by her infirmities.

"Where is my brother?" asked the Indian. "Alas!" replied the negro woman, "he has lost little Derick, and all the neighborhood are employed in looking after him in the woods." It was then three o'clock, in the afternoon. "Sound the horn," said the Indian, "and try to call your master home—I will find his child." The horn was sounded, and, as soon as the father returned, the Indian asked him for the stockings and shoes that the little Derick had worn last. He then ordered his dog, which he had brought with him, to smell them, and immediately proceeded to describe a circle of nearly a mile in diameter, ordering his dog to smell the earth wherever he went.

The circle was not completed, when the sagacious animal began to bark. This sound occasioned some feeble ray of hope to the disconsolate parents. The dog followed the scent and barked again; the party pursued him with all their speed, but they soon lost sight of him in the woods. Half an hour afterwards, they heard him again, and soon saw him return. The countenance of the dog was visibly altered; an air of joy seemed to animate him, and his actions appeared to indicate that his search had not been in vain. "I am sure that he has found the child!" exclaimed the Indian. But whether dead or alive, was a question which none could yet decide. The Indian then followed his dog, who led him to the foot of a large tree, where lay the child, exhausted from weakness and want of food, and nearly approaching death. He took it tenderly in his arms, and hastened to the parents.

Happily, the father and mother were in some measure prepared for the return of their child. Their joy was so great, that it was more than a quarter of an hour before they could express their gratitude to the restorer of their child. Words cannot describe the affecting scene. After they had bathed the face of the child with their tears, they threw themselves on the neck of the Indian, to whom they were so much indebted. Their gratitude was then extended to the dog; they caressed him with inexpressible delight, as the animal, who, by means of his sagacity, had found their beloved offspring; and, conceiving that he, like the rest of the group, must now stand in need of refreshment, a plentiful repast was prepared for him; after which, he and his master pursued their journey; and the company, mutually pleased at the happy event, returned to their respective homes, delighted with the kind Indian and his wonderful dog.

Husking the Corn.

Here they are, all at work, husking the corn—the Widow Wilkins and her three children, Tom, Dick and Lucy. The good woman is giving a lesson to Dick, how to strip off the husks—and little Lucy is trying to do as Dick does. Let us listen to the dialogue.

Mother. See there, Dick—do you see that?

Dick. Yes, ma'am.

M. Well—now you take off the husks, and then take hold of the stalk, just so.

D. Yes, ma'am.

M. And then you break off the stalk close to the ear, just so.

D. Yes, ma'am.

Lucy. There, mother! didn't I do that better 'n Dick?

M. Yes, my darling. Now, Dick, do you know how to do it?

D. Yes, ma'am.

Being satisfied that the husking was in a fair way, the widow Wilkins departed, and left her children to themselves. After she was gone, Dick spoke

as follows. "Can you tell me, Tom, what all this corn is for?" "To be sure I can!" said Tom: "some of it is to feed the chickens with; some of it is to feed the pigs with; some of it is to feed the horse and cow with, and some of it is to be ground into Indian meal, to make Johnny-cake and brown bread with."

"Well done!" says Dick. "It seems to me that the corn is very useful, then; for the chickens and the pigs, and the cow and the horse, and mother and Tom, and Dick and Lucy, all live upon it. Really, I never thought of that before. Then people, when they plant and plough, and hoe, and pick, and husk the corn, are working all the while for the hens, and hogs, and cattle, and people!"

"Yes, to be sure," said Tom; "and what did you think all this labor was for, before you found out it was useful in this way?"

"Why," said the boy, "I thought—I thought—I don't know what I thought; I guess I did n't think at all—or if I did, I thought it was all a kind of play. But I know better now; I see that when people are at work, they are not playing, but they are doing something useful; and when mother sets me to work, I mean always to consider that she has a good and useful object in view, and that I must do it, not because it is play, but because it will do some good."

"Very well," said Tom; "I hope you will always do so." By this time, the husking was done, and I came away.

The Old Man in the Corner; or, the Pedler's Pack.

NO. II.

THE STORY OF THE COTTON-WOOL.

Several weeks ago I took a ramble through the beautiful town of Dorchester. In the course of my perambulation, I came to a paper-mill, and being attracted by the stirring sound of the machinery within, I entered and looked around me. In one place I saw an immense bin of rags, of all sizes and shapes, and of all hues, and apparently gathered from the four quarters of the globe. Never did I see such a motley congregation, crowded together in one place. As I was looking on the heap, the thought occurred to me that if each rag could speak and tell the adventures of its existence, we should have a collection of romances equal in extent, and perhaps rivalling in wonders, the thousand and one tales of the Arabian Nights.

While I was gazing at the heap of rags, which, by the by, was in a dim and dusky room, I thought I saw something rise up in the midst, looking very much like the skinny visage of a very thin, old woman, about to speak. I approached the bin, and loooked steadily at the grisly image—but, on closer inspection, it appeared to be only an old rag, which had, accidentally, assumed the questionable shape I have described.

I proceeded to examine the several

processes of the mill, and great was my admiration at seeing their magical result. I discovered that the rags of any hue, being put into a vat, were bleached as white as the "driven snow;" that they were then reduced to a kind of pulp, as soft as paste; that this, being mixed with water, produced a liquid like milk; that this liquid passed over a wire cloth, through which the water oozed, leaving a thin, white, even scum, which, settling upon the wire cloth, formed the sheet of paper.

I looked on this beautiful process with wonder and delight. I saw the sheet of paper pass over several cylinders, gradually becoming firmer and firmer, by pressure and heat, until, at last, I could see it coiled up, smooth, white and polished, and several hundred yards in length. I then saw it unrolled, and, by a simple machine, cut into sheets, ready to be sent to market.

I have never seen any manufacture which seemed to me so admirable. When I left the mill, I sauntered along the banks of the river, which turned the wheels of the mill. The place was shady, and, it being summer, I sat down. While I was there, a pretty, black-eyed girl came along, and I beckoned her to me. She came smiling, and we fell into conversation. She asked me to go to her house, and being introduced to her parents, they gave the old man some food, and treated him kindly. "Will you tell me a story?" said the little girl. "I will write you one," said I—and so we parted.

For some weeks I forgot my promise, when I received a note from the black-eyed girl, refreshing my memory on this point. At evening I sat down to write the tale: but, instead of writing, a drowsiness stole over me, and I fell into a dream. Methought I was at my writing-desk, when I heard a rustling amid a heap of papers on my table, and presently something rose up, and assumed precisely the appearance of the rag in the bin of the paper-mill, which had seemed to me so much like a haggish old woman. A sort of strange fear came over me. I could now see the distinct features of a face, though the general aspect of the horrid visage was that of an old calico rag. There was a long, thin, crooked nose; deep, twinkling, tallow-colored eyes; a pointed chin, and a mouth that seemed capable of uttering unutterable things.

I rose up and stood aloof in fear. I was about to speak, when the ghost put her finger on her lip, and, stepping forward, stood upon the middle of the table. There was something awful about this scene, and I felt chilled, with a creeping horror, to my very heart. The creature reached out a kind of crumpled hand, and in a sort of frenzy I clasped it. But no sooner had I touched it, than the image vanished, and I found in my grasp a roll of paper. This I unfolded, and found it to be an immense sheet, written over in a neat, close hand. Casting my eye at the beginning, I saw that it read as follows:

"THE REMINISCENCES OF A RAG.

"As the rising sun was just peeping over the bosom of the Atlantic, and tinging with gold the waters that play along the borders of Amelia Island, a negro man, named Bob Squash, was seen

putting some little seeds into the ground, upon the eastern slope of said island. This event occurred on the 4th of March, 1839, as the wooden clock of the plantation was on the stroke of four.

"The seed was covered up in the ground, but in a few days it shot forth, and, in process of time, it became a large plant, covered with tufts of cotton. These were gathered by Bob Squash, and rolled into a wad and from this time I began to have a consciousness of existence. That ball of cotton was myself. I was packed into a bag with an immense heap of other cotton, and being put into a mill, we were awfully torn to pieces, in order to separate the seeds from the fibres. The teeth of the mill, which consisted of a thousand hooks, went through and through us, and thus we were parted forever from the seeds which had been born and bred with us, and which we had cherished from our infancy. The seeds, however, were black, and the combing process made us look very nice and clean.

"I was now taken, with the rest of the cotton-wool, and put into a large, coarse sack, and, in order to make us lie snug, a little negro got into the sack and trod us down. He did n't stop to consider how we might like it, but he went on stamping and jumping, and singing Jim Crow, all the time. When the bag was full, the mouth was sewed up, and we were marked as weighing three hundred and seventy-five pounds. In this state we were called a bale of cotton.

You must know that there are two kinds of cotton—the short staple, or *upland cotton*, and the long staple, or *sea island*. The latter is the best, and our bale was of that sort. Of course, we, being of the aristocratic class, were proud of our descent; and, while we supposed the vulgar upland would be worked up into shirtings and sheetings, or, perhaps, cheap calicoes, we expected to be treated according to our quality, by being wrought into delicate muslins or cambrics for the fair. So it chanced, as you shall see, if you will peruse the next chapter.

[To be continued.]

THE SEA.—From the great depths which have been actually ascertained in some places, and the great extent of sea in which no bottom has been found, we may conclude that we are under the estimate when, including banks and shallows, we allow one mile in depth for the whole. Even this gives us a most enormous quantity of water; a quantity which, estimated in tons weight, we have the entire quantity of sea water, with all its saline ingredients, amounting to the enormous weight of 600,000,000,000,000,000, (six hundred thousand billions of tons.) Of this enormous quantity, between three and four per cent. consists of different saline ingredients, and the rest of pure water; so that water in the sea available for the purposes of animal and vegetable life, the supply of springs and rivers, and all other purposes for which water is needed in the economy of the land, amounts to five hundred and eighty thousand billions of tons; and the quantity of salt, at least of saline ingredients, to about twenty thousand billions of tons.

Snow-balling.

"HURRAH, boys—school's out! come! let's choose sides and have a snow-balling!"

At this challenge, the boys divide into two groups, and at it they go. It is capital sport—for while it gives an opportunity for the display of skill and power in hurling the missiles, it causes no broken bones—no bloody noses—no peeled shins—no black eyes. It is the very mildest, merriest, and most harmless of all fighting. A snow-ball pat in the face draws no "claret," begets no bad blood, and only provokes a retaliation, in kind, perchance inciting the hit warrior to squeeze his ball a little harder and send it back with redoubled, but still harmless *vim*.

Those people who live in the sunny south, where Jack Frost never comes with his snow-flakes, surely miss one of the greatest delights of our northern

climes. We are willing to forego their orange groves, their fig trees, and their grape vines—bending as they may be with fruit—in consideration of the fun of snow-balling. Not that we, ourself—Robert Merry—old, decrepit and gray—ever engage in that lively sport. No—such things are past with us; but though we cannot personally engage in such merry work, we can at least look on—and that is a great pleasure.

I remember once when I was at school, the boys agreed to have a game of snow-balling, and each one was only to use his left hand. The work went on bravely and smartly, too, for some time; each boy stuck to the treaty, and faithfully worked with his left hand. But, at last, one cowardly fellow, named Farwell, got into a tussle with another chap, and as he received more balls than he sent, he broke his faith, and hurled with his right hand. This provoked retaliation, for one act of injustice is apt to beget another. Farwell was soundly beaten, and in a short time the whole treaty was violated and overturned. I have often thought of that little incident—and I close my story by suggesting the lesson it inculcates; beware of injustice—for it is very likely that you will yourself suffer from the wrongs that will be done in retaliation.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—At the commencement of the revolutionary war, there lived at East Windsor, Connecticut, a farmer, of the name of Jacob Munsell, aged forty-five years. After the communication by water between this part of the country and Boston was interrupted by the possession of Boston harbor by the British fleet, Munsell was often employed to transport provisions by land to our army, lying in the neighborhood of Boston. In the summer of 1775, while thus employed, he arrived within a few miles of the camp at Cambridge, with a large load, drawn by a stout ox team. In a part of the road which was somewhat rough, he met two carriages, in each of which was an American general officer. The officer in the forward carriage, when near to Munsell, put his head out of the window, and called to him, in an authoritative tone—"Get out of the path!"

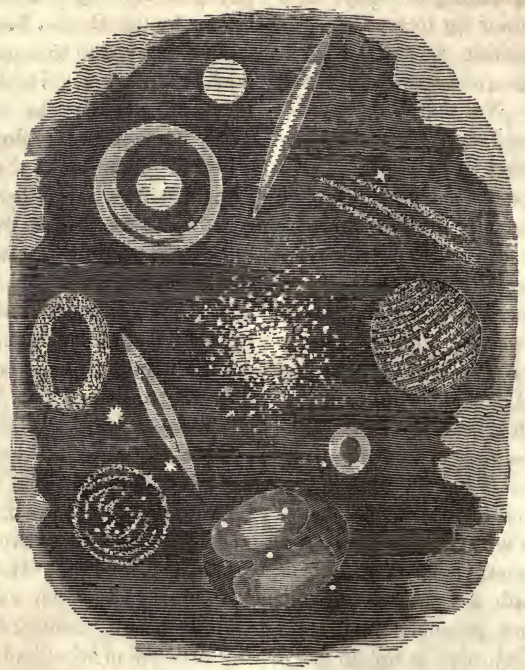
Munsell immediately retorted, "I won't get out of the path—get out yourself!"

After some other vain attempts to prevail on Munsell to turn out, the officer's carriage turned out, and Munsell kept the path. The other carriage immediately came up, having been within hearing distance of what had passed, and the officer within put his head out of the vehicle, and said to Munsell—"My friend, the road is bad, and it is very difficult for me to turn out; will you be so good as to turn out and let me pass?"

"With all my heart, sir," said Munsell; "but I won't be d——d out of the path by any man."

This last officer was General Washington. How much more noble, and how much more successful, is a mild and courteous manner, than a harsh and dictatorial one!

QUESTION ON MATHEMATICS.—A fellow in Kentucky, with a railway imagination, wants to know how long it will be before they open the equinoctial line.



Nebulæ.

The Use of Telescopes.

One of the inventions most important to science that ever was made, was that of the *telescope*. The common telescope is usually called a spy-glass. It is used to look at distant objects, and it serves to bring them, apparently, nearer to view. At sea, the spy-glass is of the greatest use, for it enables the masters of vessels distinctly to see the land, which would scarcely be visible to the naked eye. He can also see vessels which are distant, and be able to tell what kind of vessels they are, what rigging they have, what colors they carry, &c., long before these things could be discovered by the naked eye.

But the telescopes, made for looking at the heavenly bodies, though apparently less useful than the common spy-glass, have still revealed to us many interesting and wonderful, and, indeed, useful, truths. By means of these, we are better acquainted with the moon; we now know that it is a rough planet of mountains and valleys, and, though resembling our earth, that it is without inhabitants, water or atmosphere.

By means of telescopes we know that

Jupiter, which to the naked eye seems but a little star, is a great world, with four moons, and, what is curious, we know that these moons keep the same face always turned to the planet, just as our moon does to the earth. We know that Saturn, which also seems like a little star, is a vast world, with seven moons, and a wonderful belt of light, encircling it and revolving around it. These are some of the wonders revealed to us by the telescope.

But there are still others quite as interesting. Beyond the stars which we can see with the naked eye, the telescope unfolds to the view thousands upon thousands of others, the very existence of which we had never known but for this instrument. Nor is even this all—some of the stars are not single, but two or three are close together, and evidently revolve around one another. These are called *binary*, or double stars. Astronomers have observed many thousands of these wonderful worlds, far away in the boundless regions of space.

You have all seen what is called the Milky-way, a broad, irregular band of light crossing the entire heavens. The ancient poets represented this as the milk spilt by the nurse of their god Mercury, and from this poor and paltry conception, it derived its name. Now, let us remark what the telescope says the milky-way is—an immense number, myriads upon myriads, of worlds! What a glorious view does this unfold to us of that God who has not only made the heavens, but us also!

But beside stars of various magnitudes, revealed by the telescope, there are other objects, called *nebulæ*, from their cloud-like appearance. These are of various sizes and forms, some being without defined shape, some being circular, some long and pointed, and one bearing a resemblance to a dumb bell. The engraving at the head of this article will give some idea of the appearance of these mysterious bodies, which are seen, many millions of miles off in the far regions of space.

The idea has been suggested, and with good reason, that these *nebulæ* are particles of matter, thin almost as air, which are in the process of being condensed and formed into worlds. We know that a detached drop of water forms itself, at once, into a little globe, by that principle which pervades all matter—called gravitation; and we may suppose that these different particles forming the nebulæ, being attracted to each other, will gradually assume a spherical form, and that, in the rush of these particles toward each other, currents will be created, which will give the globe a revolving motion. Such are the curious speculations of the astronomers, and there is some reason to think them correct. What a vast conception does this view of things unfold—for it seems that not only are there countless millions of worlds already formed, all around us, but that, in the distance, the Almighty is still carrying on the stupendous process of manufacturing other worlds! Far—far beyond the reach of the naked eye—far beyond the reach of the searching telescope—far beyond even the daring stretch of the imagination, into the unfathomed night of space—there, there, is the Almighty lighting up the regions of nothingness with existence,

bidding new suns to shine in the chambers of silence and death—and thus extending his dominions and spreading abroad the rays of his glory. If the angels and good spirits are permitted to look upon these things—to accompany the Creator in his mighty movements—to look upon his proceedings—to fathom, in some degree, his designs—to participate in his works—to co-operate in his views—and to do all this in that blissful harmony which love to God creates—O, how glorious must be that happiness which they enjoy!

The Lotus.

The Lotus, or lily of the Nile, is a plant of great beauty and celebrity. There is one kind which is dried and made into loaves, and eaten for bread. The root, which is round and of the size of an apple, is also eaten.

The flower, at first, stands on the stalk, one or two feet above the water; but when the leaves are expanded and the seed-vessels fully formed, it gradually sinks till it rests on the surface of the water. All travellers are very much struck with the beauty of the lakes and rivers in Egypt, when, as frequently happens, they are covered with these blossoms. Sometimes they spring up in the places which are flooded during the overflow of the Nile, and seem to spread out to a vast extent, covering the entire surface of the water; yet when the flood subsides they perish.

The Miller and the Fool.—A miller who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted him thus: "John, people say that you are a fool." On this, John replied, "I don't know that I am, sir; I know some things, and some things I don't know, sir." "Well, John, what do you know?" "I know that millers always have fat hogs, sir." "And what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."

The Indian Dandy.

It must not be supposed that the love of fine dress is confined to city dandies and dandisettes. By no means; for travellers tell us that among the tribes that inhabit the far west, the young Indian men have a great fancy for dressing themselves up in a fanciful way.

The picture at the head of this article represents a young man whose name was Prairie Wolf, and it is a very good likeness. He has upon his head the horns of a buffalo, which he slew in the chase; and beneath is the hair of the buffalo's pate, with a circular and notched piece of leather, forming together a sort of crown. He has beads around his neck, with a necklace of

bears' claws. He has, also, a bracelet on his left arm. His robe is made of ornamented deer skins;—his kilt is of leather, fringed with wampum.

This dress is very modest for a young Indian. Very often the young fellows, when they wish to appear lovely in the eyes of the girls, paint themselves red, blue and green: they decorate their heads with feathers, and, altogether, make a most extraordinary display. They then mount a horse and ride swiftly around the village, coming often before the women to excite their admiration.

The grave old warriors and hunters, who have done great deeds in their day, laugh at such things, and ridicule them as very contemptible. Indeed, when an Indian has performed some distinguished feat in battle, or the chase, he usually ceases to be a dandy in dress.

One thing is curious among the Indians, and that is, that this love of dress is chiefly confined to the men. The women, indeed, decorate themselves with a few beads and other ornaments; but real dandyism belongs wholly to the other sex. The females are usually modest in their attire, and seldom seek to excite admiration by their dress. It seems to be among the Indians as among the turkies—the cocks are the only ones that strut about, showing off their fine feathers!

"Do you understand me, now?" thundered out one of our country pedagogues, to an urchin, at whose head he threw an ink-stand. "I have got an *ink*-ling of what you mean," replied the boy.

The Locust.

The *Locust* is an insect whose vast depredations are so little known to us by experience, that the full extent of the plague they cause in Egypt and other eastern countries, is hardly credible. A flight of these insects has been compared to flakes of snow driven about by the wind; and if the sun shines ever so bright, it is no lighter than when covered by a cloud. When they alight upon the ground, the plains are entirely covered with them, and speedily stripped of every vestige of herbage or other vegetable; while at night, locusts cover the earth in such numbers, that they lie one upon the other, four or five inches thick.

The locust, in form, nearly resembles the grasshopper; it hops and flies in the same manner, but is more robust, and has four large wings. The body is scaly, the head large, and the eyes very bright. Their legs and thighs are so powerful, that they can leap to a height of two hundred times the length of their bodies; when so raised, they spread their wings, and fly so close together, as to appear like one compact, moving mass. In most parts of the east, they are made an article of food; and in Egypt, the catching and cooking of locusts forms a regular employment. Their taste is said to be insipid.

St. Patrick and Father Matthew.

St. Patrick was a famous missionary, who went to Ireland about fourteen hundred years ago, and taught the people Christianity. At that time, the Irish were heathen, and their religion was a kind of idolatry. Their priests were called druids, who taught the adoration of the sun and moon, together with many superstitions. St. Patrick persuaded the people to dismiss their errors and to adopt the truths of Christianity. He accomplished this great object by the gentle arts of persuasion; and consequently his memory has been ever held in kind and honored remembrance by the greater part of the Irish people. As it is a great while since St. Patrick lived, many curious stories have been invented about him; and, among others, it is related that he drove all the venomous serpents, together with the toads, frogs, lizards and tadpoles, out of the island. Now this is no doubt a fiction. Probably these stories are a kind of allegory, by which, under the idea of reptiles, the errors of heathenism are meant, and these were cast out by the good old saint.

But, however this may be, something quite as wonderful as the tales about St. Patrick, has taken place in our day. A good priest or minister, called Father Matthew, seeing that the people of Ireland were very much addicted to drunkenness, thought he would try to induce them to give it up, and become temperate. So he drew up a pledge, and began to get the people to sign it. He succeeded very well indeed; the people signed the pledge, and many that were very miserable before, on account of the use of whiskey and other strong drinks, were reformed, and became sober, useful, and happy people. Seeing the great good that was thus done, other persons signed the pledge; and thus the great work proceeded, until five or six millions of people had signed it.

This is indeed a great and wonderful work. It is impossible to say how much evil has been prevented, and how much good has been done by Father Matthew. He has recently been to England, and thousands signed the pledge there. It is said he is coming to America, and surely we shall all be glad to see him. The following lines, about St. Patrick and Father Matthew, may be amusing to our readers, and make them remember the good they have done.

St. Patrick, 't is said, cleared Ireland's bogs
Of serpents and reptiles—toads, tadpoles and frogs—
But a saint of our day shows a far greater wonder—
For good Father Matthew 's got alcohol under!
St. Patrick did well—and we give him a glass
Of pure cold water—so round let it pass!
We drink to his name—'tis a bright one in story,
And, wreathed with green shamrock, shines ever in glory;
For if we will read the old legend aright,
The reptiles he vanquished so bravely in fight
Were druidical monsters—dark errors and crimes—
Which he drove, with the cross, from Erin's fair climes;
But alas! when the saint had long slept in the grave,
A serpent, more monstrous, crept out from the wave;
He seemed a good genius—was joyous and frisky—

And so he was welcomed, and they christened
him WHISKEY.
A favorite he grew, and at wedding or fair—
By every one cherished—sure Whiskey was
there!
And all the world fancied, when he took a part,
Though 't were praying or dancing, it came
from the heart.

But at last it was seen that a demon of night
Had passed himself off as an angel of light;
For, in moments of glee, like a serpent he stole
Unseen to the bosom, and coiled in the soul!
Nor was this all—for Whiskey 's a fellow
That lives in each liquor, which makes one
mellow—
And though he may dwell in a hogshead him-
self,
His spirit is found in a julep—the elf!

'T was thus by his arts that he spread o'er the
isle,
And millions on millions did Whiskey beguile.
In vain are the efforts the evils to paint,
Where Whiskey was worshipped as more than
a saint!
There was madness and death—there was sor-
row and guile—
Yet—the source of them all—he was wor-
shipped the while!
But murder will out—and Whiskey grew bold,
Was detected—convicted of all we have told.
St. Patrick was dead, but he left an example—
And so Father Matthew adopted the sample;
He attacked the old monster, and though he
roared out,
And flourished his tail, and turned round
about—
Mat laid it on well, and his blows, like a
sledge,
Fell heavy and thick, for he wielded THE
PLEDGE;
And the last news is this—'t is surely no won-
der—
Father Matthew 's atop, and Whiskey is under.

THE REAL CULPRIT.—A noble lady of Florence lost a valuable pearl necklace, and a young girl who waited upon her was accused of the theft. As she solemnly denied the charge, she was put to the torture. Unable to support the terrible infliction, she acknowledged that "she was guilty," and, without further trial, was hung. Shortly after, Florence was visited by a tremendous storm, and a thunderbolt fell upon a figure of Justice on a lofty column, and split the scales, one of which fell to the earth, and with it the ruins of a magpie's nest, containing the pearl necklace!

Combat between a Falcon and Serpent.

M. DE VAILLANT, a famous French traveller, gives an account of a remarkable engagement, of which he was a witness, between a falcon and a snake. The falcon is the chief enemy of the serpent in all the countries which it inhabits, and the mode in which it wages war with it is very peculiar. When the falcon approaches a serpent, it always carries the point of one of its wings forward, in order to parry off its venomous bites. Sometimes it finds an opportunity of spurning and treading upon its antagonist, or else of taking him upon its pinions, and throwing him into the air. When, by this system, it has, at length, wearied out its adversary, and rendered him almost senseless, it kills and swallows him at leisure.

On the occasion which Vaillant mentions, the battle was obstinate, and conducted with equal address on both sides. The serpent, feeling at last his inferi-

ority, endeavored to regain his hole; while the bird, apparently guessing his design, stopped him on a sudden, and cut off his retreat, by placing herself before him at a single leap.

On whatever side the reptile endeavored to make his escape, the enemy still appeared before him. Rendered desperate, the serpent resolved on a last effort. He erected himself boldly, to intimidate the bird, and, hissing dreadfully, displayed his menacing throat, inflamed eyes, and a head swollen with rage and venom. The falcon seemed intimidated for a moment, but soon returned to the charge; and, covering her body with one of her wings as a buckler, she struck her enemy with the bony protuberance of the other. M. Vaillant saw the serpent at last stagger and fall. The conqueror then fell upon him to despatch him, and with one stroke of her beak laid open his skull.

The Papyrus.

In a former number of the Museum we gave some account of the *Papyrus*, a kind of three-cornered reed which grows in Egypt, and from the pith of which the ancients made thin paper. We give a cut representing some of these reeds growing in the edge of the water. They are still to be found in the environs of Damietta, and on the banks of Lake Menzaleh, and nowhere else in Egypt. Perhaps the reason of this is, that, formerly, the government, in order to have a monopoly of the making of paper, caused it to be pulled up and eradicated in many parts of Egypt, and only allowed it to grow where its preparation could be superintended.

It is said that the mode of making the paper was this: the epidermis or skin of the stalk was carefully taken off, and then the spongy pith within was cut into very thin slices; these were steeped in the water of the Nile, and several layers were alternately placed crosswise, one upon the other. These were then pressed and dried, and rubbed smooth with a piece of ivory. Thus a substance was formed resembling our paper. It was very tough and durable, and many manuscripts upon it are still in existence, which are two thousand years old. It is said that the papyrus was used for the making of paper so late as the ninth century.

Pigeon Cones.

In Upper Egypt every house and hut is provided with small houses or cones, painted white, for the brooding of pigeons. The number of these birds, in some parts, is quite surprising. In certain districts, no man is allowed to marry or keep house, unless he is in possession of a dove house. The reason assigned for this is, that the pigeons furnish the only manure for the grounds.

Pictures of Various Nations.

CHAPTER II.

The people of Greenland—Labrador.

In order to observe some method, in our account of the people of America, we shall introduce our readers in the first place to the Greenlanders, for I shall here consider Greenland as belonging to the American continent. For a long time Greenland was supposed to be united to this American continent; but it is now ascertained to be a large island. It lies so near to America, however, on the north-east, that it is proper to speak of it in this connection.

Greenland is a cold country, and very mountainous. It is quite barren, except in spots; but the sea is well stored with fish. The country also abounds with reindeer, foxes, white bears, sea-wolves, sea-dogs and sea-cows.

The Greenlanders are short in stature, seldom exceeding five feet in height; but well formed, and rather stout. Their faces are broad and flat; their eyes, nose, and mouth commonly small; their under lip sometimes thicker than the upper; they have high breasts and broad shoulders; their complexion is brown or olive, and their hair coal-black and long.

When they rise in the morning, they appear thoughtful and dejected, but in the evening, when their toil is over, they are cheerful and happy. In general, however, they are not very lively in their temper, yet good-humored and friendly. When a person dies, they think he goes to the land of spirits where he spends his time in hunting

They are very fond of hunting and fishing; and in both they are very expert. They kill many seals; these furnish them with food. The oil they use as sauce, and of the blood they make soup. They use the oil also for lamp light and kitchen fire.

The clothing of the Greenlanders is composed of the skin of the reindeer, seals, and some kinds of birds, which they sew together with the sinews of the reindeer, seal, or whale. Their best garments they keep quite neat; but their ordinary dress abounds in filth and vermin. Their clothes smell so strong, that an inhabitant of the United States would be glad to get to the windward of a Greenlander.

The dwellings of the Greenlanders are of two sorts; one for summer, the other for winter. Their summer habitations are light tents, constructed with a few poles, covered with seal skins. Their winter habitations are built of stones, filled in with moss and covered with turf. The principal apartment is chiefly under ground, and the passage to it is so low, that it is necessary to creep rather than walk to it.

The Greenland women are very much degraded, and their lives are toilsome. They act as butchers and cooks; they dress all the skins, and then make them into garments, boots, shoes, &c. They are even obliged to build and repair the winter habitations, excepting that the men assist about the carpenter's work.

We are sure that our readers would not wish to live in Greenland; yet the inhabitants of that island think their country the best in the world. If at any time a Greenlander is carried to a warmer clime, he longs for his native snows; and, if he cannot hope to return, he sometimes pines away and dies.

Crossing Davis' Strait, which is not very wide, we reach that part of the American continent which is called Labrador. This is the country of the Esquimaux.

These people resemble the Greenlanders in several important respects. Like them, they are low in stature, and in complexion are very sallow. Their beards are thick and bushy; but, unlike the Greenlanders, their constitutions are feeble. They are a timorous people, and stroke their breasts in token of peace, when they approach a stranger.

The word Esquimaux, signifies "eaters of raw flesh." They are very properly named. They are a rude and miserable race of beings, but some of them, it is said, have been taught to read the Scriptures. Their food consists chiefly of fish, with the flesh of the seal and the reindeer. Their greatest luxury is seal blubber, or oil, which they devour with as great relish as boys and girls of this country do sweetmeats.

The dress of these people is made of skins. Men and women dress nearly alike. The women use no trinkets except beads; but they ornament themselves by drawing a needle and thread, blackened with soot, under the skin. This leaves a light blue mark. It is a painful operation; but they delight so much in this kind of marks, that they sometimes cover almost their whole body with them.

The Esquimaux have a singular kind of dog, of which they keep large numbers. In this country, we should think

it strange if a dog could not bark; yet theirs never bark. They make use of them to draw their sledges and guard their habitations. Sometimes they eat them, and use their skins for clothing.

Their dwellings in winter resemble caves or holes dug in the earth. They are rendered very filthy by the large quantities of fat or oil which are burnt in them, and which are used in cooking. In summer, they live in tents, much like the Greenlanders.

When Captain Parry made his voyage towards the north pole, a few years since, he found some Esquimaux people living north of Hudson's Bay. These lived in huts, built of frozen snow. They were very talkative, good-humored and friendly. When they saw anything that pleased them, some fell to singing and dancing, while others screamed as loud as they could. Captain Parry's men gave them some food; but they made up hideous mouths at it, till, at length, a sailor wet up some dried bread pounded fine, with train-oil, which they licked up with great delight. This would be a loathsome dish to some of our readers in the United States.

These people seem to have no idea of formal religious worship, yet they believe they shall live after death; and if they are good, according to their ideas, that they shall go to heaven and be perfectly happy. Perfect happiness, in their view, no doubt, consists in having plenty of blubber to eat. Without the light of the Bible, how degraded mankind are!

"JOHN, your coat is too short."

"Yes, sir; but it will be long enough before I get another."

Bonaparte and the Leg of Mutton.

SOME forty years ago, we are told that in England, such was the horror generally entertained of Bonaparte, that he was not only the fear of statesmen, but the bug-bear of the nursery and the schoolroom. "If you do this," said the schoolma'm, birch in hand, "I'll send Bony after you;" and, "if you don't do that, I'll do the same thing." Bony was, in fact, the great scare-crow,—and many a child grew up under the impression that he was a sort of secondary evil spirit.

We are told by an English writer, that, at a certain boarding school, upon one occasion, a leg of mutton was stolen, and, as almost every evil thing was laid to Bonaparte, the children immediately supposed that he must be the thief! The writer himself, then a child, fancied the emperor, with the mutton in his fist, running off with it, and taking enormous strides in his eagerness to escape.

How many lasting prejudices, how many abiding errors are fixed in the

mind by the inconsiderate threats of those who have the charge of youth! It is probable that many of the various defects, weaknesses and eccentricities of character,—those is some cases which are fatal to success in life,—are caused by the foolish and false modes of government to which we allude. We hardly know of a more unpardonable offence than for a person to endeavor to govern a child through fear of some fictitious evil.

Names of Countries and Places.

The following countries were named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people of the ancient world. These names, in the Phœnician language, signify something characteristic of the place which they designated. *Europe* signifies a country of white complexions, so named, because the inhabitants there were of a fairer complexion than those of Asia and Africa. *Asia* signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa. *Africa* signifies the land of corn ears; it was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain.

Lydia signifies thirsty or dry,—very characteristic of the country. *Spain* signifies a country of rabbits or conies; this country was once so infested with these animals, that Augustus was besought to destroy them. *Italy* means a country of pitch; and *Calabria* has the same signification, for a similar reason. *Gaul*, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants. *Caledonia* means a woody region. *Hibernia* means last habitation; for, beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain signifies the country of tin, as there were great quantities of tin and lead found here and in the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it *Albion*, which signifies, in the Phœnician tongue, either white or high mountain, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast. *Corsica* signifies a woody place, and *Sardinia*, the footstep of a man, which it resembles. *Rhodes*, means serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance. *Sicily* means the country of grapes; *Scylla*, the whirlpool, is destruction. *Syracuse* signifies bad savor, so called from the unwholesome marsh upon which it stood. *Ætna* signifies furnace, or smoke.

Snuff-Taking.

Snuff-taking is an old custom; yet, if we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he were doing one of the most important acts of his life—for, even with the most indifferent snuff-taker, there is a certain look of importance—proceeds to thrust it into his nose; after which he shakes his head, or his waiscoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty and satisfied the most serious claims of his well being.

It is curious to see the various ways in which people take snuff. Some do it by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. There are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff, a sort of essence of pins' points. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanor; they value the style, as well as the sensation, and offer the box around them as much out of dignity as benevolence.

Some people take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as the snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; others with a luxuriance of gesture, and a lavishness of supply that announces a more moist article, and sheds its superfluous honors upon neckcloth and coat. Dr. Johnson was probably a snuff-taker of this kind. He used to take it out of his waistcoat pocket, instead of a box.

There is a species of long-armed snuff-takers who perform the operation in a style of potent and elaborate preparation, ending with a sudden activity. He puts his head on one side, then stretches forth his arm with pinch in hand, then brings round his arm as a snuff-taking elephant might his trunk, and finally shakes snuff, head and nose together, in a sudden vehemence of convulsion. His eyebrows are all the time lifted up, as if to make more room for the onset, and when he has ended, he draws himself up to the perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the previous moment, by a snuff and a great "Flah!"

Squirrels.

In the second volume of the Museum, we told some things about squirrels in general, but did not say anything about the different kinds particularly, which we will now proceed to do. They are so interesting a class (or, as the naturalists would say, genus) of animals, and especially so to children and young persons, that we think the readers of Merry's Museum will like to hear more about them.

They have often, I have no doubt, been delighted at seeing their gambols, and their activity in leaping from tree to tree, and especially in seeing them eat nuts, sitting on their hinder legs, or haunches, with their bushy tails turned up over their bodies, and holding the nuts in their fore-paws, and making a hole through the shell with their sharp teeth to extract the kernel. It is very amusing to observe them thus engaged, and very surprising to see how rapidly they will make a hole through the hardest shelled nut. For this purpose, without doubt, it is, that He who made the squirrels, and who is the same glorious Being that created us, has formed their teeth very strong and very sharp.

There is quite a variety of squirrels that inhabit this country, but the most common in New England are the Gray Squirrel, the Red Squirrel, the Ground or Chip Squirrel, and the Flying Squirrel. All these kinds are frequently to be seen in almost every district, though the flying squirrel, on account of his habit of stirring about in the night, and lying still in the day-time, is not so

frequently seen. They are all very beautiful and interesting creatures.

The gray squirrel is the largest of those I have named, and is frequently hunted for food, as his flesh is very palatable. A squirrel-hunt, in the fall, is a very common and very exciting amusement in many places in the country, and, when conducted with as much regard to humanity as practicable, is, perhaps, not only a pleasant, but a harmless and proper recreation. It is very apt, however, to be attended with the wanton slaughter of small birds, and other instances of unnecessary cruelty. In the newly-settled parts of the country, these squirrels are sometimes so numerous, that they make very serious havoc with the corn crop, and, in some cases, almost entirely destroy it. Its ordinary food, however, consists of nuts of various kinds, of which, like the other squirrels, it lays up a large supply for the winter. "This species," says Godman, in his American Natural History, "is remarkable among all our squirrels for its beauty and activity. It is, in captivity, remarkably playful and mischievous, and is more frequently kept as a pet than any other." I dare say many of my young readers have seen one or more of them in a rolling cage, and, by rapidly running over the bars, making it revolve almost with the speed of a mill-stone. Its general color is gray, as its name indicates, and it has a very large, bushy tail, which sometimes hides almost its whole body.

The red squirrel, or Chickaree, as he is sometimes called in the Middle States, is the next largest of the four, and is a common and beautiful animal, often seen on the trees by the road-sides. Frequently, you will hear a half barking and half twittering noise, and, looking up, you will see a red squirrel on the limb of a tree, a few feet above you, from which the sound proceeds. It seems to be a complaint for your encroachment on his premises, and a kind of warning to move out of his neighborhood. They frequently come around our dwellings for fruit and various sorts of food. Several of them now reside close by my house, and daily come into my woodshed for butternuts, which my children place there for them, and carry them up into a pear-tree standing by the side of the shed, and then devour them. I caught one of them in a box-trap, and kept him in confinement long enough to make a picture of him, and then set him at liberty, and he returns as freely as ever. Their food and habits generally are similar to those of the gray squirrel, though they are much more familiar, in the wild state, than the other. He is of a reddish brown color,—whence he takes his name,—and he has a dark stripe along his side, separating the red color from the white.

The account of the chip, or ground squirrel, and the flying squirrel, will be given in another number of the Museum.

Consolation in Sea-sickness.—A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out, among other exclamations, "We shall go to the bottom! mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors; "you can never go to the bottom *while your head swims!*"

The Blue Jay.

"A BLUE jay," says Wilson, "which I have kept for some time, and with whom I am on terms of familiarity, is a very notable example of mildness of disposition and sociability of manners. An accident in the woods first put me in possession of this bird, when in full plumage, and in high health and spirits. I carried him home with me, and put him into a cage already occupied by a gold-winged woodpecker, where he was saluted with such rudeness, and received such a drubbing from the lord of the manor, for entering his premises, that, to save his life, I was obliged to take him out again.

"I then put him into another cage, where the only tenant was a female orchard oriole. She also put on airs of alarm, as if she considered herself endangered and insulted by the intrusion. The jay, meanwhile, sat mute and motionless on the bottom of the cage, either dubious of his own situation, or willing to allow time for the fears of his neighbor to subside. Accordingly, in a few minutes, after displaying various threatening gestures, she began to make her approach, but with great circumspection and readiness for retreat.

Seeing the jay, however, begin to pick up some crumbs of broken chestnuts, in a humble and peaceable way, she also descended, and began to do the same; but, at the slightest motion of her new guest, wheeled round and put herself on the defensive. All this ceremonious jealousy vanished before evening, and they now roost together, and feed and play together in perfect harmony and good humor. When the jay goes to drink, his messmate very impudently jumps into the water to wash herself, throwing the water in showers over her companion, who bears it all patiently, and venturing to take a sip now and then between the splashes, without betraying the smallest token of irritation. On the contrary, he seems to take pleasure in his little fellow-prisoner, allowing her to clean his claws from the minute fragments of chestnuts which happen to adhere to them."

LINES PLACED OVER A CHIMNEY-PIECE.

SURLY Winter, come not here;
Bluster in thy proper sphere:
Howl along the naked plain,
There exert thy joyless reign;
Triumph o'er the withered flower,
The leafless shrub, the ruined bower;
But our cottage come not near;—
Other springs inhabit here,
Other sunshine decks our board
Than the niggard skies afford.
Gloomy winter, hence! away!
Love and fancy scorn thy sway;
Love and joy, and friendly mirth
Shall bless this roof, these walls, this hearth,
The rigor of the year control,
And thaw the winter in the soul.

Mrs. Barbauld.

A GERMAN gentleman, in the course of a strict cross-examination on a trial was asked to state the exact age of the defendant.

"Dirty," (thirty,) was the reply.

"And pray, sir, are you his senior and by how many years?"

"Why, sir, I am dirty-two."

THE SHOE-BLACK AND HIS DOG.—An English officer of the 44th regiment, who had occasion, when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man, who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he continued to rub himself.

Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and took him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. He remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade on the bridge in Paris.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.—The following *morceau* was copied from the original notice on board the steamboat William Caldwell, which plies on Lake George. The placard hung directly over the "bocks" containing the "snaick."

A Rattel Snaick too bee Shode.—Thee history off this snaick is as follors, hee was ketcht on tunn mounting buy a poore man with a large fammely being sicks yer ould and very wenumous he is now in a bocks and cant hirt no boddy which is much better than too bee runnin wilde cause hee don't want to eat nothun.

Admittance is sickpents for them what pleese to pay it, and thrippents for them what dont, a libberall reduckshon for fammeliees for more particklelars pleese to cawl on OLD DICK.

T. N. Take notiss it was the poor man and not the snaick that had a large fammeley.

PAT-RIOTISM.—W. E. Robinson, Esq., in a speech recently delivered in Baltimore, said that even the ridicule cast upon Irishmen was sometimes the highest praise. Thus, the nickname of *Pat* was a word of the very best signification. No word beginning with *Pat*, in the English language, had a bad meaning. *Pat*ent is applied to something valuable; *Pat*ernal means fatherly or kind; *Pat*riarch, the father or head of the family; *Pat*rician, a nobleman; *Pat*riot, a lover of his country; *Pat*rol, one who guards the garrison; *Pat*ron, a protector and guardian; *Pat*tern, a thing to be copied.

To our Readers.

WE regret that we are obliged to omit, this week, the continuation of Bill Keeler's story of the Lottery Ticket, as well as some other articles intended for this number.

We must also defer till another number several interesting letters from our correspondents.

The Snow-Flakes.

WORDS AND MUSIC WRITTEN FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Slow.
"Gently, gently falls the snow, Lightly, lightly, soft and slow;
p
Pret-ty crystals, tell me why, Leave thy home in yon - der sky?
Staccato.
f
p

"All above is pure and true,
Pretty snow-flakes—just like you.
Then why in heaven take thy birth,
Yet seek a home on this dark earth?"

Thus I spoke, and seem'd to hear
A gentle spirit whisper near—

"Though from heaven the snow-flakes fall,
And mix with earth—the fate of all—

"When their winter task is done,
They 'll melt and mingle with the sun;
And, with his beams, in dew-drops rise,
Pure as before, to yonder skies."

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VII. MARCH, 1844. No. 3.

MARCH—the blusterer—is here! It is a capricious month, often coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb; to-day it brings us sleet and tempest,—to-morrow, smiling sunshine and gentle showers. It appears to be a mixture of all the seasons—winter, spring, summer and autumn—yet not having the agreeable qualities of either. It is a sort of Jack-at-all-trades, yet good at none. Of all the months, it is the least of a favorite.

We are speaking, however, of our New England March; in the sunny south, it is otherwise. There it is a month of real spring; there it calls forth the buds and blossoms, and bids nature to assume her loveliest robes of azure, green and purple. At Charleston, in South Carolina, the people are regaling themselves with roses, lilacs and green peas, while we in the Bay State are shivering in the raw, cutting gales that come from the north-east, and bite as if dipped in acid. Well, never mind, we must button up our coats close for a few weeks longer; spring will come at last, and we shall enjoy the delights of that

charming season. Let old Boreas roar, if he will; his time is nearly out for the season; he is fast retreating to Greenland, where he will have to stay till December, when we shall welcome him back, with his ice and snow.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER II.

Adventures in South America.

Being now about seventeen years old, and having the reputation of being a pretty good sailor, I was offered a berth on board a vessel that was going to Surinam, a Dutch settlement in South America. This I accepted, not only because the pay was liberal, but I had a vague notion that I might there hear something of my uncle Ben; for we had always understood that when he left St. Domingo he sailed for that place. My mother seemed always to have a kind of faith that he was alive, and she hoped I might hear of him at Surinam. We set sail in November, our vessel being a brig called the Sheldrake. We proceeded for some time on our voyage without any remarkable occurrence.

When we began to approach the coast of South America, I could not but be struck with the splendor of the stars at night. In those southern latitudes, we see a different set of stars from those which are visible in New England, and many of the groups are exceedingly brilliant. The beauty of a tropical night, especially at sea, even when the moon is not visible, can scarcely be conceived. The waves of the ocean are flashing with phosphoric light, and to such a degree, as to throw a lustre upon the sides of the ship. The stars are of sufficient brilliancy to light up the atmosphere, giving to all the objects, above and around, an aspect of peculiar loveliness.

Surinam is a part of a great country called Guiana, which forms the north-eastern corner of the South American continent, and belongs a part to England, a part to France, and Surinam to Holland. It is a low, level region, presenting not a single hill or highland for two or three hundred miles. When we approached the coast, I saw the land; nothing was presented to the view but a line of trees edging the shore, as far as the eye could reach. Not a house was visible, nor, indeed, any other object which could give us the least intimation as to what part of the coast we had reached. We kept off the shore, and proceeded south-eastward, keeping the land in view.

As we were proceeding in this manner, a smart gale sprung up one night, and, in spite of our efforts to keep off, we were driven in toward the land. In the morning we struck the bottom, and soon found that we were stuck fast in the mud-bank which extends out three or four miles to sea, along the whole coast of Guiana. It was now December, a time when the whole face of nature is wrapped in snow in New England; but where we were, the heat was excessive.

After about two days, we contrived to work our brig out of the mud, and once more proceeded on our course. At last we saw a house upon the land, and the captain, coming to an anchor, sent a boat

ashore, to inquire whereabouts we were. The answer was that we were near the mouth of the river Courantin, about a hundred miles west of Paramaribo, to which place we were bound. This was very agreeable news. We now proceeded cheerfully on our way, and in the course of two days we could perceive, by the appearance of the water, that we were near the mouth of a large river. This we knew to be the Surinam, and now, pursuing a southerly course, soon found ourselves at the wharf of Paramaribo.

I had been a great deal around the world and seen a great many beautiful places, but never was I more delighted than when I walked about this little city. It is not larger than Providence, having only twenty thousand inhabitants, but the streets are long, straight and broad, and are lined with the most beautiful trees that can be imagined. These are of various kinds, such as oranges, lemons, shaddocks, tamarinds, &c. At all seasons of the year, these are bending with fruit, and yet covered with blossoms. The air is at all times filled with perfume, especially at night.

The inhabitants are generally Dutch. The houses are for the most part of wood, but they are of a curious fashion, having very heavy cornices, with abundance of queer ornaments. Nothing can present a stronger contrast than do the people in these streets to those of New England. In the latter place, there is great uniformity; in the former, all is variety. Here you may see the old Dutch planters, with their huge trowsers and broad-brimmed hats; sailors from all countries; soldiers, Jews, Indians and Negroes. The dresses of these people strike a Yankee as being exceedingly droll, and at first, I could not help laughing at almost everybody I met. By degrees, the singularity of things around me wore off, and I became accustomed to the manners of the place. The river before the town of Paramaribo is at least a mile in width, and as there are a great many boats and barges constantly plying upon its surface, the scene it presents is of a very lively character.

The soil of Guiana is among the richest in the world. The land lies so low that it is necessary to build dikes, for the purpose of keeping out the sea and the inundations of the rivers. The chief productions are coffee, sugar, cacao, cotton and indigo. It also produces ginger, pepper, cloves, nutmegs, castor oil, &c. The object of our voyage was to obtain coffee and spices. There is no country in the world more rich in its fruits. Yams, sweet potatoes, bananas, and the cocoa nut, are produced in abundance. Oranges, lemons, limes, figs, shaddocks, melons of many kinds, and other delicious fruits, abound.

Nothing can equal the luxuriance of the flowering shrubs and plants. Many of these are of gigantic stature. The trees often grow to a great height, and thousands of bright-winged birds seem to live a life of perpetual bliss amid the perfume that is shed from their perennial blossoms.

As soon as I had become a little acquainted with the town, I began to make inquiry about my uncle. I could, however, hear nothing of him, until, at last, an old sailor told me that he remembered him perfectly well; that he came

from Port au Prince to Paramaribo more than twenty years before, where he remained only for a year or two. The man could give me no farther information about him. He told me, however, that there was an Englishman residing up in the country about a hundred miles, who had some business with my uncle, and he could tell me all about him. As our vessel was likely to be detained about a month, I got permission of the captain to go and see this man, to whom I was referred for information respecting my uncle.

I set out on foot, and pursued my way along the banks of the river Surinam. The road was roughly paved with stones, and heavy wagons were frequently passing to and fro upon it. Although I was in a strange country, I felt no concern, for I was naturally of a fearless disposition, and beside, I was armed with a cudgel in my hand, and a pistol under my belt. So far, indeed, was I from fear, that I felt a sort of pleasant excitement in my present adventure. The strange appearance of everything around me rather excited than saddened my mind. The trees, the shrubs, the very birds, the whole aspect of nature, the forms of the houses that I occasionally met, the dress of the inhabitants, all reminded me that I was far from my own country, that I was a stranger in a strange land; but still I was light of heart, and whistling Yankee Doodle, I plodded bravely on.

I had set out before sunrise, and by ten o'clock had travelled more than a dozen miles. Finding myself weary, I turned off the road, and seated myself on the bank of the river, beneath the shade of a large tree. Here I sat for some time, listening to the incessant chatter of parrots and macaws over my head, and observing the humming birds that were buzzing among the flowering shrubs.

At last, I fell asleep, as little dreaming of danger as if I were taking a nap upon a summer day upon the banks of the Connecticut river. I slept soundly for some time, but at last I began to dream about a great many strange things. I fancied that I was wandering in a distant land—that I finally came to a great cavern, which I entered—that I was weary and laid myself down to repose—that a horrid monster stole upon me in my helpless condition, and was about to rend me in pieces; I dreamed that I attempted to rise and escape, but that I could not stir. Such at last was the horror of my mind, that I screamed aloud, and at the instant awoke from my sleep.

What was my horror to discover that my dream was almost a reality! At the distance of about twenty feet I saw an enormous alligator, with his jaws already distended, ready to press me in his fangs. He was slowly stealing upon me, but as I moved, he rushed forward, his enormous tail brandished in the air, and his claws spread, as if ready to grapple me. Quick as thought, I leaped from the ground, and at a single bound placed myself behind the trunk of the tree beneath which I had been sleeping. The monster perceived that he was foiled in his main object; but unluckily I had left my wallet, containing a loaf of bread and some cold meat, upon the ground where I had lain. The creature picked this up in his mouth, and wheeling

heavily round, marched down the bank and plunged into the water. At first, I was quite satisfied to have escaped with my life; but I soon began to lament the loss of my dinner. It was in vain, however, to repine, so I seized my cudgel, and proceeded upon my journey.

[To be continued.]

Bill and the Boys.

The Lottery Ticket, continued.

The reader will remember that Tom Trudge had set off from his home in the country, to go to New York and see to the success of his lottery ticket. He soon arrived at the great city, and found, to his vexation, that the drawing of the lottery was postponed for a week beyond the appointed time. It seemed to him hardly worth while to return to his home, but what should he do to get rid of this terrible week? When we are looking forward with impatience to a certain event, the time that stands between us and the object of desire, is considered a hateful enemy, and we set about killing it as well as we can. Some people are as anxious to kill time, as if it were a lion or a grizzly bear.

At the period we speak of, some thirty or forty years ago, a common way of killing time, or, in other words, of wasting that most precious gift of Heaven, was to go to a tap-room or tavern, and drink flip, whiskey or grog, and indulge in low and vulgar conversation. Such things are considered very silly now, but it was otherwise then. Tom could think of no other way to spend his week than to go to the Jefferson and Liberty tavern, and indulge in the amusements of the bar-room. So thither he went,

and by keeping himself in a state verging on intoxication, he continued to while away the awful seven days.

At last the appointed hour came. A firm conviction had taken possession of Tom's mind, that he was to draw the prize of fifty thousand dollars. He did not seem to consider that there were twenty thousand tickets, and that his chance of getting it was only one in twenty thousand. To a deluded mind, such an obstacle is nothing; one chance in twenty thousand is just as good as certainty. When the drawing took place, the office was thronged with a crowd of people, most of them wretched in the extreme. There were old men, tottering upon the verge of the grave; there were haggard women, evidently starving for want of the money they had invested in the lottery; there were young persons, of both sexes, apparently sunk in vice and wasted with poverty; there were the sick and emaciated, mingled with the strong and the reckless. All anticipated with hope and expectation,—and yet all, or nearly all, were destined to go away with disappointment and sickness of heart.

Tom got close to the revolving wheel, and, with his ticket in his hand, watched the numbers as they were declared. Several times his heart beat violently, as a number came out near his own. The drawing continued for more than two hours, and his hopes began to fly, as he perceived that the prizes were nearly all out. At last his own number, which was 777, was announced, and immediately after, it appeared that it had drawn the prize of 50,000 dollars!!!

Tom Trudge was in general a pretty stable-minded man, but for a moment his eyes grew dim and his brain reeled. A strange variety of images glided in confusion before his fancy, among which, his wife, with a *yaller* damask gown and a fine fan, were conspicuous. Finding it necessary to have air, he left the crowd, and went into the street. For some time he could hardly tell where or what he was; but at last his faculties rallied, and, coming fully to himself, he began to consider what was to be done.

He made inquiries at the office, and found that he could cash his prize at once by paying 5000 dollars discount;—this he did, and immediately found himself in the possession of the sum of forty-five thousand dollars,—an immense sum in those days, especially for a pedlar, who had seldom before had fifty dollars in hand at a time. Though he was anxious to go home and communicate his good fortune to his wife, he did not forget her injunction. He went forthwith and purchased a magnificent changeable silk dress, of yellow and purple, upon which was a representation of a bathing goddess in figures of gold. He also purchased a fan, on one side of which was a Venus, and on the other a Cupid, and started for home. Stopping at every tavern on the road, he drank liberally, and by the time he reached his cottage, his brain was not a little muddled.

When he entered the little dwelling, his hair was dishevelled, and his eyes staring,—his whole aspect, indeed, was wild and singular. He, however, rushed up to his wife, exclaiming, "I have got it! I have got it!" He then kissed her over and over again; took up his

children and nearly stifled them with his obstreperous embraces; at the same time, he shouted, danced and whirled round like a bedlamite. "What is it ails you, Tom? What in natur' is the matter? Are you drunk or mad?" said his spouse. "I have got it,—there, there!" said Tom, hurling the bundle of silk at his wife's head. "There's the yaller damask, and the fine fan! And here's the fifty thousand dollars!" Saying this, he took an enormous bundle of bank bills from his pocket, and giving it a whirl around his head, threw it across the room, and scattered the precious bits of paper over the floor. It is impossible to depict the astonishment of Mrs. Trudge, as she beheld the shower of bank bills, of five, ten and even twenty dollars each, now lying before her, as abundant as the very chips around the wood-pile.

For a moment the dame was bewildered, and the idea crossed her mind that it was only a dream. It was indeed so much like one of those visions that often cheat the mind in sleep, that she stood still, rubbed her forehead and looked puzzled for several seconds. But in a few moments her husband, quite out of his head, began to dance among the scattered bills, and cutting his pigeon-wings where they lay thickest, made them fly in all directions. Several of them were near the hearth, and, caught by the draught, edged closer and closer to the heap of coals, and at last bounded under the forestick and were instantly reduced to ashes. Others took a flying leap up the throat of the chimney, and circling round and round, disappeared amidst the soot and coiling smoke.

These circumstances at last recalled Mrs. Trudge to her senses. She had by degrees unravelled the tangled skein of events and made out the truth. She saw that her husband had actually drawn a great prize; that, obedient to her command, he had bought the damask and the fan, and that, between tippling and delight, his wits had gone wool-gathering for a season. She saw the necessity of immediate exertion to save the bank bills, now scattered like worthless rags upon the floor, her bewitched husband still rigadooning in their midst, and grinding them beneath his feet, or making them circle about upon the eddies of air that his brisk motions created. Like a hawk pouncing upon a brood of chickens, she now stooped upon the cash, and gathered it by handfuls into her apron, which she held up by the two corners. Seeing what she was about, her addled lord came after her and chased her round the room. But Mrs. Trudge took good care to keep out of his way, and soon succeeded in picking up the greater part of the bills. At last her husband, being completely exhausted, fell upon the floor. His good wife then dragged him to bed, and leaving him there in a sound sleep, she completed her work of securing the money.

Trudge slept long and heavy, but at last he awoke. He seemed sadly bewildered, and put his hand to his forehead in a manner which showed that he not only had a pain in his head, but was troubled in mind. At last he turned to his wife, and demanded, "Where is the money?"

"Money?" said his better half,—

"Money! what man—money! money, indeed! I think I should like some money myself. 'Tis a pretty business indeed: you go away and leave your tender wife and suffering children for ten long days; you then come back drunk as a fiddler, cut up all sorts of cantraps about the house, almost murther your family, and then, after you have come to your senses, you ask, as innocent as a cat licking cream, 'where is the money?' Where *is* the money? say I. Zounds, where is my yaller damask and the French fan? Come, speak, man! Or is it all a dream? Didn't you draw the big prize, after all? Oh, Tom, Tom! I told you so; I told you how it would be; I knew you had thrown away your money, and here we are, a poor innocent family, reduced to ruin, poverty and starvation!!" Upon this, the dame held her apron to her eyes, and the tears, real tears, bright as crystals, chased each other down her rosy cheeks.

Poor Tom Trudge! There he sat on the bedside, the very image of botheration. For the life of him, he could not tell whether he had really drawn the prize, or only been visited by a bewildering vision. At last, however, the mists that had hung over his mind began to clear away; the truth came more and more distinct to his mind, and finally he recollected the drawing of the lottery, his obtaining the forty-five thousand dollars, his buying the damask and the fan—his journey homeward, and the meeting with his wife. Just as he had fully brought to recollection the whole affair, he looked up, and discovered a half malicious smile shining through the tears of his spouse. She now burst into a hearty laugh, and brought forth the bundle of bank notes, nicely done up, and Tom Trudge and his wife were the happiest couple in the universe.

[To be continued.]

The Old Mansion.

The following simple but touching ballad was composed a short time since, by a girl in Maine, about seventeen years of age, who had been suffering several years from a weakness of sight, so as to prevent her reading or writing. It was taken down, from her dictation, by a friend.

There stood a stately mansion old
On brow of sloping hill;
There many a joyous day I 've passed,
And mem'ry loves it still.

'T was 'neath the shade of lofty elms
And evergreen dark pine,
Where robins sing, with notes so sweet,
In spring and summer time.

There dwelt my aged ancestor,
With partner of his years;
They 'd travell'd long together here
In sunshine and in tears.

Their spring-time hopes were faded,
And winter days came round,
Yet sunny ties of kindred
Their hearts to earth still bound.

My grandma's eyes were soft and blue,
And tenderly she smiled,
She ne'er thought ill of any one,
Her words were always mild.

I never shall forget her voice,
The tones of her "Good even';"
Nothing we ever asked her for
But what was kindly given.

My grandpa' often told us tales,
All of the olden time;
And of the wars for liberty
He fought in "auld lang syne."

He gave us pretty picture-books
On happy New-Year's day;
And poor, who hither came for aid,
Ne'er empty went away.

Grandma' would tell us of the train,
The beaver hat and plume,
And all the fashion of the dress
She wore in girlhood's bloom.

She always kept some plums or cake
In cupboard saved away,
To give "the children," every time
They came with her to stay.

And we assembled every year
In that wide ancient hall,
To keep the old "Election-day,"
Parents and children all.

Then rang the walls with merriment,
With laughter and with glee;
Those sounds come o'er my memory now,
And sadly seem to me.

Oh, there were entries long and dark,
Clock-room and pantry too;
And a hole was cut in the cellar-door,
Where fav'rite cat went through.

Grandma' wore parted on her brow
Her own soft, silvery hair;
And scissors bright at her girdle hung,
E'er knitting her fingers were.

A buck-horn head had grandpa's cane,
His hat was wide of brim;
His silver snuff-box was a gift
From Washington to him.

Up in the garret long and low,
Was spinnet and spinning-wheel;
For grandmamma, though lady bred,
Could deftly spin a reel.

Then at foot of the kitchen stairs
There stood a "settle" low;
And cheerily the large fire blazed
With log and fore-stick too.

With wheels and bucket in the porch,
There was a deep old well;
We thought, as in its depths we gazed,
A fairy there might dwell.

And there were haunts so old and dark
We hardly dared to stay,—
Where bones and curious things were kept,
And mouldering rubbish lay.

We wandered in the orchard green,
Where large red apples grew,
And damsons purple, moose-plums sweet,
Of varied size and hue.

We shook the branches merrily,
And strewed them on the ground;
Such mellow and delicious fruit
Could nowhere else be found.

Down in the "Happy Valley" near
A streamlet wandered by;
We often crossed its bridge, to climb
For wild choke-cherries high.

We ran, too, in the long, straight mall,
Bordered with poplar trees,
Mingled with rose and currant bush,
Lilacs and gooseberries.

We sported in the garden aisles,
And sat in the arbors old,
Whose many-fancied tales of love
Then laughingly we told.

There grew the honied columbines,
And fragrant fleur-de-lis;
And grandma's yellow marigolds,
And full-blown peony.

And there, with many a frolic wild,
We fled the hornets' rage;
And grandma' smiled, tho' footsteps marred
Her much-prized bed of sage.

Her fav'rite pinks and southernwood
With fragrance filled the air;—
The summer days were always warm,
And every spot seemed fair.

The violets were very blue,
The grass was tall and green;
Such colors in my womanhood
I never since have seen!

The cows from their rich pastures came
Just at the sunset glow;
And laughing maids came out to milk,
And sat on cricket low.

'T is the same sun in the sky, I ween,—
Ah, now it seems more cold;
And my cousin's happy tones I miss
That fell in the arbors old.

That cherished place is still most fair,
There blooms the peony,—
He walks not o'er his broad lands now,
Nor she her flowers to see.

Alas! I never shall forget
When cold I saw her lay;
And full of years and goodness too,
They bore grandma' away.

Eight times, as wont, the summer bloomed,
Eight times the autumn fell,
And he, the lonely, grey-haired man,
Was borne by her to dwell.

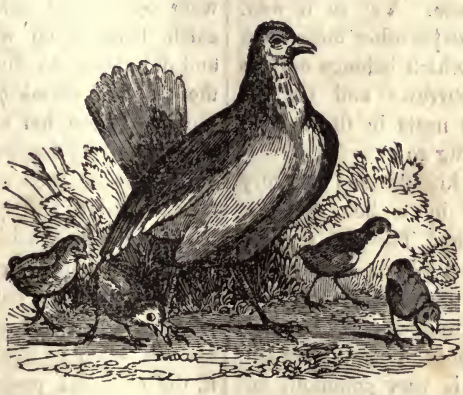
The flame broke wild and brightly forth,
One Sabbath evening still!—
In ruins fell the mansion old
On brow of sloping hill.

The Desman, or Russian Musk-Rat.

This creature resembles the common musk-rat, and is found both in Russia and Sweden. It is about the size of the common hedgehog, the body being eight or nine inches long. Its coat is like that of the beaver, and is composed of hair intermixed with soft, clear and delicate fur. The color is brown above, and silvery beneath. The tail, which is seven inches long, is one of the most extraordinary mechanical instruments in the whole animal kingdom. It is composed of three parts, each of which has a motion peculiar to itself

The Desman chooses the margin of such places as are convenient for the burrows which it digs under water. These are sometimes seven yards in length, and are used as hiding-places. The water freezes over these entrances, and numbers of the animals are suffocated every winter. If there are any cracks or fissures in the ice, they crowd to them, eagerly thrusting their noses up to get the air.

The Desman preys at the bottom of the water, and dabbles with its nose in the mud, in search of the small insects which inhabit it. Its senses of touch and smell are very acute; this is rendered necessary from the fact that the animals upon which it preys are silent and invisible. Although nearly blind, it is not a nocturnal animal, but sleeps during the night, at which time it keeps its nose constantly moving, in order, it is supposed, to retain the organs in a proper state for work. Water is indispensable to its existence, and after having remained in a small quantity for any time, it is rendered very offensive from a strong musky odor, from which it derives its common name of musk-rat.



Inquisitive Jack.

CHAPTER II.

About the hen and her chickens.

It seems natural for mankind to love *accumulation.* When a child has got two or three pieces of money, he wants more, and his desire of increasing his stores, increases with his little wealth. When a person gets together a few minerals, his wish to form a cabinet begins, and in proportion as his collection enlarges, his eagerness for more specimens is stimulated. This love of increase, is what I call a love of *accumulation*, or a love of *laying up.*

Now it is all the same with knowledge. A person who has only a few ideas, is like the child who has only a

few coppers; he is usually eager to spend them and get rid of them. But one who has stored his mind with many ideas, is like a person who has commenced a cabinet of minerals: he wishes to increase his collection; he wishes to get new specimens, and is delighted with those which are rare and beautiful.

Now, our hero, Jack, was just in this condition: he had begun his mental cabinet of knowledge; he had learned a good deal about insects; and he had entered the gate of a new and beautiful science—ORNITHOLOGY—or the study of birds. How little did he think that his acquaintance with the wren family had advanced him so far into the delightful mysteries of science. Yet so it was. He now began to notice other birds, such as the blue-bird, which belongs only to America; the sparrows and finches, which build their nests in the hedges and bushes, and sing so sweetly.

About this time his attention was very strongly attracted by a hen and her chickens. Jack had himself set the hen; that is, he had put the eggs under her, there being thirteen; for he was told that an even number was unlucky, and an uneven number lucky; a notion, by the way, that is very common, but utterly destitute of foundation. He was told that the eggs would be hatched in just three weeks, and so it proved.

It is a curious thing that the eggs of hens should always be hatched in just three weeks, and I must stop to tell you a story about this. A man who pretended to be good and religious, told one of his neighbors that his hens always hatched on Sunday, and he wondered what the reason was. "I can tell you," said the neighbor; "it is because you set them on Sunday!" Thus we see that the improper conduct of the pretended good man was exposed.

But to return to Jack. About the time the hen was to hatch, he went every day to see if the chickens had come along. He could not help wondering at the patience of the old hen, in sitting night and day so faithfully upon her eggs. He noticed that she went off her nest but once a day; that she was then in a great hurry to get a little food and drink, and return to her duty, as if she was afraid her eggs would suffer. He observed that nothing could tempt her from her charge; the other hens were out in the fields, scratching the earth, feasting on worms and insects, and delighting in the spring time; but the old hen, forsaking these pleasures, remained upon her eggs. Though she was wasted by hunger, thirst and fever, nothing could induce her to betray her trust. There she continued, obeying that voice within, which we call instinct.

On the twenty-first day of the hen's sitting, Jack went early in the morning to the nest, and his delight knew no bounds, when he heard, on approaching it, the chickens peeping under the old biddy's feathers. The good mother herself seemed to be filled with a sort of quiet ecstacy. When she heard the gentle cries of her offspring she endeavored to hush them to rest by a few low notes, as much as to say,—

"Hush, my dear—lie still and slumber."

All this day, the hen remained on her nest, and Jack gave her a little Indian meal mixed with water, to eat. The

next day, twelve of the thirteen eggs were hatched, and the old hen, with an air of importance, and great caution, set forth with her brood. It was interesting indeed to witness the scene.

No sooner had the mother and her flock issued from the shed in which the hatching or incubation had taken place, than she began to scratch away the leaves and grass with all her might. The chickens kept close to her side, and though but a day old, seemed to know perfectly well what it all meant. They picked up the little seeds and insects and swallowed them down, taking care to avoid stones and dirt, and things that are not fit for food. How could these little creatures know so much? That is a curious question, and I can only answer, that God has made them so!

The old hen went on from place to place, clucking all the time, and taking the utmost pains to keep her brood together, and under her own immediate inspection. She made her legs fly merrily among the leaves, and many a bug and grub and worm did she discover for her little ones. She would eat nothing herself, but gave everything to her chickens, except once in a while she came across a beetle or other insect, too big for her infant flock, and then she swallowed it.

Nothing could exceed the industry, energy and watchfulness of the old biddy. For hours together, she continued to scratch and dig for her young ones, as if life depended upon it. And all this time, it was delightful to see how careful she was of her brood. Her head was bobbing up and down every instant, and her sharp eye was turned on every side, to see if there was danger. Not a bird flew over unmarked, and if it was in any degree threatening in its appearance, the whole flock was instantly drawn to a place of safety. If a cat or dog came near, they were sure to repent it, and learn better manners for the future.

When, at last, the young emigrants had filled their little crops, and become weary, the old hen gathered them under her wings. There is nothing in all nature more pleasing than a hen brooding her chickens. The little creatures themselves are marked with a singular smoothness, beauty and look of innocence. Those which are most weary bury themselves deep in the plumage of their mother's breast, and here, cherished by a genial warmth, embedded in down, and every want and fear appeased, they fall to sleep. Those which are not yet so drowsy, peep out their heads from their mother's feathers, and look around; or they linger outside and pick among the gravel for food; or they nibble at the old hen's beak; or perchance they smooth some bit of their delicate plumage that is ruffled; or possibly climb up the old hen's back. The look of innocence, peace and happiness displayed by the chickens, and the mingled aspect of care and content borne by Mistress Biddy, afford a touching and delightful picture. Who can witness it and not feel that the God of love is the author of what we call *nature?*

All these things were noted by Jack, and after he had observed them a long time, he went for his aunt. He found her quite busy, but he could not be contented till she left her work and went

with him to see the hen and her chickens. After looking at them a long time, they went to the house, and some days after the following conversation took place:

Jack. Pray tell me, aunt Betsey, why the hen that has chickens always keeps *clucking?*

Aunt Betsey. So that the chickens may always know where she is. The chickens are continually running about, and sometimes they go to a considerable distance, but as the hen is always clucking, they can at any time find her. But for this they would inevitably get lost. If the Creator had forgotten to teach hens to cluck, and had neglected to make any other adequate provision, a brood of chickens could never have been raised.

J. Well, why do the chickens always keep peeping?

Aunt B. So that the hen may know where they are. You will observe that if two or three chickens are wandering together, away from the hen, their peeping is usually faint and low; but if one is straying alone, his tones are loud and distinct. They seem to feel confidence when several are together, but if one is alone, he feels that it is necessary to speak out. The clucking of the hen may be considered as continually calling to her scattered brood, "Here I am, chicks—here I am," and the peeping of the chickens may be considered as saying, "Here I am, mother—here am I." In this way, a communication is kept up even while the brood is scattered over a wide space, in search of food. Almost all birds have natural cries, which answer the same purposes with them, as the clucking of the hens and the peeping of the chickens with these.

J. Well, aunt Betsey, I observe that the old hen seems to *talk* to her chickens. If a wren or a sparrow, or any other little harmless bird flies by, the old hen says, "curr-r-r-r-r," in a moderate tone, as much as to say "look out," and so all the chicks just cast their eyes around and seem to take no notice of what has happened. But if a hawk appear in the air, and near by, the "curr-r-r-r-r" is uttered in a wilder key. The old hen steps high, and seeks a shelter, and the little chickens run to her as if frightened out of their little wits. Now, what I want to say is, how do the chickens, only two or three days old, know so much and understand so well what their mother means and says?

Aunt B. You might as well ask, Jack, how the chickens know so much as to pick up seeds and worms when only a day old. The seeming knowledge of these little creatures, which is often so wonderful, is to be explained, as we explain the skill of the bees in building their cells, and the ants in constructing their little cities in the earth—by instinct—a power or knowledge implanted by nature, or, in other words, by God, the author of nature. He gives those powers; and though we may see their effects, he only can explain their operation. But there is one thing in your observations upon the chickens, to which I wish to call your attention, Jack. Did you ever know the old hen to call to her chickens in danger, when they neglected or disobeyed the call?

J. No, not that I remember.

Aunt B. Let this, then, be a lesson

to you, my boy. The little birds are taught obedience to their parents by God; and they obey. So God has taught children obedience, for he has said in the solemn commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" and the apostle adds, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." The hen, the parent of the chickens, is their guardian; she knows more than they do; she is stronger, and sees farther, and is wiser than they. It is best for the chickens, therefore, that they should obey her. Were they to neglect her counsel, they would be devoured by prowling beasts or birds of prey. The obedience, therefore, that they are called upon to exercise, is imposed for their good. And just so it is with respect to children; their parents have more experience, knowledge, and wisdom than they have; they know what is best for them. It is, therefore, for the true happiness of children that they should obey their parents.

City of Ancient Babylon.

Among the most wonderful things handed down to us by history, is the account of the ancient city of Babylon, which is so often mentioned in the Bible, and the remains of which astonish the traveller at the present day. The most particular description we have of it is furnished by the Greek historian, Herodotus, who visited it about four hundred and fifty years before Christ.

He says that it was situated in a great plain, the river Euphrates running through it from north to south.

Its form was square; each side measured fifteen miles, and the whole circuit sixty miles. It was surrounded with walls, three hundred and fifty feet high and eighty-seven feet thick. Upon these walls were two hundred and fifty towers. The entrance to the city was by one hundred gates of brass. Without the wall, there was a deep ditch around the city, filled with water.

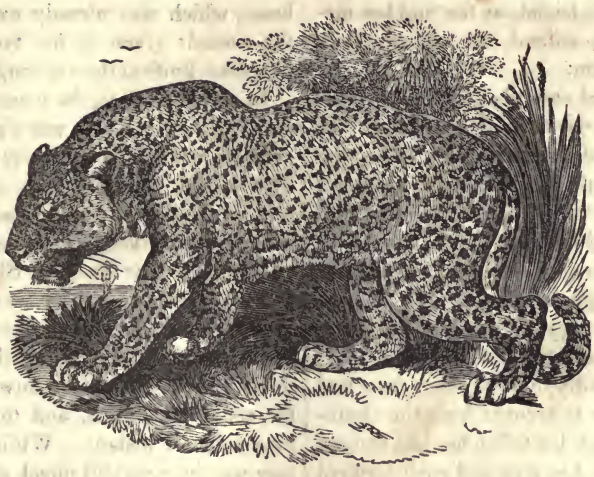
Upon the tops of the walls, there were buildings on each side containing one room each. Between these there was space to drive a chariot with horses. The walls were built of bricks cemented together by bitumen. At every thirty layers of bricks, there was a layer of reeds to give the fabric strength. The engraving at the head of this article is intended to give some idea of the form of this mighty city, as described by Herodotus.

The streets in the city were straight, the houses being four or five stories high. The temple of Belus was of amazing magnitude, being nearly as large as the great pyramid of Gizeh. It was a regular square, each side measuring six hundred feet. It consisted of eight towers one above another, and was of immense height. Beside this, there was a magnificent palace, and connected with it were hanging gardens of great extent.

The history of Babylonia goes back to a period of high antiquity. Its founders were among the earliest nations that have been formed upon the earth, and they appear to have reached a certain degree of science and civilization, nearly two thousand years before Christ. Nimrod is mentioned in the Bible as the founder of this empire, of which Babylon was the capital. Here the kings of Assyria held their court, and displayed a magnificence, the accounts of which strike us with wonder. Here many of the arts were carried to great perfection, particularly the manufacture of cotton, linen and silk.

Babylon reached its magnificence through the efforts of several succeeding sovereigns. But Semiramis, the wife of Ninus, is said to have been its founder. In the year 538 B. C. it was taken by Cyrus, king of Persia, who made it his winter residence. At this place, Alexander, who had conquered Persia, died, 323 B. C.

The ruins of this wonderful city are to be seen about forty-eight miles south of the present city of Bagdat. Its prodigious walls have entirely disappeared, and it is not easy to trace even the outline of this once mighty metropolis. The remains consist of heaps of rubbish, principally bricks. It does not appear that the architecture of the Babylonians had reached a high degree of refinement. Its chief characteristic was colossal dimensions. The remains of the temple of Belus are still to be distinguished, and consist of a heap of ruins about one hundred and twenty feet in height. This complete destruction of Babylon, and the desolation which presides over the scene, is regarded as a terrific fulfilment of the prophetic denunciations uttered against it by the prophets.



The Leopard.

This animal, a handsome, but fierce member of the great family of cats, is smaller than either the lion or the tiger. Its skin is very beautiful, being spotted with large ocellated black spots on a light ground, which sometimes approaches to a bright yellow color. The leopard is remarkably lithe and flexible in all its motions. It is a very symmetrical animal, and as its expression partakes as much of wildness as of fierceness, it is among the handsomest of its tribe. It preys upon small animals, is frequently on the hunt, and probably kills more creatures than do the tiger or the lion. It is said to be found only in the islands of the Oriental Archipelago, and in the Eastern peninsula.

The leopard climbs trees with astonishing rapidity, so that few animals are safe from his ravages. Man alone seems to be respected by him, but if pressed hard in the pursuit by the hunter, it will turn upon him, and much skill and prowess is then necessary to guard against the fury of his attacks.

Two men in Southern Africa fell in with a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to him. The animal at first endeavored to escape, by clambering up a precipice, but being hotly pressed, and slightly wounded by a musket ball, he turned upon his pursuers with that frantic ferocity which he frequently displays, and springing upon the man who had fired upon him, tore him from his horse to the ground, biting him at the same time very severely on the shoulder, and tearing his face and arms with his claws. The other hunter, seeing the danger of his comrade, sprung from his horse, and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head; but, whether owing to trepidation, or the fear of

wounding his friend, or the sudden motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed his aim.

The leopard now, abandoning his prostrate enemy, darted with redoubled fury on this second antagonist, and before the poor man could stab him with his hunting knife, he struck him in the eyes with his claws, and had torn the scalp over his forehead. In this frightful condition, the hunter grappled with the savage beast, and, struggling for life, they both rolled down a steep declivity. All this passed so rapidly that the other man had scarcely time to recover from the confusion into which his feline foe had thrown him, to seize his gun and rush forward to aid his comrade, when he beheld them rolling together down the steep bank, in mortal combat.

In a few moments, he was at the bottom with them, but too late to save the life of his friend. The leopard had so dreadfully torn the throat of the unfortunate man that his death was inevitable—and he had only the satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast, which was already exhausted by the wounds given in his breast by the desperate knife of the expiring huntsman.

In a captive state, the leopard is easily domesticated. There was a pair of these animals recently in the tower of London. The female was very tame and gentle, and would allow herself to be patted and caressed by the keepers, while she purred and licked their hands. She had one curious peculiarity; she was very fond of destroying parasols, umbrellas, muffs and hats, which she frequently contrived to lay hold of before the unwary spectator could prevent it, and tore them to pieces in an instant. While this creature was in a playful mood, she bounded about her cell with the quickness of thought, touching the four sides of it nearly at one and the same instant. So rapid were her motions that she could scarcely be followed by the eye; and she would even skim about the ceiling of her apartment with the same amazing rapidity—evincing great muscular powers and wonderful pliability of form.

The Old Man in the Corner.

NO. III.

REMINISCENCES OF A RAG.

(Continued.)

We shall now proceed to tell what appeared to be written on the mysterious scroll handed forth by the seeming ghost of the rag-bin.

"I remained for a long time in the bale of cotton, shut out from the light of heaven, and in a state of uncertainty as to my condition or fate. At last I felt the bale to be tumbled about, and finally I conjectured that we were now on shipboard. This proved to be correct; for in about a month we were landed at Liverpool, a great city on the western coast of England. In a few weeks we were taken by canal through a beautiful coun-

try, to Manchester, thirty-six miles east of Liverpool.

"As we glided along, I could see that the whole country was highly cultivated, and almost covered with cities and villages. Hundreds of tall steepling chimneys rose from their places, and poured forth volumes of smoke or flame, thus showing that the people, on all hands, were busy in their various manufactories. Never did I imagine such scenes of industry and activity.

"On arriving at Manchester, I was amazed to see so great a city; it consisted, in part, of many buildings four and five stories high, some of them having a hundred windows! It was night when we arrived, and these buildings, which were chiefly cotton factories, were all lighted up. Never did I see such a display; it seemed as if the whole city was illuminated.

"Our bale was soon landed at one of the factories, and we were stowed into a ware-room, almost as big as a church. Here were at least three hundred bales of cotton, as big as ours. Thinks I to myself, it will be a long time before it will be our turn to be spun, and twisted, and woven into cloth. In this, however, I was mistaken, for, in about a month, I found myself twitched out of the bale and put into a machine, where I was picked all to pieces. I was then put into the carding machine, which made me dance up and down and whirl about and about with such velocity, and amid such an everlasting hubbub, that I completely lost my senses. When I came to myself, I was made into a smooth roll, about a yard long, and one end of me was being twisted into thread. The room where this took place, was as big as a church, and several thousand spindles were twirling about and twisting the cotton into threads as fine as a hair. I was fairly giddy with the operation, and did not feel comfortable till I found myself wound snug and smooth upon a little spool or bobbin.

"I was not permitted to remain long in this state, for I was shortly placed upon a loom with a multitude of other spools, and was soon woven into a piece of fine muslin. I now went through various operations, and was finally done up with the piece, consisting of twenty-seven yards. I was despatched in a car, with forty-nine other pieces, to London, and in about a month we were shipped to Brazil, in South America. Our case was then purchased by an American merchant: this was bought by a shopkeeper of Rio de Janeiro, who soon opened it and took out the piece I was in and laid it upon a shelf. In a day or two I was bought by a beautiful lady, and made into a frock for her infant.

"It was a gay time now, for I was dandled up and down and made a great deal of. Everybody said, what a beautiful baby! and what a pretty frock! But sorrow soon followed. The lovely infant died; it was laid in its coffin, and I was its burial dress! The corpse was borne to the church with a long retinue of priests, holding torches in their hands. When they came to the church, they sung a solemn dirge, and the dim arches of the holy edifice seemed to echo back the sad and wailing tones. The coffin was deposited in its vault—the music ceased—the throng dispersed, and a fearful stillness reigned around. I could see

and feel, even amid the darkness of my prison house, how sweet was the placid face of that lovely babe—smiling in its lonely, desolate grave! I clung to its bosom, and was happy, even though I had no other hope than to perish, and moulder, and be forgotten.

"A day passed, and midnight came. A fearful stillness rested upon the church and all around—save that, perchance, the wings of the bats might be heard, fanning the dark recesses of the cathedral; or the drops of moisture that fell upon the lids of the coffins, at long intervals, from the arches of the tombs, caught the listening ear of silence. But at last the stillness was disturbed; a light, sliding step was heard upon the marble floor of the church; the door of the tomb where I lay was opened, the lid of the coffin was lifted, and the rays of a dark lantern were turned upon the corpse of the babe. I could see that it was the sexton who thus invaded the sanctuary of the dead. He first took a diamond from the bosom of the infant, and then, disrobing the body, carried me away. I was borne to his house, where his wife soon took the frock to pieces, and the long skirt was now but a simple piece of muslin. It was carefully ironed and sold to a pawnbroker.

"I was soon purchased by a negro girl, a slave, black and glittering as anthracite, who carried me home and made me into a wedding turban. Three days after I had been sleeping as a shroud in the crypt of the church of St. Nicholas, I was the head-dress of a bride, named 'Phillipina Squash!'"

[To be continued.]

The Pyramids of Egypt.

These gigantic monuments, erected before the period at which authentic history begins, have ever excited the curiosity and wonder of mankind. Their vast antiquity, their amazing magnitude, the mystery which hangs over their origin and design, contribute to render them objects of intense interest.

There are great numbers of these structures in Egypt, and about eighty in Nubia. Those of the former country are all situated on the west side of the Nile, and extend, in an irregular line, to the distance of nearly seventy miles. The most famous are those of Jizeh, opposite the city of Cairo. The largest, which is said to have been built by Cheops, a king of Egypt, about 900 years B. C., is by far the greatest structure in stone that has been reared by the hand of man. Near this great pyramid, are two others, of considerable size, and several smaller ones. All have square foundations, and their sides face the cardinal points. The largest pyramid excited the wonder of Herodotus, who visited Egypt 450 B. C. He says that one hundred thousand men were employed twenty years in building it, and that the body of Cheops was placed in a room beneath the bottom of the pyramid. The second pyramid is said to have been built by Cephrenes, the brother of Cheops, and the third by Mycerines, the son of Cheops.

The great pyramid consists of a series of platforms, each of which is smaller than the one on which it rests, and consequently presents the appearance of steps. Of these steps there are two hun-

dred and three. They are of unequal thickness, from two feet and eight inches, to four feet and eight inches. The stones are cut and fitted to each other with great nicety. The whole height is four hundred and fifty-six feet. The top is a platform, thirty-two feet square. The foundation is seven hundred and sixty-three feet on each side, and covers a space of about thirteen acres.

The pyramid has been entered, and has been found to consist of chambers and passages, some of great extent.

The material of which the pyramids are built is limestone, and it is probable that this was obtained from limestone quarries contiguous to the place where they now stand. The stones of the great pyramid rarely exceed nine feet in length, six and a half in breadth, and four feet eight inches in thickness. The ascent is attended with great difficulty and danger, on account of the broken state of the steps; yet it is frequently accomplished, and sometimes by females. The scene from the top is described by travellers as inconceivably grand.

The purpose for which these monuments were reared, has been a question of great interest. It has been conjectured that they were built as observatories, but this seems to be an absurd supposition; for why build three or four close together of nearly the same elevation? There is no good reason to doubt that they were erected as burial places for the Egyptian kings, who caused them to be constructed. The natural pride of man, the desire of being remembered for ages, and probably some superstitious notions connected with the religion of the country, doubt-

less furnished the motives for the construction of these vast monuments. Nothing can better show the folly of human ambition, than that, while these senseless stones remain, their builders have perished, and their memories been blotted out forever.

Pictures of Various Nations.

CHAPTER III.

The Indians.

In a former number we have given some account of the northern Indians, called Esquimaux; and as our readers may like to know how these people look, we give a likeness of one of them. He would hardly be thought a beauty among us, but no doubt he would find some one to fancy him among the girls of his tribe, who live on fish and blubber oil.

All our readers know that when America was discovered, it was inhabited by tribes of copper-colored people, whom we generally call *Indians*. These were

divided into many tribes, and spoke many different languages, but they bore a general resemblance, which led to the conclusion that this remarkable race came originally from Asia, and had a near affinity to the roving, warlike tribes there, called Tartars.

The American Indians, at the time of the discovery of Columbus, might be viewed in four groups: 1st. The Mexicans, who had built cities, established a permanent government, carried on manufactures and commerce, and cultivated the earth with care and success; 2d. The Peruvians, who had made nearly the same advances in civilization as the Mexicans, though differing in many of their arts, manners, customs, and opinions; 3d. The Caribs, a warlike nation, inhabiting the Caribbean isles and the adjacent coast of South America; and, 4th. The various scattered tribes of the continent.

We shall not enter into a minute account of these several groups, for so much has been said of the Indians, that almost all persons are pretty well acquainted with the subject. Among the chief tribes of New England, when our forefathers settled there, were the Pequots, Narragansets and Mohegans. In New York, are the Mohawks, Senecas, Oneidas, Delawares and Ottoes. In the south and west, there are many other bands or nations.

These tribes, of which there were perhaps several hundred in North America, varied in number from two hundred to five thousand inhabitants each. They all lived chiefly by hunting and fishing, raising a few pumpkins and melons, and a little corn, to aid in obtaining a subsistence. They knew not the use of iron or other metals for cutting; they had no domestic fowls or animals, except, perhaps, dogs far to the north; they lived a wandering life, having no better houses than huts of wood and mud.

Their weapons of war were hatchets of stone, bows and arrows; their fish-hooks were the bones of fishes. They had no tables or chairs; no religious edifices, and but few religious notions. The men spent their time in hunting and the chase, and the women performed all the drudgery.

In war, these savages were cunning, deceitful and cruel: they could track their enemy through the forest by the traces left upon the grass and leaves; they would lurk in the thickets for days, and then suddenly and unexpectedly burst upon their victims. The warriors taken in battle, were often tortured and put to death—but these disdained to show the slightest emotion, even though knots of pine were stuck in their flesh and set on fire!

At first, these Indians received our forefathers with kindness, but, exasperated by various acts of injustice and cruelty, they became treacherous and vindictive. Many bloody encounters took place between the settlers and the savages, in all of which the latter suffered defeat and loss, until they became extinct along the Atlantic border, and the remains of their tribes only continue to linger along our western frontier.

The natives that dwelt in the West Indies, some of which were very numerous, have entirely disappeared. Mexico was conquered by Cortez more than three hundred years ago, and the whole Indian

race, amounting to six or eight millions, belonging to that nation, were subjugated. The Indians of Mexico now acknowledge the authority of the established government, pay taxes, and generally belong to the Catholic religion. They are still an ignorant and half barbarous race.

The Peruvian nation, also amounting to millions, was conquered by Pizarro about the year 1535, and from that period the natives became subject to the laws of the white man. These, as in Mexico, are partially civilized.

There are still many South American tribes, which are independent, and maintain their savage habits. The Araucanians, a Chilian tribe, the noblest race of aboriginal Americans, have never been fairly subdued, and though partly civilized, they maintain a lofty spirit of independence. Far south, toward the extremity of South America, the broad-shouldered Patagonians live in savage wildness, and around the rocky and tempestuous shores of Cape Horn, the naked, shivering Fuegians snatch from the raging elements a precarious subsistence.

At the present day there are several tribes inhabiting the vast regions that lie west of the Mississippi, consisting, for the most part, of fragments of tribes driven by the white man from more eastern settlements, to their present abodes. Here they are still lords of the forest, prairie, river and mountain, and here they maintain their wild independence and savage customs. They have become in some degree changed by intercourse with the white race; they have horses, and fire-arms and blankets, and a few utensils derived from civilized man; but they are still hunters and warriors, are still without books, or a settled government, or fixed habitations, or extended agriculture, or any of the leading features of civilization. In another number we propose to tell something about the Indians as they now are.

A Monster of the Deep.

Our readers know that in some parts of the ocean there are enormous sea animals called Sepia, which are a kind of polypi. They have very long legs, and are said sometimes to seize upon the coral divers along the coast of Italy. Mr. Beale tells us the following adventure with a creature of this sort.

"While upon the Bouin Islands, searching for shells on the rocks, which had just been left by the receding tide, I was much astonished at seeing at my feet a most extraordinary looking animal, crawling towards the retreating surf. I had never seen one like it before. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was lifted by the efforts of its tentacula only a small distance from the rocks.

"It appeared much alarmed on seeing me, and made every effort to escape, while I was not much in the humor to endeavor to capture so ugly a customer, whose appearance excited a feeling of disgust, not unmixed with fear. I, however, endeavored to prevent its career, by pressing on one of its legs with my foot; but, although I used considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great

that it several times quickly liberated its member, in spite of all the efforts I could employ in this way, on wet, slippery rocks. I now laid hold of one of the tentacles with my hand, and held it firmly, so that the limb appeared as if it would be torn asunder by our united strength. I soon gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers, which it effectually resisted; but the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head, with its large eyes projecting from the middle of its body, and, letting go its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon my arm, which I had previously bared to my shoulder for the purpose of thrusting it into holes in the rocks to discover shells, and clung, with its suckers, to it with great power, endeavoring to get its beak, which I could now see, between the roots of its arms, in a position to bite.

"A sensation of horror pervaded my whole frame, when I found this monstrous animal—for it was about four feet long—fixed so firmly on my arm. Its cold, slimy grasp was extremely sickening, and I immediately called aloud to the captain, who was also searching for shells at some distance, to come and release me from my disgusting assailant. He quickly arrived, and taking me down to the boat, during which time I was employed in keeping the beak away from my hand, quickly released me by destroying my tormentor with the boat knife, when I disengaged it by portions at a time. This animal was that species of Sepia which is called by whalers 'rock squid.' Thus are these remarkable creatures, from the different adaptation of their tentacles and slight modifications of their bodies, capable of sailing, flying, swimming, and creeping on the shore, while their senses, if we may judge from the elaborate mechanism of their organs, must possess corresponding acuteness and perfection."

The Sperm Whale.

THE Sperm Whale is much less known than the common whale, which is usually taken by our whalers. The following account of it, furnished by Thomas Beale, is interesting.

"The sperm whale is a gregarious animal, and the herds formed by it are of two kinds—the one consisting of females, the other of young whales not fully grown.

"These herds are called by whalers, 'schools,' and occasionally consist of great numbers; I have seen in one school as many as five or six hundred. With each herd or school of females, are always from one to three large bulls, the lords of the herd, or, as they are called, the 'school-masters.' The full-grown whales, or 'large whales,' almost always go alone in search of food; and when they are seen in company, they are supposed to be making passages, or migrating from one 'feeding ground' to another. The large whale is generally very incautious, and if alone, he is without difficulty attacked, and by expert whalers generally very easily killed; as frequently, after receiving the first blow or plunge of the harpoon, he appears hardly to feel it, but continues

lying like a 'log of wood' in the water, before he rallies or makes any attempt to escape from his enemies.

"Large whales are, however, sometimes, but rarely, met with, remarkably cunning and full of courage, when they will commit dreadful havoc with their jaws and tail; the jaw and head, however, appear to be their principal offensive weapons.

"The female breeds at all seasons, producing but one at a time. The young when first born are said to be fourteen feet long. The females are much smaller than the males. They are very remarkable for their attachment to their young, which they may be frequently seen urging and assisting to escape from danger with the most unceasing care and fondness. They are also not less remarkable for their strong feeling of sociality, or attachment to one another; and this is carried to so great an extent, that when one female of a herd is attacked or wounded, her faithful companions will remain around her to the last moment, or till they are wounded themselves. This act of remaining by a wounded companion, is called 'heaving to,' and whole 'schools' have been destroyed by dexterous management, when several ships have been in company, wholly from their possessing this remarkable disposition. The attachment appears to be reciprocal on the part of the young whales, which have been seen about the ship for hours after their parents have been killed.

"The young whales, or 'young bulls,' go in large schools, but differ remarkably from the females in disposition, inasmuch as they make an immediate and rapid retreat upon one of their number being struck, who is left to take the best care he can of himself. I never but once saw them 'heave to,' and in that case, it was only for a short time, and seemed rather to arise from their confusion than affection for their wounded companion. They are also very cunning and cautious, keeping at all times a good look-out for danger. It is consequently necessary for the whaler to be extremely cautious in his mode of approaching them, so as, if possible, to escape being heard or seen, for they have some mode of communication with one another in an incredibly short space of time; the distance between them sometimes amounting to five, or even seven miles. The mode by which this is effected remains a curious secret."

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

The days are cold, the nights are long,
The north wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty babe!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house,
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse;
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light,
'T is but the moon that shines so bright
On the window pane bedropped with rain;
Then, little darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

Squirrels.

[For Merry's Museum.]

The Chip Squirrel or Ground Squirrel is the most common and familiar of all the squirrels. "He is most commonly," says Godman, "seen scudding along the lower rails of the common or 'Virginia' fences, which afford him at once a pleasant and secure path, as, in a few turns, he finds a safe hiding place behind the projecting angles, or enters his burrow undiscovered. When no fence is near, or his retreat is cut off, after having been out in search of food, he becomes exceedingly alarmed, and runs up the nearest tree, uttering a very shrill cry or whistle, indicative of his distress; and it is in this situation that he is most frequently made captive by his persecuting enemies, the mischievous school-boys." I shall presently mention a much better mode of treatment of them by children, than the one here alluded to, and which is far too common.

He is not only the most numerous, but the most beautiful of all the squirrels I have named. His general color (if it is necessary to describe an animal so well known) is a reddish brown, but he has five black stripes running lengthwise along his body, one in the middle of the back, and two on each side, and between the two on each side is a stripe of pure white. These stripes, together with white stripes on each side of his head, above and below the eyes, give him a very beautiful appearance, and it is no wonder that children, who are commonly pleased with what is beautiful in nature, take a strong liking to him. He is sometimes called the Striped Squirrel, on account of his markings, but he is more commonly called the Chip Squirrel, or Chipmuck, from the chipping sound he is accustomed to make, or the Ground Squirrel, because he makes a burrow in the ground for his lodging-place instead of residing in a tree, as the other squirrels do. Mr. Godman says he is sometimes called Hacky; but why so called, I am unable to tell. I have mentioned his being a familiar animal; I will now state a circumstance, to show how familiar he may be made, and how far

kind and gentle treatment operates to deprive wild animals of their fears. One, which had a hole not far from my house, used frequently to come about the house for food, which my children observing, would throw walnuts or hickory nuts to him. He soon became so gentle he would take the walnuts from their hands, and, after biting off the sharp and jagged ends of the nuts, he would stow them in his capacious cheeks or pouches, sometimes taking from their hands and stowing away in this manner four hickory nuts, two in each pouch, which he would carry off and deposit in his hole, and then immediately return for another cheekful.

The Flying Squirrel is the smallest of all the squirrels in New England, and in some respects the most interesting. He is not as well known as the other three kinds I have described, principally on account of his nocturnal habits; that is, he generally sleeps during the day, and is in motion during the night. He is not so beautiful in his colors and markings as the chip squirrel. His general color is a brownish ash or gray on the upper part of the body, and white underneath, with a yellowish margin which unites with a dark stripe that borders the gray color of the upper parts. His form and attitudes are beautiful, however; his hair very soft and silky, and his eyes, which are black, are large and prominent. But what makes him the greatest object of curiosity, is, that the skin on each side of his body is dilated and attached to both his legs, nearly or quite down to the claws, so that when he extends his legs horizontally it forms a kind of wings or parachute, by which he is enabled to sail obliquely through the air a considerable distance. He cannot, however, rise, as he never flaps his wings; but by taking a leap from the top of a tree and spreading his sails, he reaches the body of another tree several rods distant, and running to the top of the latter, he again makes a similar flight, and in this way passes rapidly through the forest. His tail is flattened horizontally, and doubtless answers the purpose of a rudder.

His food is similar to that of the other squirrels, consisting of nuts, grain, &c. They make their abode in hollow trees, from which they will frequently run out, when the tree is struck with an axe and smartly jarred, to see what is the matter.

They frequently enter human dwellings. Last winter I caught, in succession, seven, in the upper chamber of my house, and kept six of them shut up till spring, when I carried them to the woods near by and released them. They also became pretty familiar, and would eat and gambol in my presence and that of my family in their box. In the course of last summer, I again saw one in my house, probably one of the same. Three other instances have come to my knowledge in which they were found in dwelling-houses.

In the animals we have been considering, we see an interesting specimen of that wonderful variety and beauty which constitute the charm of the great world of life. The study and contemplation of the works of God, animate and inanimate, will be attended with continued and increasing admiration, and if the mind is properly attuned to the harmonies that pervade them, it will be made

better and better, and will be led, in the words of the poet, "from nature up to nature's God." SCIURUS.

Our Correspondence.

We have received the kind New Year's greeting of R. B. Jr., for which we offer a return of our best wishes. We have also the pleasant letter of P. L. H., and that of E. D. H. His answer—Constantinople—to the puzzle, is right. We have also received the communications of D. A. B—k. Our little friend, a "reader of the Museum" at Pulaski, will see that we have hardly got room for his thoughts on "Liberty." His sentiments, however, are very just. The puzzle from Goshen, though a good one, must be omitted. We must say the same of the geographical enigma from a place without a name. The complimentary note of Charles A. H—y is received, and his answer to the puzzle is right. The "young subscriber from New Hampshire" will see that we have not space for his pleasant enigma.

We insert the following letter with pleasure. In regard to the word *"Cowpig,"* as used by Mrs. Trudge, we venture to suggest that she meant *Cupid;* but, as we would not be too confident on this point, we propose to ask her what she did mean, when we next see her.

Sandwich, January 8th, 1844.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I wish you a happy new year. I think I have found out the answer to the puzzle in the January number, which is Constantinople. As I am not much of a poetess, I cannot put it in the form of an acrostic or rhyme, and I hope a plain answer will do. It is the first one I have ever found out, but I think it is because I have not had patience enough, for I found it very easy. I am glad you are going to have some good long stories, equal to the Siberian Sable-hunter, in this year's Museum. I feel much interested in the story of Bridget Trudge. I laughed well at the red bonnet and *yallar* silk gown, and fan with Wenus on one side, and Cowpig on the other. But none of us can tell what Cowpig means. Please explain it in the next chapter about them.

P. S. My sister Lottie is very disappointed at not finding any "Little Leaves."

E. P. C.

The letters of R. P. H., E. B. P., and James P., will appear in the next number.

We insert the following with pleasure, which the writer tells us is a true picture of a *dear home.* It makes our old heart glad to find that we are welcome, even among the mountains.

A WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

Away among the mountains a pleasant farm house lies,
And round its fireside gather sweet faces and bright eyes;
The blazing fire of maple-wood lights up the spacious room,
And branches of the fragrant birch give out a sweet perfume.

And we are happy—'midst these hills our childhood has been past,
And beautiful they seem to us, with forests old and vast;
The summer and the autumn bring golden fruits and flowers,
But dearer than the summer days are pleasant winter hours.

The happy winter evenings, we love their social mirth,
For many pleasant tales are told beside our lighted hearth;
A welcome face sometimes looks in upon our circle here,
And brings to us the happiest hour in all the glad New Year.

It is an old man's face, with clustering gray hair,
And a wrinkled forehead wearing, though furrowed not by care;
Old Robert Merry, with his smiles, his tales of other climes,
His Museum of curious things, new stories and old rhymes.

We knew him by another name in years that are gone by,
And loved good Peter Parley with his kind brow and eye;

Each month unto our mountain home, came
"Parley's Magazine,"
'Till "Merry's Museum" took the place where
it so long had been.

We love our guest far better because our own
young hands
Have labored for the pleasure he brings from
other lands;
When autumn leaves fell round us, the autumn
nuts grew brown,
We and the squirrels gathered them as they
came rattling down.

O, merry was our harvest time—we made the
woods ring out,
Through all the long, bright autumn day, with
our gay, careless shout;
And then we sold our nuts, and thus have the
pleasure still,
Of seeing Robert Merry in our home upon the
hill.

M. T. B.

Lowell, Jan. 4.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

We insert the following, with thanks to the writer, and should be glad to receive the remainder of the story:

Mr. Merry:

I am one of your "blue-eyed friends," and although not a "little" one, I have been much interested in the articles which have appeared in the Museum, connected with the war of our Revolution.

I know many of the warm advocates for *peace*, query how far it is judicious to interest the minds of the rising generation, in the details of *war;* still, I must believe that many of the blessings we enjoy, peculiar to our own country, were purchased by the self-sacrifices of our fathers, and their "children's children," should not overlook this fact.

It has occurred to me that a little sketch of one who took an active part in the scenes of those eventful days, may perhaps amuse your readers. The old soldier from whom I have my history, enlisted into the army at the age of fifteen, as a fifer. He was much below the common size of boys at that age, and, for this reason, chose to be a musician. He heard the sound of the guns on the morning of the Lexington battle, and soon after this event, he was ordered, with the company to which he belonged, to New York. His good mother furnished him with all that a kind, pious mother could think of, for his comfort, even to a ball of yarn and a needle, to repair his stockings. He returned them to her, after his service in the army, "*safe and sound.*"

Soon after their arrival in New York, the alarm was given that the enemy were approaching; and not doubting a skirmish, at least, a company of men volunteered to go out and meet the enemy. They were ordered to be in ambush, and then rise suddenly upon the foe. The little fifer (a mere boy) joined the party, and soon found himself in the heat of battle. He has often told me that he felt no sensation of fear at the time; the dense smoke, the roaring of the cannon, the groans and shrieks of the dying, were alike unheeded by him. His only wish was to load—aim—fire, and *kill* one of the British. He always thought he accomplished his object, and God seems to have awarded a quick retribution.

Just as he had fired, his party were ordered to retreat, and, in turning to obey the orders, the poor fellow received a ball in the back, which lodged near the spine. He thought it must be his death-wound, and after moving on a few rods, he left his comrades, and concealing himself behind a small white oak tree, he set up his gun, and falling on his knees, he committed his soul to the Saviour. His eye-sight and hearing left him; he was bleeding profusely, and of course believed this to be his last hour on earth.

How long he was in this state he could not tell, but hoping his strength would permit, as soon as he could see and hear, he crawled on his hands and knees into the road, and soon met the surgeon, who, with the vehicle for the wounded soldiers, was on his way to the place where the skirmish was fought. The hospital was a mile distant, and the lad chose to remain where he was, until the cart came back. He was placed in it, and, in the course of a day or two after his wound had been given, the surgeon attempted to extract the ball, but it could not be done without causing instant death.

He remained in the hospital eight or ten weeks, slowly recovering his strength. He was two hundred miles from home; poor, feeble, and in this sad condition, he resolved to attempt a journey home on foot. A young man, who was his intimate friend and fellow-townsman, agreed to be his guide and protector, and they started on their melancholy journey.

If the sketch, thus far, has awakened any interest, the writer will cheerfully communicate some touching incidents connected with the "soldier's return home." What is *your* opinion, Mr. Merry?

A Soldier's Daughter.

Evening.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM; THE LATTER BY GEO. J. WEBB.

How sweet when the daylight In summer is flown, And the
Allegretto.
soft veil of evening Is thrown o'er the scene, 'Mid dewdrops and fragrance To
wander a - - lone, As free as the fai - ries That dance on the green.

How changed is each scene!
Though familiar it be,
Now strange and fantastic
It comes to the eye,—
E'en the sigh of the zephyr,
That rustles the tree,
Seems the whisper of spirits
That stoop from the sky.

The stars, that shrunk back
All abashed from the gaze,
When the sun in his glory
Shone down from above,
Now timid and tender
Melt the soul with their rays,
And woo it to Heaven
On pinions of love.

Sweet Evening—how fair
Are thy charms to the heart,
And how blest thus to wander
With thee all alone!
Yet dearer—far dearer,
Blest Evening, thou art,
When I praise thee to Mary,
And call her my own!

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VII. APRIL, 1844. No. 4.

APRIL has stolen in upon us, and deserves a welcome at our hands. In our New England climate it is not so gentle as in some other lands. It brings us no flowers, but still, the blue-bird and the robin visit us, and tell us of a thousand pleasant things that May and June will bring with them. This month has been thus described by a lively and pleasant writer.

"April," says the author of the "Mirror of the Months," "is Spring—the only spring month that we possess—at once the most juvenile of all the months and the most feminine, never knowing her own mind for a day together. Fickle as a fond maiden with her first lover, toying it with the young sun, till he withdraws his beams from her, and then weeping till she gets them back again. April is doubtless the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake. It is to the confirmed summer, what the previous hope of joy is to the full fruition; what the boyish dream of love is to love itself. It is indeed the month of promises; and what are twenty performances compared with one promise? April, then, is worth two Mays, because it tells of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the har-

binger, the herald, the promise, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER III.

Adventures in South America, continued.

As evening approached, I found myself quite fatigued, and my feet almost blistered from the heat of the ground. I was therefore very glad to see a coffee plantation lying to the right, and about a mile distant. Thither I went, and applied to some of the negroes for a night's lodging, but found, however, that not one of them could speak a word of English,—Dutch being the only language with which they were acquainted. Several of them got round me, chattering like so many magpies.

Finding it impossible to make them understand by words, I resorted to signs. I suppose I must have been a pretty good mimic, for they seemed to understand me at once, and burst into the most uproarous fits of laughter. They finally concluded to take me to their master, whom I found to be a great stout man, with a swarthy complexion, and a farmer-like appearance; but he, being a Dutchman, could speak no English. The negroes, however, interpreted my wishes, and the planter gave immediate directions to have me taken good care of. I was accordingly carried off in triumph by my sable friends, who treated me as well as if I had been an emperor.

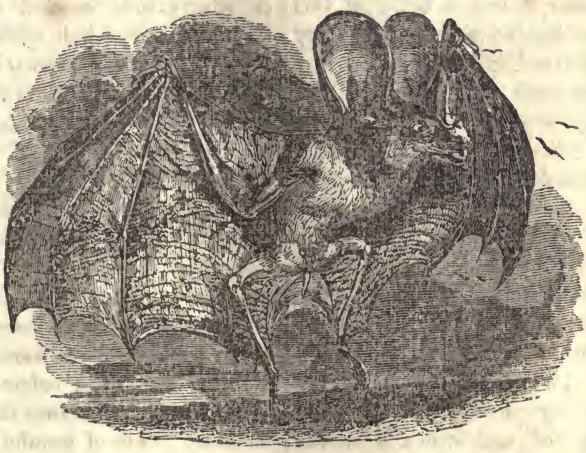
I never saw such a merry, kind-hearted set of fellows. They got some water, and one of them washed my sore feet; another brought me a bowl of milk, and a third spread my bed. After I had rested for half an hour, I was called to supper, and took my meal with the planter and his family. They were all very kind and polite. There was one black-eyed girl,—the planter's daughter, as I supposed,—whom I thought very handsome, but very different from our New England girls. Her complexion was extremely dark; her hair black as jet, her skin being quite of an olive color. When her features were at rest, her countenance was pensive, almost sad; but the moment she spoke, there was a flash of cheerfulness over her whole countenance. I stole several glances at her, but being only a poor sailor, I deemed this a kind of theft, and tried hard not to be detected. I noticed, however, that the maiden caught me looking at her several times. I expected she would be angry, but this was far from being the case.

The habitation of the planter was very different from a snug New England dwelling. In this delicious climate there is a perpetual summer; no frost, no snow, no blustering Boreas ever comes to chill the inhabitants, to destroy the vegetation, or interrupt the genial course of nature. Little is needed for the comfort of the inhabitants, in respect to a dwelling, but a mere shelter. The planter's residence consisted of three or four distinct buildings, of irregular shape and arrangement. One was of brick, and covered with tiles; the rest were of wood, and had more the appearance of cattle sheds than human

dwellings. There were no chimneys, and the windows consisted of openings without glass.

When it came night, I was put into one of these buildings. We ascended to a second loft by a ladder, and I laid down upon a bed which consisted of straw. Feeling very weary, I soon fell asleep. I continued in a sound repose for several hours, when, at last, I awoke suddenly. It seemed as if I had heard some one whispering to me, and in a sort of dream, I fancied that it was the black-eyed daughter of the planter. But when I was fully awake, and rose up in my bed, my amazement at what I beheld was indescribable.

The moon was shining very brightly, and lighted the large barn-like apartment in such a manner, that I could see almost every object with distinctness. Above me, amid the dusky shadows of the



room, I beheld a creature of the most extraordinary aspect. It seemed to have the head of a rhinoceros, with most enormous ears, the body of a bird, and the legs of an alligator. It had immense wings, shaped like those of a bat. To my excited imagination, the creature seemed as big as an ox; and as I gazed upon it, it seemed to wave its prodigious wings, and grin at me with a sneering and malicious expression.

My first idea was, that it was a mere night-mare; but when I recollected that I was in a strange country, and moreover remembered the adventure of the alligator, which had so recently occurred, I began to conceive that it must be a reality. There is no harm, at least, thought I, in being prepared for the worst. Accordingly, I reached out my hand, and seized my cudgel. I then laid down upon my bed, and keeping my eye fixed upon the grisly apparition, held myself ready for what might happen. I kept myself perfectly still, and at last the creature spread its wings

and began to make a circuit through the upper regions of the apartment.

Round and round he went, upon a noiseless wing, and at last began to make a dip at me. Never shall I forget the sensations of that horrible moment! The very uncertainty, whether it was a reality, or some grisly phantom of the brain, seemed to increase my agitation. Could I have been sure that it was a thing of flesh and blood, I should have been ready to give it battle. But the doubt, whether it was a being of this world or another, seemed to freeze my blood. I grasped my cudgel, but my arm was paralyzed.

Thus I lay for several moments, while the spectre wheeled round and round, at every evolution, stooping lower and lower, as he came near the place where I lay. At last he paused in his flight, and hovered over the foot of my bed. I could distinctly feel his claws upon my feet, as well as the fanning of his wings, which were kept constantly in motion. The sensation restored my reason and my strength. I partially arose in my bed, and struck a furious blow with my cane at the monster. It took effect, and it fell lifeless to the floor. What was my surprise, on going to the spot where the creature lay, to discover that what my excited fancy had exaggerated to the seeming dimensions of a winged ox, was, in fact, not bigger than a crow! It was one of the huge bats common to Guiana, and known by the name of the Vampire. It had no doubt come to see how a little blood drawn out of a Yankee boy's great toe would taste. But the fellow was mistaken in his customer.

I now laid myself down upon my bed but it was in vain that I attempted to sleep. I lay for several hours, and finding it impossible to repose, I went to the window and looked forth upon the scene. The moon was shining with wonderful brightness, and from the eminence on which the plantation stood, I had a distinct view of the surrounding country. The river Surinam shone like silver in the distance, the air was filled with spicy fragrance, and a kind of dazzling light or silvery mist seemed to be diffused throughout the whole space beneath the sky. The whole aspect of nature and the objects around me was strange, yet lovely. There was a balmy softness in the atmosphere, a kind of twilight splendor over the face of nature, which excited my admiration, and, at the same time, gave me a sort of pensive and lonely feeling, at the idea that I was far, very far, from my home.

I remained at the window looking out at the scene for some time. At last the morning came, and before the sun had risen, I went forth into the fields. An immense extent of ground, belonging to the plantation, was covered with coffee trees. These were about ten feet in height, planted in rows at the distance of about ten feet from each other. They somewhat resemble the peach tree; but the leaves are longer, narrower, and highly varnished. These trees, or rather shrubs, are evergreens, and produce fruit when they are about four years old. They live to a great age—sometimes a hundred years. They were now covered with large branches of white blossoms, which gave forth a sweet odor. The coffee berry grows in a kind of

fruit, which is red when ripe, and has a very beautiful appearance upon the trees.

After looking about the grounds for a short time, I was returning to the house, when I met the black-eyed daughter of the planter. She bade me good morning, in English, and, to my joy and surprise, I found that she knew a few words of that language. We tried to enter into conversation, but without much success. She asked me my name; and when I told her it was Dick Boldhero, she manifested much surprise and interest. She spoke with great earnestness, and seemed to have an intense desire to know something more. At last, I saw the tears come down her cheeks, and I felt an emotion which I cannot describe. After a time, we separated, and having taken breakfast, I bade adieu to the plantation, and set forward upon my journey.

[To be continued.]

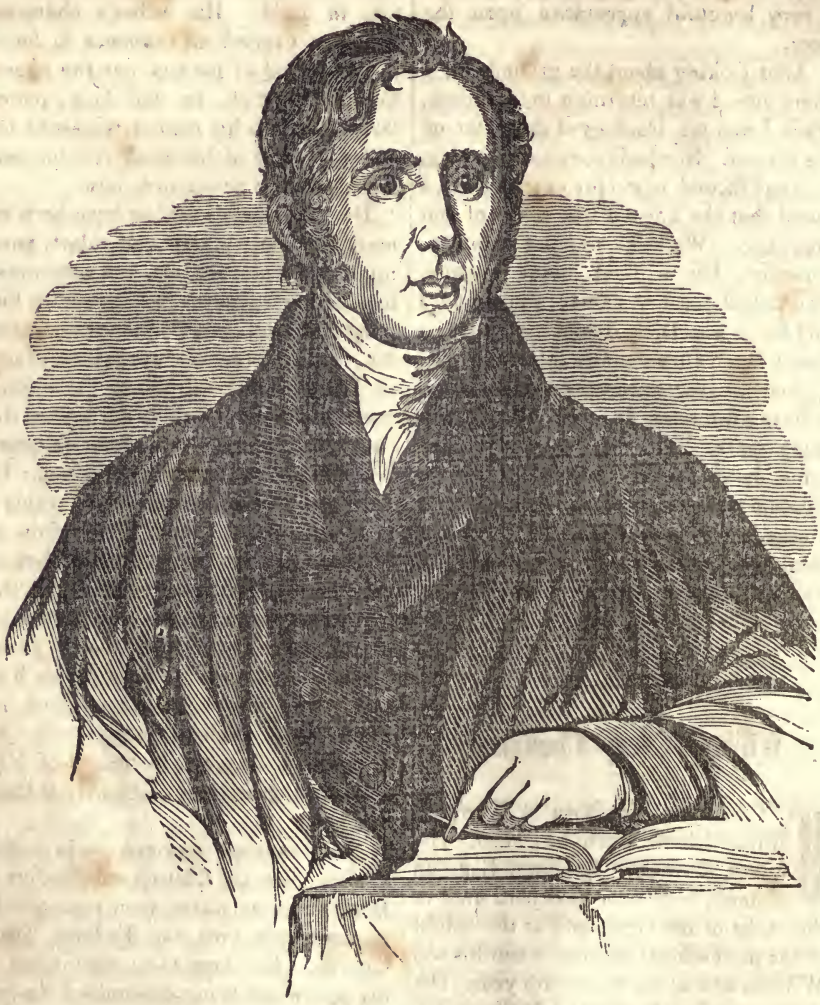
William Ellery Channing.*

Dr. Channing was born at Newport, Rhode Island, April 7th, 1780. His father, William Channing, Esq., an eminent lawyer of Newport, died in the midst of his vigor, and at the height of his professional success, when his son William was in his fourteenth year. His mother, was a daughter of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She died in Boston, in 1834. His father's character doubtless exerted an influence in forming the mind of his son, but the nearer intimacy, which, in the long period through which his mother remained the sole possessor of his filial regard, gave her a peculiar power over him.

Dr. Channing is said to have been remarked in early youth as singularly pure-minded, devout, earnest, and aspiring—leaving his friends to anticipate from him great excellence and eminence of character. He graduated at Cambridge, Mass., in 1798, bearing with him the highest honors of the institution, and having distinguished himself for habits of diligence, and for blamelessness of conduct. He now accepted an invitation to reside a year with a gentleman of Virginia, as the instructor of his children. Here he doubtless laid the foundation of that feebleness of constitution which attended him through life. Here, also, he probably adopted the resolution to devote himself to the ministry. He pursued his professional studies, partly with his uncle, Rev. Henry Channing, of New London, Connecticut, and partly at Cambridge.

Mr. Channing received an invitation to settle over the Church and Society in Brattle Square, at the same time that he received one from the Federal Street Church. He chose to accept the latter; his preference being determined "partly by considerations of health, and partly by diffidence;" his humility producing a distrust of his own fitness for the office of a Christian minister, that for a time was painfully oppressive, and finally led him, in connection with his health, to choose

* The substance of the following memoir is extracted from an address delivered at the funeral of Dr. Channing, by his colleague, the Rev. Ezra S. Gannett.



the less conspicuous and important of the situations offered him.

His ordination took place on the 1st of June, 1803. An old copy of the *Columbian Centinel* contains the following notice: "Ordination.—Yesterday was ordained to the pastoral care of the Church in Federal Street, the Rev. Wm. Ellery Channing. The Rev. Mr. Holmes introduced the solemnity by prayer. Professor Tappan delivered the sermon from Eph. iii. 8, 9; the Rev. Dr. Os-

good made the ordaining prayer; the Rev. Henry Channing gave the charge; the Rev. Mr. Tuckerman expressed the fellowship of the Church; and the Rev. Dr. Eckley made the concluding prayer. The ceremonial was conducted, and the services performed, with a solemnity and fervor suited to the occasion."

Mr. Channing was appointed Dexter Lecturer on Biblical Criticism in Harvard University, in 1812, but his health did not allow him to prepare a course of lectures, and he resigned the appointment the next year. In 1813 he was elected a member of the Corporation, at which board he retained a seat till 1826. The University conferred on him the honorary degree of D. D. in 1820.

Dr. Channing first appeared as a controversial writer in 1815, when he addressed his letter to Rev. S. C. Thatcher, "on the aspersions contained in a late number of the Panoplist, of the ministers of Boston and the vicinity." This led to a public correspondence between him and the Rev. Dr. Worcester, of Salem. In 1819 he preached the sermon at the ordination of Mr. Sparks, at Baltimore, which produced the letters of Professor Stuart, and of Drs. Wood and Ware. In this sermon he took that position in behalf of Unitarianism, which he defended in many subsequent discourses, on public occasions, and in his own pulpit.

Dr. Channing being very feeble, embarked for Europe, in May, 1822, and returned home in August, 1823. During his absence, he visited Great Britain, France, Switzerland, and Italy. In the autumn of 1830 he was again compelled, by his state of health, to leave the United States, and passed the winter of 1830–31 in St. Croix. One or two subsequent winters he spent in Philadelphia.

He probably derived permanent benefit from this absence to Europe, but still there was such an habitual want of vigor in his system, that, soon after his return, he desired an assistant in his ministry; and a colleague was settled in 1824. From this time he continued to officiate in the pulpit, with more or less frequency, as his strength permitted, till 1840, when he requested the society to release him from all obligation of professional service, though he desired to retain the pastoral connexion towards them. As his mind was relieved from the pressure of ministerial engagements, his attention was more and more given to the aspects which society, in its opinions, usages, and institutions, presents to the Christian philanthropist. He was led, by his interest in these subjects, to communicate to the public, at different times, his thoughts on questions of immediate urgency, involving high moral considerations, and devoted a large part of his time to an examination of the light which Christianity throws upon practical ethics.

Dr. Channing's residence was in Boston, but for several years he had been accustomed to spend the summer in the country, amidst those influences of nature which he esteemed as even more grateful in their effects upon the mind than on the body. He chose his residence for the season of 1842, among the mountains that traverse the western section of Massachusetts, in whose beautiful seclusion he found a high degree of enjoyment, and a firmer tone of health

than he had possessed for a long time. On his journey homeward, by way of Vermont, he was exposed to a temperature unusual at the season, and too severe for him to encounter with impunity, which produced an access of disease, that prevented his proceeding beyond Bennington. Here his illness steadily advanced till it overpowered the vital energy; and what at first were the slight apprehensions of his friends, were converted into anxious fears, that only gave place to the sorrows of bereavement. He observed the progress of his disease with the calmness that was habitual with him in every situation; expressed a sense of the Divine love even beyond what he had before felt, and manifested that exquisite tenderness of affection, which gave such beauty to his private life.

Dr. Channing's illness extended over twenty-six days. As is usual in autumnal fevers, the action of the brain was increased, and the mind was crowded with subjects and images, which at times occasioned him distress, as depriving him of that control over his thoughts, which in health, and under previous attacks of disease, he habitually exercised. The nature of his complaint, also, made it necessary to avoid the excitement of the pulse inevitable upon conversation, and he therefore, as well as those about him, abstained from long-continued discourse. Still he said much that can never be forgotten; and the beautiful serenity, and the perfect trust which he exhibited, made the apartment in which he lay waiting for death, a place of holy instruction, and peaceful sympathies. He expressed a wish to die at home, but yielded himself wholly to the Divine will. His bodily suffering was at no time extreme. Towards the close of the disease there was an oppression on the chest, and he sank rapidly. He died at half past five o'clock, on Sunday, October 2, 1820.

Chinese Ingenuity.—The ingenuity of the Chinese is too often exercised for the purpose of fraud. Sometimes you will buy a capon, as you may think, of a Chinese, but find you have only the skin of the bird, which has been so ingeniously filled, that the deception is not discovered until it is prepared for being dressed.

They also make counterfeit hams. These are made of pieces of wood, cut in the form of a ham, and coated over with a certain kind of earth, which is covered with hog's skin; and the whole is so ingeniously prepared, that a knife is necessary to detect the fraud.

A gentleman travelling in China some few years ago, bought some chickens, the feathers of which were curiously curled. In a few days, he observed the feathers straight, and that the chickens were of the most common sort. The man who sold them had curled the feathers of the whole brood, a little while before he sold them.

Effect of Climate and Cultivation on Vegetables.—The myrtle-tree, which with us is a small shrub, grows in Van Dieman's Land to the height of two hundred feet, and has a trunk from thirty to forty feet in circumference. The wood resembles cedar

The Morse.

There is only one species of this remarkable animal, yet the singularity of its appearance has procured for it a variety of names, as the Walrus, the Sea-Cow, the Sea-Horse, &c. The only animal which it resembles is the Seal. It has two large tusks growing out of the upper jaw, directed downwards. From the high latitudes to which the Morse is chiefly confined, there has been but little ascertained respecting it. It is not even known with certainty upon what it feeds. Some suppose its food to be entirely animal; whilst others have represented it as feeding upon sea-weed. It is probable, however, that it may turn over the sea-weed with its long tusks, to dislodge the animals upon which it feeds, from the rocks.

The Morse is sometimes found eighteen feet long, with tusks about two feet in length. Its general color is brown. It is a social animal, and resorts in great numbers to favorite places on the far northern coast, where it lies on rocks and icebergs, till hunger compels it to resort to the water for food. It is not active on land, but its tusks enable it to climb up high banks with facility.

The Morse is esteemed for the oil which it affords. Their tusks also are very valuable. They are hunted for these articles, the ivory being harder and whiter than that of the elephant. When one of these animals is encountered on the ice, or in the water, the hunter strikes him with a strong harpoon made expressly for this purpose. The animal is then drawn to the nearest flat iceberg. They then flay him, separate the two tusks from the head, cut out the fat, and carry it to the vessel. A morse will furnish half a ton of oil.

Inquisitive Jack.

CHAPTER III.

The poultry yard.

I SHALL not undertake to tell the whole history of the old hen and chickens, whose story is begun in the preceding chapter. If any of my readers meet with Jack, who is now a man, they can ask him, and he will tell them how the greater part of the brood grew up to be pullets or cockerels, and made a considerable noise in the world. He will tell them how the former at last became old hens, and laid eggs, and cackled like their ancestors; and how the latter, after many funny trials, learned to crow, and finally to fight, as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them. I must tell you, myself, what Jack said to his aunt about this fighting.

He had watched the chickens with a great deal of care, and he was greatly diverted to see the little roosters, as soon as they had little bits of red combs on their heads, try to crow and fight. They really seemed like some smart boys we have seen, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, trying to smoke cigars, or drink wine, or some other liquor, and appearing very ridiculous, while they fancied that they were exciting the envy and admiration of all around them, inasmuch as they were imitating the deeds of those older than themselves.

Jack laughed heartily at the ambitious efforts of the cockerels, as well in boasting as in battle—until, one day, he saw two of them fight till their heads were bloody, and one of them had his eyes picked out. This shocked him

greatly, and his heart being grieved, he went to tell what had happened to his aunt. She tried to comfort him as well as she could, but, at last, he spoke to her as follows: "You told me, aunt Betsey, that these creatures were governed by instinct, and that this instinct was implanted by God. You said that the obedience of the chickens to their parent was of this nature, and furnished a good example to children. Now, I wish to ask if the fighting of the cockerels is not implanted by God, and therefore a good example to children?"

Aunt Betsey smiled at the shrewdness of this question, and seeing that it was asked in earnest, and not scoffingly, by Jack, she replied seriously in these words: "I do not suppose, Jack, that instinct is the only guide of animals. It is their guide when young, but when they are older and know how to take care of themselves, then I suppose that in many things they act freely and from their own sense and judgment. When you were an infant you were guided by instinct, but now that you are older, you act freely, according to your choice. You may fight, or you may be peaceful, just as you please. Having arrived at this period, you are responsible for your conduct, for it has pleased God to make you free. It is just so, I think, with these young cockerels; they may fight, or let it alone. If they fight and get bloody noses, they only are to blame. And if they do fight, it is no example for us. God has given human beings a law of peace, and this should be their rule. Dr. Watts has said,

'Let dogs delight
To bark and bite
For God hath made them so—
Let bears and lions
Growl and fight,
For 't is their nature too.'

"But it is quite otherwise with human beings; even if brute animals are left to tear each other in pieces, mankind are taught that peace, kindness and harmony are not only the duty, but the happiness of the human race."

From observing the hen and her chickens, Jack's attention was drawn to the other inhabitants of the poultry yard. The strutting turkey, the hissing, gobbling goose, the waddling duck, the screaming guinea-hen, and the fantastic peacock, each in turn became the subject of his investigation, and each seemed to him to have a character and interest peculiar to itself. If I had the power faithfully to paint all his feelings, and space to detail all his thoughts, I could make the story entertaining, but I must content myself with a very general account of the matter.

I believe there are very few persons who have not been often amused in pausing for a half hour and noticing the various airs, manners and customs, of the feathered inhabitants of the poultry yard. The hen, stealing to her nest, deposits her eggs, and then comes forth with an obstreperous cackle, to tell everybody what she has been about.

"Cut—cut—cadau cut—
Lay an egg every day
And have to go barefoot!"

The rooster—he that is "cock of the walk," leads forth his body of hens, and when he finds a good fat grub, calls his favorites to come and feast on the delicate morsel. Like a polite old beau, he

seems to prefer the happiness of the other sex to his own; his tones and manner are soft and insinuating, and he becomes the very personification of gallantry. While he is thus tender to the females of the flock, he is harsh and unsparing to his rivals of the masculine gender. If one of them comes near, he is sure to feel his spurs, and, after the rebuke, to hear the shrill triumphant crow of the conqueror.

The turkey-cock struts round and round, grating the edges of his wings upon the ground, and displays his purple wattles, his crimson comb, and his black, bristly beard, to the admiring gaze of the tender, transcendental hens of his flock. The guinea-hen, creeping afar, amid some thicket, comes running home with a terrible cry, as if thieves, robbers and murderers were at hand! The peacock, situated upon some conspicuous mound, spreads out his tail, set with a thousand gorgeous gems, and, lost in admiration, appears to enjoy a sublime self-conceit. Amid all this exultation, the vulgar duck is dabbling in the mud, only deigning to utter his quack—quack—quack, at intervals, few and far between. At the same time, the silent and sentimental goose is swimming upon the bosom of the muddy pool, now and then plunging its long neck into the recesses of the element upon which it floats—happy if perchance some insect, lizard, or tadpole may reward its search.

It is not to be supposed that these amusing scenes escaped the sharp observation of Inquisitive Jack. He indeed, noticed the peculiarities of the several kinds of poultry, and had many a long conversation upon the subject with his aunt Betsey. We can only note the substance of what she told him.

The domestic fowls are the descendants of birds originally wild. The barn-door cock and hen came in the first place from Asia, and in some parts of India they are still to be met with, though their appearance is somewhat different from that of the tame breeds. The peacock came also from Asia, and the guinea-hen from Africa. The duck is but a tame mallard, a bird which is often shot along our coasts. The honest goose is descended from the wild gray bird, that is often seen in flocks, in spring time, high in air, and in the shape of a triangle, wending their way to the far north, where they may breed in solitude, peace and safety.

The turkey is the only original bird of America among our poultry. It was found in the forests, when the Europeans first visited this continent. It is less changed by domestication than any other bird. If you were to see it in the wilds of the west, where flocks of it are still common, you would think it only a truant turkey which had strayed from the barn-yard. It is a strutting, vain, cowardly bird, though it is very good eating. The French call it *dinde*, and hence our word *dandy*, which means a vain, cowardly coxcomb.

Promotion from the ranks.—Seventeen private soldiers of the French army, in Bonaparte's time, by their bravery and talents raised themselves to the following distinguished stations; two became kings; two, princes; nine, dukes; two, field-marshals; and two generals.

Bill and the Boys.

The story of the lottery ticket, continued.

THOMAS TRUDGE was now one of the richest men in the town of Buckwheat, in which he resided, and it was not long before his good fortune was known over the whole place. A great many people came to see him and talk with him about it, and hear the whole story from beginning to end. They desired also to see the money, and make sure that it was real, good money; for many of them could hardly believe that a poor pedlar should draw a prize of fifty thousand dollars. A great many persons also came to see Mr. and Mrs. Trudge, who had never been in their humble cottage before; and Mrs. Trudge was not slow to observe that the people now called her husband Mr. Trudge, instead of Tom, and herself, Mrs. Trudge, instead of Bridget.

The town of Buckwheat consisted of about two thousand inhabitants, who were chiefly devoted to agriculture. It derived its name from its producing a large quantity of that particular kind of grain which is famous for feeding poultry and making flap-jacks. It consisted of two villages, which bore the titles of Up-town and Down-town. In the former portion, there dwelt several families of some wealth, who had removed thither from the city of New York, during the war of the revolution, to escape from the dangers and anxieties of that period. These families, having similar tastes and habits of life, naturally associated together, and were hence called the aristocracy.

The leader of fashion among this portion of the community was a dashing widow, by the name of Mrs. Million. She was rich, and so long as she was flattered and permitted to have her own way, she was hospitable and good-natured; but if thwarted, or if her superiority in all respects were called into question, she was haughty, ill-natured, and vindictive.

While such was the state of things at Up-town, there was also a natural association formed by the people in that portion of the place called Down-town. "Birds of a feather flock together," says the adage; and, accordingly, the Down-towners, being drawn together by similar tastes, habits and condition, associated with each other, and were called the democracy. For a long time, these names were not in use in Buckwheat, and the people, whatever inequality in their condition might exist, got along very peaceably together. But when they began to call each other names, such as aristocrat and democrat, a feeling of hostility grew up among them, and it was not long before bad blood was excited between them. Hitherto, all things had gone on peaceably; every person was at liberty to do as he pleased, provided there was nothing improper in his conduct; but now that these ugly names had got in among them, there was a great deal of scandal and backbiting abroad. It really seemed as if the introduction of these two words—aristocracy and democracy—into the good old town of Buckwheat, did as much to break up the peace and harmony of the people, as if two evil spirits had taken up their residence there, and had exerted

themselves to set the inhabitants by the ears.

Thomas Trudge was naturally a fair-minded, honest, good-hearted fellow, and, left to himself, would never have made any trouble in the world. But his partner, Bridget, was restless, meddlesome, and ambitious. She was always talking about the Up-towners, and nothing happened there, but it was the occasion of some sour and satirical reflection upon her part. She kept an especial watch upon Mrs. Million, particularly at the meeting on Sunday. Her dress was then thoroughly scanned, and if she ventured to come out with a new bonnet, gown, frill, or even ribbon, the amiable Bridget was sure to exclaim somewhat in this manner: "Shame upon that Mrs. Million, to be perking herself up in church with her new finery, to attract the attention of the whole congregation! What is Mrs. Million, that she presumes to catch all the best of the minister's discourse—the corn and the kernel—and leave nothing but the husks for such people as we are. Oh, it 's because she 's rich, I suppose! But the tables will be turned, by and by. 'Every dog must have his day!' Dives had his, and Mrs. Million is having hers; but there 's another world to settle these accounts in!"

It must not be supposed that Bridget Trudge was a bad woman, even though she indulged in such spiteful words; her bark was a great deal worse than her bite. But still, people who get into the habit of talking harshly, will ere long feel and act harshly—and so it was with Bridget. She had been so accustomed to indulge her love of scandal towards the Up-towners, that she seemed to hate them; and as to Mrs. Million, she felt as if she owed her some particular grudge; and this was the more curious, from the fact that Mrs. Million had always treated Bridget with kindness, and had made her various presents of considerable value. Nothing, however, in the conduct of the Up-towners, could satisfy Mrs. Trudge. Their behavior, in her view, was all wrong. She accused them of being extravagant, worldly-minded, dissipated, and, what was ten times worse than all, aristocratic.

Entertaining such views as these, it may seem strange that the first idea of Mrs. Trudge, after she had settled it in her mind that they were rich, was, that she would become one of the Up-towners, join the aristocracy, and out-dash Mrs. Million. Her first great manœuvre was developed on the second Sunday after the drawing of the prize. Her husband went in his usual dress, but Mrs. Trudge appeared in all the glory of her new changeable damask, decorated with figures in gold. It was made in the height of the fashion; and as she flaunted up the broad aisle, you might have fancied that she was going to a masquerade. An enormous red satin bonnet, with huge bunches of ribbons, red shoes and a tall fan—though it was now November—served to aid the conceit. The little Trudges followed their mother, fantastically attired, while Tom, the pedlar, in his rusty, brown suit, brought up the rear.

The Scottish poet, Burns, has said a great many good things; and among these is the following couplet:

"Oh! would kind heaven the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

Mrs. Trudge supposed that on the present occasion she was exciting the admiration of all Buckwheat; that she was provoking the envy of the proud Mrs. Million, and that she was conquering the respect of the Up-towners. The text happened to be the story of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, and was used by the preacher to show the compensations which are to be made to the humble Christian in a future world, for the sorrows, suffering and poverty of this. Mrs. Trudge made a curious, though flattering application of the text to herself. "Yes, yes," said she, internally, "the poor shall be comforted—those who have suffered shall have the reward. I have endured poverty and suffering, and now I am taken to Abraham's bosom." She enjoyed great satisfaction in this view of the case, and, for the first time in her life, fondly fancied that the preacher intended to bestow upon her the comforts of Scripture.

It is not our purpose to detail the various steps by which the Trudges changed their position in society. It will be sufficient to say that they left their humble cottage and entered a new house, which they caused to be built upon the very top of Up-town! This was constructed in the most approved style; and the grounds around were duly decorated with gravel-walks, avenues, flower-beds, shrubbery, and long straight rows of Lombardy poplars. Here, they gave tea-parties and suppers; and in the course of two years rejoiced in considering themselves as making a part of that aristocracy which Mrs. Trudge had before regarded as so hateful.

[To be continued.]

Comparison between Coal and Gold.—In a work published a year or two ago by a Spaniard, there is a comparison between the produce of gold and silver mines in America and the coal mines in England, from which it appears that the gross value of the annual produce of the coal mines, which is 18,000,000 of tons, amounts to 450,000,000 francs, including the wages and other charges, whilst the produce of the gold and silver mines, including the same charges, is only 220,500,000 francs; showing a balance in favor of the coal of England over the gold and silver mines of the New World, of no less a sum than 229,500,000 francs.

Family Men.—Malancthon is reported to have frequently studied the gravest points of theology, with his book in one hand, and, in the other, the edge of a cradle which he constantly rocked; and M. Esprit, a celebrated author and scholar, has been found reading Plato with great attention, considering the interruptions which he met with from the necessity of sounding his little child's whistle.

The Nine of Diamonds.—The nine of diamonds is called the curse of Scotland, from the Duke of Cumberland writing on the back of that card his sanguinary orders for military execution after the battle of Culloden.

Sharp Retort.—"Will you lend father your newspaper, sir?—he only just wants to read it?" "Yes, boy—and ask him to lend me his dinner—I only just want to eat it!"

The Leming.

The Leming, which is a native of Scandinavia, is somewhat larger than a dormouse, having a short, bushy tail. Its fore legs are short, and its hind ones are long, which give it a degree of swiftness. It is particularly remarkable for its migrations, in which many millions remove from their native mountains and descend like a torrent upon the plains. They move, for the most part, in a square, marching forward by night and lying still by day. Thus, like an animated torrent, they are often seen more than a mile broad, covering the ground, and that so thick, that the hindmost touches the leader.

It is in vain that the poor inhabitant resists or attempts to stop their progress, they still keep moving forward, and though thousands are destroyed, myriads are seen to succeed, and make their destruction impracticable. They generally move in lines, which are about three feet from each other, and exactly parallel. Their march is always directed from the north-west to the south-east, and regularly conducted from the beginning. Wherever their motions are turned, nothing can stop them; they go directly forward, impelled by some strange power; and from the time they first set out, they never once think of retreating. If a lake or a river happens to intercept their progress, they all together take to the water and swim over it; a fire, a deep well, or a torrent, does not turn them out of their direction; they boldly plunge into the flames, or leap down the well, where they are sometimes seen climbing up on the other side.

If they are interrupted by a boat across a river, while they are swimming, they never attempt to swim round it, but mount directly up its sides, and the boatmen, who know how vain resistance in such a case may be, calmly suf-

fer the living torrent to pass on, which it does without further damage. If they meet with a stack of hay or corn that interrupts their passage, instead of going over it, they gnaw their way through. It is happy, however, for mankind, that they eat nothing that is prepared for human subsistence; they never enter a house to destroy the provisions, but are contented with eating every root and vegetable that they meet. If they happen to pass through a meadow, they destroy it in a very short time, and give it the appearance of being burnt up and strewed with ashes.

An enemy so numerous and destructive would quickly render the countries where they appear, utterly uninhabitable, did it not fortunately happen that the same rapacity that animates them to destroy the labor of mankind, at last impels them to destroy and devour each other. After committing incredible devastation, they are at last seen to separate into two armies, opposed with deadly hatred, and they continue their engagements till one party overcomes the other. From that time they utterly disappear; some suppose that they rush headlong into the sea; others that they kill themselves; but the most probable opinion is, that having devoured the vegetable productions of the country, they fall to devouring one another. However this may be, they are found dead by thousands, and their carcasses have been known to infect the air for several miles around, so as to produce very malignant disorders.

The Swedes and Norwegians, who live by husbandry, consider an invasion from these vermin as a terrible visitation; but it is very different with respect to the Laplanders, who lead a vagrant life like the beings themselves. They are never so happy as when an army of these creatures come down amongst them, for then they have a feast upon their flesh, which they esteem very good eating, although rejected both by cats and dogs.

Pictures of Various Nations.

CHAPTER IV.

The Indians, continued.

LET us now proceed with our promised account of some of the most remarkable manners and customs of the great tribes of Indians, which occupy the western portion of the United States. Among the chief tribes, are the Osages, Pawnees, Choctaws, Creeks, Cherokees, Sacs and Foxes, Assineboins, and Winnebagoes. To the north, are the Blackfeet and the Chippewas. There are also several smaller tribes. These occupy the great tract of country which lies immediately west of the Rocky Mountains; on the other side of that range are a multitude of other tribes. All these Indians are supposed to amount to between two and three hundred thousand.

The people of these different tribes speak different languages, though these

have some resemblance. In their personal appearance, there is little to distinguish them. They are all copper-colored, with small black eyes, and high cheek bones. The hair is invariably black in youth, turning gray in age. It is coarse and lank, resembling horse hair. It is very glossy—a quality which is increased by the use of grease.

The men are tall and well shaped; their arms are small, but their legs are very stout. They can endure long abstinence from food, and run for a great distance with speed. They have not, however, the strength and endurance of the white man. In a personal conflict, where strength and energy of purpose are required, the white man will generally overcome the Indian.

The women are much shorter than the men, and are capable of performing a great deal of labor. All the drudgery of the household falls to their lot. The warrior and the hunter cannot stoop to the cultivation of the soil, or any of the ordinary business of life. In travelling from one part of the country to another, the women carry heavy burdens, take the entire charge of the furniture, pitch the tents, gather the fuel, and kindle the fires; cut up and dress the meat, besides taking care of the children.

Some of the tribes are stationary and live in villages, their houses being made of stone and mortar covered with coarse thatch. These tribes carry on some agriculture, and produce corn, pumpkins, and beans. They frequently send out hunting parties, who furnish a supply of meat from the buffaloes, deer, bear, and other quadrupeds.

Other tribes have permanent villages, built like the preceding, which however are occupied only in winter. In spring, they plant their grounds, and then, taking their tents, set forward, and spend their summer in roaming from place to place, chiefly for the purpose of obtaining game. The men spend their time in war and the chase, and the women in performing household duties. During these excursions, they seem for the most part to live a happy, careless life, though they sometimes suffer from the attacks of their enemies. About the middle of autumn, they return and take up their abode at their winter residence. Here they gather their harvest, which is now ripened.

Besides the great business of war and the chase, the Indian men carry on a considerable traffic in the hides of the animals they kill. White traders frequently visit their settlements, and, ir exchange for their furs, give them various trinkets, blankets, knives, hatchets, powder, ball and fire-arms, together with rum and whiskey, the great bane of the Indian. The amusements of these savages are chiefly found in the serious pursuits of life, war, and the chase. Their councils, also, in which the leading men make great speeches, excite a deep and lively interest. Besides these sources of pleasure, the Indian men are very much addicted to various kinds of dances; in these they represent their feats in battle and the chase. The women take no part in such sports, except as spectators.

A great source of amusement with the Indian men is found in personal decorations. They pluck out their beards with the utmost care, probably that they may paint themselves with the more

facility. They now use tweezers made of wire, but they formerly used muscle-shells, the edges of which were ground smooth. The operation is performed with a jerk, like that commonly used in plucking a goose.

They paint their bodies in various colors, with various devices. They decorate themselves with necklaces of bear's-claws, head-pieces consisting of the pate and horns of the buffalo, and ornamented robes of buffalo skins. They also wear feathers in their hair; the chief idea in these decorations seems to be to present a fierce and startling appearance.

The chief amusement of the women, aside from their laborious duties, seems to be found in gossiping. They never mingle in the sports of the men, but seem to take great pleasure in witnessing them. They are little addicted to finery, and dandyism is almost wholly given up to the sterner sex. Notwithstanding that they are the mere slaves of the men, they are talkative, lively and cheerful, and seem to possess a good deal of that sympathy and kindness of heart common to women in all conditions of society.

As I have said, the Indians have no books, no schools, and no churches. Their knowledge is almost wholly confined to the tract of country in which they live and the few arts they practise. They believe in the existence of a great and good Spirit, and also an evil Spirit. They believe that they shall exist in a future state; if they perform their part well in this life, they hope to enjoy a paradise in the next, fashioned after their notions of happiness. The Indian, about to die, addresses his mind to the Great Spirit, setting forth his feats in battle and the chase, and expresses the hope that in the future state, he shall be surrounded by obedient squaws, roam over rich prairies, feed on fat buffaloes, and find no prickly pear to wound his feet. The Indians are superstitious, and believe in the efficacy of various charms. They have sorcerers, who pretend to cure diseases by their incantations.

Mankind in all countries are formed by the circumstances in which they live. The savages of the western wilds have those faculties sharpened, which are called into frequent exercise. Those who have horses become very expert riders. The hunter and the warrior have a keenness of sight, and a nicety of observation, which are truly wonderful. It is related that a hunter belonging to one of the western tribes, on his return home one day to his hut, discovered that his venison, which he had hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking observations upon the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Having gone a little distance, he met some persons, of whom he inquired if they had seen a *little old white man*, with a *short gun*, accompanied by a *small dog* with a *short tail?* They replied in the affirmative; and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person he had not seen.

The Indian replied thus,—"The thief I know is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it, standing on the ground;

that he is an old man, I know by his short steps which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a white man, I know by his turning *out* his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short*, by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the tree on which it leaned; that his dog is small, I know by his tracks; and that he has a *short tail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

This story shows that savages are very sharp in little matters to which their circumstances have directed their attention. But how great is their ignorance of many important subjects! They have no idea of geography, beyond their own travels! They do not know the shape of the world—its vast magnitude, its mighty rivers, its boundless oceans, or the nations and kingdoms with which it is covered. They know nothing of Europe, or Asia, or Africa. They know nothing of astronomy except from what they see, and the highest conception they have of the stars is that they are fires with which the Great Spirit lights his pipe. They know nothing of the great truths of the Bible, and they conceive the Deity to be a being possessing nearly the same qualities as themselves. How fearful is the darkness which rests upon uncivilized, unchristianized man, and how thankful should we be for the advantages bestowed upon us by the light of knowledge and truth of revelation!

The Old Man in the Corner.

NO. IV.

REMINISCENCES OF A RAG.

(Concluded.)

SELDOM has there been a gayer party than the one assembled to celebrate Phillipina's wedding. The bride herself was in excellent spirits, and her husband, Bob, danced, frisked, and flourished as if he were mad with delight. The whole company, indeed, seemed like a parcel of happy children, heedless of the past, careless of the future, and only intent upon enjoying the passing moment. They were all slaves, bought and sold like merchandize, but they seemed not to think of that. The banjo struck up its liveliest measure, and the bride and groom opened the ceremonies with a waltz. How Phillipina did swim round the room, turning, twisting and twirling about, like a crazy peg-top! Mounted upon her head, I performed my part, and having been nicely starched, and extending to the height of half a yard, you may believe I made rather a conspicuous figure. The pure white of my complexion set off Phillipina's glistening skin to great advantage. As we went waltzing round the room, I heard some compliments upon the loveliness of the bride, but many more as to the beauty of the turban.

"Well, it was a happy night. We

danced 'Coal black Rose,' 'Possum up a gum-tree,' and many other favorite measures of the kind; but as this was some years ago, 'Jim Crow' and the 'Cachucha' had not got into vogue. At a late hour, the party broke up, and on the morrow, I was laid upon the shelf. For several weeks, I was occasionally called into service to attend at parties made for the bride and groom, after which, I had a long repose in a box, with a bunch of artificial flowers, some tousled ribbons, and other old finery.

"What length of time now passed, I cannot say, but after a long space, there was a rummaging in the box, and on looking up, I perceived that Phillipina had come to take me out. The poor creature had a very sad aspect, and tears as bright as those that fall from any eyes, coursed down her cheeks. I soon learned the cause of this. Her husband had been sold to a planter, who lived in the interior, and had left her forever. Thus, what the church had joined together, man had put asunder, agreeably to the laws and customs of that Christian land. Nor was this all. Phillipina had been purchased by a Portuguese nobleman, to attend his lady; and the whole party were immediately to proceed to Portugal!

"My mistress, who had a heart, notwithstanding her complexion, took leave of her friends, shed many tears, and we went on board the ship. During the voyage, I was packed away with my old companions, the faded flowers, and tousled ribbons. We reached Lisbon, and after a few months, we proceeded toward the country seat of Phillipina's master—a fine castle upon the mountains, on the borders of Spain. As we were passing through a deep and dark ravine, our party was attacked by robbers; a desperate scuffle ensued between our company and that of the banditti, but the latter at last prevailed, and taking our entire baggage, hurried it away into the recesses of the mountains. I was taken with the rest, and thus was forever separated from Phillipina.

"When I next saw the light, it was in a splendid castle. The robbers had selected the choicest articles from their booty, and one of them, assuming the disguise of a pedlar, took these to the castle. I was purchased by the lady, a stately dame, with beautiful black eyes, black hair, and a soft, but melancholy expression of countenance. She paid for me an enormous price, and after the pedlar was gone, she sat down and gazed at me with a delighted look. I may say it without vanity, those fair eyes had never before looked upon a piece of muslin, so sheer, even and dazzling. Phillipina—thanks to the kind-hearted creature!—had put me in the best condition; and behold, the slave's turban now the favorite of a duchess!

"Nothing could exceed the gloomy magnificence of the castle in which I now dwelt. It stood upon the brow of a lofty rock, from the battlements of which, you looked down upon a valley threaded by a silver stream, and dotted over with vineyards and groves of olive, lemon, and orange trees. The air was filled with the most delicious fragrance, and far as the eye could reach, the lovely valley seemed to stretch out, presenting a scene of luxuriance and peace. On the other side of the castle, was a suc-

cession of rugged mountains, covered with gloomy forests of cork trees, with occasional groups of oak and chestnut. The view resembled a sea of waving leaves covered by a thin atmospheric veil of a purple hue. Nothing could exceed the grandeur and richness of the spectacle.

"The castle was itself a kind of village, where there were at least a hundred people. Its master was a duke, of an ancient family, and bearing at least a dozen titles attached to his name. He was a dark, sallow and gloomy man, yet very handsome. He bore a military title, and had served in the wars. There was about him a stern, stately demeanor, befitting the soldier, yet, when he addressed the fair duchess, his manner was gentle and winning.

"The dame, however, for some cause, was unhappy. Still youthful, she spent her time in seclusion, and seemed to devote almost all her thoughts to religious duties and ceremonies. I learned that she had been married contrary to her inclination, and that in the midst of the luxuries that surrounded her, she was far less happy than the menials about the castle. In vain were all the attentions of her lord to soothe her melancholy. The heart was given to another, and her happiness had gone with it.

"The lady had no books, save a few old Spanish ballads, and these she had learned by heart. She took an occasional drive; sometimes sauntered through the magnificent gardens attached to the castle, but more frequently buried herself amid the dark labyrinths of the park, where she sometimes met a cavalier, who kissed her hand, and departed, leaving her in tears. With these exceptions, the lady spent the greater part of her time in the little chapel of the castle, on her knees, before the image of the Virgin, and in her boudoir engaged in needle work.

"A new thought now occurred to her, which was to work me into a handkerchief for the Virgin in the chapel. This design was immediately entered upon, and industriously pursued for more than a year. Some tears fell upon me during that period, but they were too bright to leave any stain behind. At last I was finished, and after a meeting between the lady and the strange cavalier in the wood, I was one evening placed around the neck of the holy mother's image, and fastened with a diamond of inestimable value.

"I had scarcely remained a month in this condition, when, one night, a person, whose features I could not discover, entered the chapel, took the diamond pin, and crossing himself repeatedly before the Virgin, telling his beads, and saying a number of 'ave marias,' he went away. The theft was not discovered, for a paste pin was put in the place of the stolen jewel. Not long after this, an attack was made upon the castle by a party of French soldiers. It was bravely defended by the duke and his attendants, but without avail. He escaped with his fair dame through some of the winding passages; and their further story I am unable to tell. My own fate was melancholy indeed. One of the cannon pierced the chapel, and striking the breast of the holy Virgin, scattered the image in a thousand fragments. Torn and blackened, I was thrown upon the floor, by the side of a bleeding soldier. He took

me up, to staunch his wound, and when he was carried away by his comrades, I was taken with him.

"His wound was not serious; and after a short space, I was thrust into his pocket, stained with blood. For several weeks, I performed the office of wiping the fellow's nose. Thus I was reduced to the most miserable and degraded condition. At last I was thrust into the soldier's knapsack, and for a long period, travelled about with him. My companions consisted of a wad of lint, an old cigar, the handle of a jack-knife, a little black cross, an old seal-skin purse, besides sundry damaged articles of dress.

"After a great variety of marches and countermarches, the soldier was finally wounded in battle, and carried to some barracks. Here he was stretched out upon a bed of straw, with several other miserable wretches. They were visited once a day by the surgeon, and every morning the man with the dead-cart came round to carry away those who had expired. The dead-cart-men had become so hardened as to perform their office with as much indifference as if they were dealing with so many sacks of salt. If they could perceive no motion in the bodies, they would seize upon them and carry them away, hardly pausing to consider whether they were yet dead. So long as life and consciousness remained, the poor soldiers were accustomed to give a kick as these hearsemen performed their rounds, in order to save themselves from being borne away to the charnel-house. One morning no motion was perceived in my poor soldier. He had given his last kick, and he was borne to his grave. His knapsack was left behind, and I became the plunder of one of the attendants of the hospital.

"For a time, I remained with a heap of rubbish, where I found myself with a parcel of old rags, each of which could have told a tale, perhaps, as curious as my own. There was an old shirt, which had belonged to a man who had died of the plague; a pocket handkerchief, spun by the silk-worms of India, and manufactured by Hindoo artizans, and after being borne to Europe, had ministered to the conveniences of at least three different persons; an old frill which had flourished upon the bosom of a beau, and sundry other fragments equally curious. After a long space, we were bundled together, taken to the city of Cadiz, packed in an enormous bale, and shipped to Boston.

"Thus, I made my fourth voyage across the Atlantic, and found myself restored to the country of my birth. I had passed through various adventures, but alas, what was my present condition! How sadly did it contrast with the brighter days of my existence. Once the favorite of a duchess; once the ornament of the holy Virgin, and fit to be decorated with a priceless gem; now an old rag tumbled in, cheek by jowl, with a thousand vulgar fragments of shirts, sheets, and nose-wipers.

"I did not remain in this condition long. I was soon purchased by Messrs. Tileston & Hollingsworth, and transported to their mill at Dorchester; and here I am awaiting my fate. And what is that to be? Am I to be manufactured into a pure sheet, upon which Mr. Longfellow shall write one of his beautiful

sonnets; or make an immortal leaf in a new edition of Prescott's Cortez; or shall I go gilt-edged, to some fair lady, and receive her confession to her lover; or shall I be impressed with the magic figures of a bank, and bear a value a hundred times my weight in gold; or shall I go to the office of a penny paper, and be cried about the streets by the boys, —' Here 's the second edition of the Mail, Bee, and Times, with a full account of the last horrible murder!' "

Thus I read, or seemed to read, from the scroll, which the haggish old rag in the bin had put into my hands. As I finished the last sentence recorded above, the paper shrunk from my grasp. At the same instant, I saw the grisly image rise again from the rag-bin, but with a look so portentous, that I trembled in every limb. In the agony of the moment, I uttered a shriek, which awoke me, and behold, " The Reminiscences of a Rag" were but a dream!

Persia.

The present kingdom of Persia, called Ivan by the natives, covers a space of four hundred and fifty thousand square miles, lying between 25° and 40° N. latitude, and 44° and 62° E. longitude, constituting an elevated table land. On the east and north are extensive plains, and on the south lie the Persian Gulf and the Indian Sea. To the east are the kingdoms of Afghanistan, and Beloochistan. The climate of Persia varies in the different portions. To the

north it is cold; in the inland provinces the air is serene and pure; but in the south it is hot, and the wind often proves fatal to health. There are but few rivers, and water is very scarce. In some parts of Persia, the soil is unfruitful, but the luxuriance in other spots is wonderful. The vale of Shiraz is much celebrated for the salubrity of the air, and the richness and variety of its fruits and flowers. Near Ispahan, are cultivated all the beautiful flowers that can be conceived, particularly roses, from which is made the celebrated otto of rose, held by ladies in such high esteem. Here the pomegranate tree grows wild, delighting the eye with its splendid red blossom.

In Persia, there are a great variety of wild animals and birds. In some places, the lion holds his sway; in others, wolves, jackals, and foxes abound. Leopards, lynxes, and bears are very numerous. One of the most remarkable animals is the argali, or mountain sheep. But the most beautiful creature is the gazelle, so justly celebrated for its grace and agility.

There are many tribes in Persia, many of whom live a wandering life. The Persians are distinguished for their politeness and learning. The Turkish is the common language; the Persian being only spoken by the people of science and literature.

The Persians are generally a handsome race. Their dress is peculiar and fitted to their climate. The men wear a long robe, wide trousers, and a silk or calico shirt. Robes of various kinds are worn, tied by a muslin sash. In this is stuck a dagger; and a sword is considered a necessary appendage to the dress of every Persian. All classes wear a cap made of lamb-skin. The head is shaved, except a tuft on the top and behind the ears. The dress of the women is very simple. In winter, a close-bodied robe, reaching to the knees, is worn over a kind of vest. In summer a loose dress of silk or muslin, loose trousers and a vest, form the usual attire. The head is covered with a black turban, over which a cashmere shawl is thrown to serve for a veil.

The food of the Persians is simple; they drink the wine of the country, which is delicious, and use a great deal of coffee. Tobacco is smoked by all classes. The Persians have been called the Parisians of the East, though they bear a nearer resemblance to the Greeks. They are cheerful, cunning, deceitful, and dishonest, but very social, and fond of conversation. This abounds in complimentary phrases, fables and apologues. The manner of salutation is to touch the hands, and then raise them to the forehead. When they salute the king or his officers, they bow thrice to the ground.

The wandering tribes are found in all parts of Persia. They are divided into dwellers of cities, and dwellers in the field. Many of them live in tents, which they place on the plains during the winter, and seek the pasture of the mountains in the summer. They have large flocks of cattle. They breed camels and horses for sale, and have a large trade in butter made of the milk of their asses. They feed principally on their flocks, and eat sour milk, cheese, and buttermilk. They range at liberty, over the mountains and plains, paying a tax to government.

There are a people in Persia called Parsees, who worship fire, which they make their idol. They live an honest and pure life, subsisting upon the fruits and productions of their lands. Many of them, suffering persecution by the Turks, emigrated to India, where there are numerous communities of them. The Arabians, who form part of the population of Persia, gain their livelihood by fishing and going to sea; some of them are merchants, while others are occupied in the planting of date trees.

The common advantages of education may be obtained by all classes in Persia, but the arts and sciences are but little attended to. The popular literature is comprised in poems, fables, and romantic tales. Some of the works of their poets are translated and much admired.

The religion of Persia is Mahometan, with some slight variations in the forms and ceremonies. There are a few Christians. There is also a Catholic mission, but it has made few converts. The Persians are generally willing to discuss the merits of different religions, and are thus open to conviction.

The usages at funerals in Persia are very peculiar. After the death and burial of a friend, the relatives mourn forty days, during which time, they suppose the grave to be watched by angels. They accordingly keep a large supply of food upon the place of interment, for the support of these ethereal watchers. They must have rather earthly ideas of the wants of angelic beings. They are also, during the forty days of mourning, in the constant habit of asking the deceased person why he died!

The government of Persia is an absolute despotism; the king himself cannot change his own edicts. Sanguinary and barbarous punishments are very common; the eyes being sometimes put out. Theft is punished by making a hole in a wall, putting the offender in, and building it up again, thus suffocating him. The lower classes are punished by the bastinado, or whipping the feet.

How to get Letters Free.—A shrewd countryman, being informed that there was a letter for him in the post-office, went accordingly for it. On the postmaster's handing it to him, he frankly confessed that he could not read, and requested the postmaster to open it, and let him know the contents, which he very readily did. After getting all the information he wanted, he knowingly shrugged up his shoulders, thanked him for his politeness, and dryly observed—"When I have some change I'll call and take it."

"Love one another."—A Welsh parson, preaching from this text, told his congregation, that in kind and respectful treatment to our fellow-creatures, we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, he quoted an instance of two goats, in his own parish, that once met upon a bridge so very narrow, that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off into the river. "And," continued he, "how do you think they acted? Why, I will tell you. One goat lay down, and let the other leap over him. Ah! beloved, let us live like goats"

Varieties.

An Old Maid's Will.—A maiden lady, who died in London, in 1786, left the following singular legacies in her will:—

"*Item.* I leave to my dear entertaining Jacko, (a monkey,) £10 per annum, during his natural life, to be expended yearly, for his support."

"*Item.* To Shock and Tib, (a lapdog and a cat,) £5 each, for their annual subsistence during life; but should it so happen that Shock die before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then and in that case the survivor to have the whole."

The legacies in remainder were bequeathed to her niece.

Frederick the Great.—A Prussian ecclesiastic, of the name of Mylius, found among his father's papers a promissory note to a considerable amount, which the Prince Royal, afterwards Frederick the Great, had given him. He therefore immediately sent it to the king with the following letter:—

"Sire,—Among my father's papers I have found the enclosed note. I cannot tell whether it has been through negligence or any other means that it has not been cancelled. I know not, but I leave the matter to the disposal of your majesty."

The king immediately sent for Mylius, and said that he well remembered receiving the money from his father, and that if there was any error he would be the loser himself. He immediately paid the money, with interest.

Sir Loin.—The sirloin of beef is said to owe its name to King Charles the Second, who, dining upon a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint. On being told, he said, "for its merit, then, I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir Loin."

In a ballad of Sir John Barleycorn, this circumstance is thus mentioned,—

"Our second Charles, of fame facête,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleased, o'er the meat,—
'Arise, thou famed Sir Loin.'"

La Fontaine.—This famous writer is said to have been the most absent of men. He was once called upon to attend the burial of one of his friends, and sometime afterwards, he called to visit him. At first, he was shocked at the information of his death; but recovering from his surprise, he observed, "It is true enough, for now, I recollect, I went to his burial."

A dragoon, having been carried by a restive horse against Louis XIV. during an action, his majesty became angry, and lifted his cane, as if to strike him. On this, the soldier, rendered desperate by such an affront, immediately tendered one of his pistols to the king, exclaiming, at the same time, "Sire, you have bereaved me of my honor, deprive me also of my life." The monarch, instead of being displeased at this sensibility, took the first opportunity to promote so brave a man.

Our Correspondence.

It is said that the Yankees are very much given to *guessing*, and they are generally allowed the privilege of guessing when they please. In the exercise of this birthright, we venture to guess that Robert Merry, with his timber toe, is getting to be almost as much a favorite with the black eyes and the blue, as old Peter Parley was, sometime ago. We have a great many letters from these good little people, and they are full of kind thoughts, and pleasant speeches, and one thing must be set down to their credit, THEY ALWAYS REMEMBER TO PAY THE POSTAGE. Only think of that!

We cannot publish all the pleasant letters we get, though we should be glad to do so. We like to encourage the first efforts of our young friends in letter-writing, and perhaps we may now and then give them a hint that may be useful to them. And beside this, these specimens which we publish may turn the thoughts of our young readers to the writing of letters, and give them some good ideas upon this important art. Here is a letter all the way from Georgia.

Decatur, Ga., 14th Feb., 1844.

MR. MERRY:

I see that some little girls write to you. I want to say something about my little cousin Julia Ann, who lives in Petersham, Mass. I think she does not take your Museum. I wish she should; and my father says I may send it to her, and as she is a *new* subscriber, you say she may have the three bound volumes too, for $3,00, and when she sends for them by any of her friends, you will let her have them. Send the numbers for 1844, by mail, to Petersham.

You write a great many stories. I wish you would come to Georgia, and write us a good story about the Stone Mountain, which is in the county of Decatur, in which we live. It is a lone, solitary rock. Father says it is eight hundred feet high, and that there was once a wall near the top of it. Some think the famous Spanish adventurer, De Soto, made it a long, long time ago. Some men built a tower on the top of it, one hundred and sixty feet high, but it was blown down in a storm last year. It is not a good place to stay on the rock, for there is no water, nor any way to get it, but by carrying it up.

Some who have visited the Stone Mountain say it is second to no curiosity except the Falls of Niagara.

Hoping for more stories and plenty of pictures, I am your young friend,

S. M. W.

Quincy, Feb. 29th, 1844.

MR. MERRY:

DEAR SIR,—I would be greatly obliged to you if you will be so kind as to publish the following enigma in the Museum for April or May, as you choose. And I should be very happy to have some one of your subscribers puzzle it out and put it in the Museum. From a Quincy subscriber. Good bye, Mr. Merry.

FREDERICK H. B.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters.

My 5, 8, 11, 4, 2 and 9, is a cape on a large island.

My 6, 3, 11, 4, 10 and 11, is a large circle.

My 5, 12, 3 and 8, is a tribe of Indians which inhabit British America.

My 5, 2, 9 and 1, is a cape of S. America.

My 7, 12, 9, 7, 2, 3 and 12, is a sea between Europe and Asia.

My 1, 8, 10, 7, 10, and 1, is a river of Europe.

My 11, 3, 10, 7, 8 and 12, is a small portion of Russia.

My 8, 4, 1 and 12, is a burning mountain.

My 11, 5, 10, 1 and 12, is a country in Asia.

My 5, 8, 3, 12 and 4, is the capital of a country in Asia.

My 12, 11, 5, 8, 8 and 1, is a town in a large island.

My whole is the name of a large portion of this globe.

WE will endeavor to comply with the request so pleasantly made in the following letter, in relation to the stars, but our little friend must give us time. The stars are a great way off, and we do not hear from them by every mail. Beside, Bob Merry "has a good many fish to fry," and in order to make matters go right, he is obliged to let everything take its turn. Will you be patient, Dick?

Lexington, January 17th, 1844.

MR. MERRY:

DEAR SIR,—I have been taking your Museum for some time, and I like it very much. I am sorry to have to make the same complaint that some of your other subscribers have made; that is, I do not, sometimes, get my Museum soon enough.

I would be glad if you would give us a simple account of the stars, and other heavenly bodies. I have read the first part of Bill Keeler's story about poor Tom Trudge and his wife, and I think it is quite laughable.

I hear that almost all the great men of the country have been invited to this place or that, and I heartily wish that you would come and pay your little western subscribers a visit. You will not find yourself as much a stranger to us, as even your neighbor Hon. John Quincy Adams.

My dear Mr. Merry—won't you come to the west?
Of all the countries you 've been in, you 'll like it the best.
Here you 'll find many little ones, black-eyed and blue,
And a good many grown ones, I rather guess, too,
Who will give you a welcome, and plenty to eat;
For if you do not like favors, you surely like meat.
O, there 'd be such a racket and waving of caps,
Such forgetting of rulers, of masters and maps!
All over the country there 'd be a turn-out,
And all would join in a general shout.
"For your great men I 'll give not a fig nor a cherry—
O, here is our good friend, the kind Mr. Merry."
For there 's not a log cabin in all the broad west,
That has not of your stories, the rarest and best.

Your affectionate friend and subscriber,
RICHARD P. H.

Portsmouth, February 20th, 1841.

MR. MERRY:

I am a new subscriber to your Museum, and so far I like it very much. I take pleasure in studying out your *puzzles*, and as you have had but one this year, I thought I would make one, and if you think it worth insertion, you can insert it.

I am composed of eighteen letters.
My 3, 14, 2 and 11, is often seen in rivers.
My 3, 14, 6, 6, 16 and 10, is very useful.
My 10, 11 and 16, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 6, 2 and 18, is a nick name.
My 3, 4 and 8, is an insect.
My 7, 14, 15, 4, 17 and 13, is something in Boston.
My 3, 16, 8 and 6, is a vegetable.
My 3, 1, 2, 2 and 7, is a useful thing.
My 11, 8 and 12, is an answer often given to a question.
My 12, 6, 9, 16, 8 and 6 belongs to a town.
My 13, 16, 7, 3, 8 and 5, is a limb.
My 3, 8, 16, and 1, is much in use.
My 3 and 16, is a verb.
My 10, 17 and 13, is a medicine now in use.
My 8, 11 and 16, spells the organ of sight.
My whole is a distinguished periodical publication.

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE letter which we copy below, was written in a very neat hand, showing that the little writer has good taste and good sense. The dollar spoken of, must have been a sly fellow, for when the letter came to the publishers, behold, it was missing! We have nothing to do with the money matters of the Museum—that is the affair of Bradbury & Soden. But we are curious to know something of the history of this rogue of a dollar. Will our friend Edway let us know whether it was a paper dollar or a real shiner? If we can catch the fellow, we 'll write his memoirs, and we think it will be a pleasant story. We think the life and adventures of a dollar that crept out of a letter one day, would be equal to Bill Keeler's story of the eel in the aqueduct. If, after all, our little friend forgot to put the dollar into the letter, he may send it to the publishers of the Museum. This will be satisfactory to all parties, though it may spoil a good story of a runaway dollar.

Middlebury, Vermont, Jan., 1844.

MR. MERRY:

I have been thinking this good while, that I would write to you. You wound up your stories of Jumping Rabbit and Inquisitive Jack rather too short, I think. I should like to have you tell a little more about Jumping Rabbit—some of his hunting expeditions, &c. If you would put a litule more Natural History into the Mu-

seum, I think I should like it better. You had a very handsome picture in the December Museum. I like to see chickens; and I have got six hens, one rooster, and two white turkeys.

I am going to send you one dollar in this letter. I have taken the Museum ever since it has been printed. One of the volumes is bound, and the other two volumes are up to the bookbinder's shop to be bound.

EDWAY B. P——.

P. S.—We are just informed by Messrs. Bradbury & Soden, that the stray dollar is found. It appears that it was in the letter, but crept on to the floor; it was caught, however, and is safely put in crib.

THE following epistle, from a romantic, descriptive, warm-hearted friend, was very welcome to us, and will be so to our readers. Alas! for those bright days when everything gives pleasure, and even the flowers seem like things of life! They are gone from Robert Merry forever; but he loves to see them reflected in the eyes of his youthful friends. We have been at Springfield, and can testify to the accuracy of the following description of that beautiful town. One thing our fair correspondent has failed to notice, and that is the cemetery, which is scarcely inferior to Mount Auburn. Cannot "Constant Reader" tell us something about it? Instead of sending us the flower she promises, she may send us her miniature. We have an eye for things of that sort yet.

Springfield, Feb. 29, 1844.

A long time ago, I addressed a letter to the little readers of the Museum, and I have had it in my mind for some time to write them another. I told them how old Peter Parley learned me to make pens, and how much good Robert Merry was like him, and how very glad I was that Peter Parley gave him all his writings before he died. It is not probable that all of your little friends will recollect this, but perhaps some of them may. I was just on the point of writing to them again, and was about to say, "Little readers of the Museum," when it occurred to me that I had never written to you. So this time I will speak to you, Mr. Merry, and tell you something about this old town, that has been settled for more than two hundred years; for you tell such good stories, and talk so much like our old *benefactor*, that I love you now almost as much as I did him.

Springfield is my native town, so perhaps you will not think it strange if I praise it up pretty well. I think it the pleasantest place I have ever seen. It lies upon the eastern side of the beautiful, broad, majestic Connecticut river, that comes winding down through this extensive valley. It contains about eight thousand inhabitants, not including Cabotville and Chickopee Falls—two large manufacturing villages within the limits of Springfield. The most thickly settled part of the town lies low upon the river's bank, but the handsomest portion is built upon what is usually termed "the hill." This elevation commands a fine view of the lower part of the town, and also gives a delightful view of the river. Oh, how beautiful it looks in summer from the brow of "the hill," wending slowly and sweetly its way to the sea. Upon "the hill" is located the United States Armory, for manufacturing muskets. The public buildings consist of three arsenals, where many of the guns are deposited; three long buildings, each two stories high, where the labor is principally performed, and another in the centre where the officers and clerks have their offices. There are several other smaller buildings connected with the establishment, where various branches of the work are perfected. Also, at what is called "*the watershops*," are a number of fine buildings belonging to the government, where the pretty Mill river affords a charming water privilege.

I once had a fine sail of two or three miles up this stream. It had been a pleasant but sultry day, and a small company of us—merry girls and boys—when the sun had sunk down behind the blue hills, filled three small boats, and while the soft, mild moon looked into the deep, clear water to see her face, the music of some thirty voices blended with the still murmur of the stream, and was echoed in the distance. Many were the yellow water lilies we pulled into our boats with their long stems, and many did we leave floating gracefully with the current, their modest heads turned gently on one side, looking down upon the bosom of that pretty Mill river. On that sultry summer's evening did I almost wish to *be* one of those water lilies; for Oh, thought I, how delightful it must be, to wave so gracefully one way and the other, constantly laved by the cool waters—the stars and the moon looking down upon me in love. After enjoying for some time the luxury which this scene afforded, we went on shore, where was a cool spring of water, which seemed the best I ever drank; and close by it I found a rare flower. If ever I should find such another, I would send it to you, Mr. Merry, that Mr. Bil-

lings might take a drawing of it, so that the *little readers of the Museum* might see it too; for I think it was the most splendid flower I have ever seen. We had a fine sail home, and sung as we went, the "Canadian Boat Song," which many of the little girls and boys who read the Museum are familiar with.

But now, to tell about the armory. The largest arsenal, where the guns are deposited, is a long brick building, three stories in height, one hundred and twenty feet long, by forty wide. It is a noble structure, and contains ninety-four thousand muskets, elegantly arranged in racks, each rack containing two thousand and forty muskets. From the upper story of this building, we have a fine view of the Connecticut, and in the summer we often see from this place many boats gaily passing up and down the river.

Does it not seem a pity, Mr. Merry, that so peaceful a spot as that on which this armory is located, should be devoted to these implements of death? Is it not time that they were changed into "ploughshares and pruning-hooks," as the Bible tells us all these war instruments will be, some time or other?

A year or two since, two old barracks were standing on the ground belonging to the United States, that some thirty-five or forty years ago, sheltered several hundred soldiers. They are now torn down, but often, as I used to pass them, I thought how happy Peter Parley would be to sit down in one of these old buildings, and tell us children long stories about the war and the Indians. I often thought how glad I should be to run and bring a chair for him, on which to rest his gouty toe. From the spot where stood these old buildings, may be seen Mount Tom, some eighteen miles distant, holding up his tall blue head. I love to look at him, for there is always something very pleasing to me in the sight of a noble mountain; it makes one's heart *feel large*, and seems silently to teach the eye to look upward to Him who created all things. I have sometimes imagined Mount Tom to be the highest peak of the Alps, and when a dense fog has covered its top, I have fancied it to be all clothed with perpetual snow; for I sometimes enjoy very much a flight of the imagination. I think I must have learned this of old Peter Parley. Oh, how many pretty stories has he told us about Mount Tom, and Mount Holyoke, and the Connecticut, as it passes through these mountains, and about Bellows Falls and the Indians catching fish with long spears.

The western rail-road passes through this town. A bridge has been built across the Connecticut, which passenger trains cross four times during the day, and freight trains twice. This bridge is firmly supported by six granite piers, of uncommon beauty and almost invincible strength, which have hitherto, and probably ever will, bid defiance to the large fields of ice that come floating down the river in the spring; and when passing it the cars may be heard for miles. This noble specimen of architecture was designed and executed by the enterprising and ingenious William Howe; and, taking it as a whole, is a very perfect work of art, and the admiration of all who see it.

We have seven churches in town, the largest of which is the first Congregational Church. It stands near the Court House, in front of which is a fine square in which stands a fountain built of marble, and many beautiful trees, and among them a number of majestic elms that are an ornament to the whole town. A tree standing near the fountain now presents a most magnificent appearance. The water flowing from the fountain has congealed upon it until it now looks like a huge monument of marble, chiseled out by some master hand. The branches of this tree and the monument itself, are hung with large, transparent icicles of the most exquisite beauty. I hope, Mr. Merry, you will sometime give your little friends a view of this square, for I think they would be delighted to see it. Under the shade of these tall trees, gathers the *Cold Water Army*, on the 4th of July, to receive the spray from the fountain, and to drink of the cool water that comes gushing up and gracefully falls into its marble basin; after which they march in long procession, with gay banners, smiling faces, and happy hearts, to a most interesting place called Worthington Grove, where long tables are spread with all kinds of refreshments, and decorated with flowers and evergreens. Here, sheltered by stately oaks and canopied by heaven, we listen to interesting speeches; fill the large, tall grove with merry songs; send upward wild shouts of "Hurrah for cold water!!" and then, gathering about the tables, satisfy our appetites, and quench our thirst by water from the spring; and if now and then a dash of *rain* comes down upon us, we only sing and laugh the louder, and give still heartier cheers for *cold water!!*

There are two banks here in town; notwithstanding money is rather scarce. However, I think we do pretty well by you, Mr. Merry, if we do not abound in *cash;* for of late many have subscribed for your nice Museum. But I cannot write any more just now, though there is still enough to tell about this good town of Springfield. Let me say, before I am quite done, that we should be very happy, exceedingly happy, to see you here, Mr. Merry; and though the cannons might not fire a salute,

most sure I am that you would meet a *happy* greeting.

Your affectionate young friend,
CONSTANT READER.

New York, Feb. 12, 1844.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir,—In the last number of the Museum, you say that in England, February has nearly the same character as our March, and is regarded as the opening of spring. Will you please tell me, in the next number, why England or London should have an earlier spring than New York—being ten degrees north of New York?—and oblige your subscriber,
WILLIAM.

Answer.

In reply to the preceding inquiry, we must first remark, that the curious fact mentioned by William, has been variously explained. Our theory upon the subject is this. Greenland, a vast island at the northern point of our continent, is a mighty ice-house, perhaps as extensive as the whole United States. Here the ice and snow are piled up from century to century, imparting to all the regions around something of its own chilly atmosphere. The northerly winds that come even to us have something of old Greenland's breath in them.

For this reason, as we think, all the northern portions of North America are much colder than they would otherwise be.

If our correspondent, William, will look at a map of the eastern continent, he will see that the Arctic Ocean occupies the whole space to the north of about seventy-two degrees of latitude. There is no Greenland there—no great mass of land to hoard up the ice and snow from age to age, and furnish an everlasting ice-house to scatter abroad its freezing influences. To the north of the eastern continent, there is ever an open, unfrozen sea, tending rather to abate than increase the cold.

These simple facts will show one great reason why our continent should be colder than the eastern continent, and will serve in part to answer William's inquiry. There are other curious facts in relation to this subject, which have their bearing upon the question, but we have hardly time to state them now. We will only add, that the western coast of the American continent has a much milder climate than the eastern. At Astoria, which is in latitude about forty-seven degrees, it is as mild as at Philadelphia, which is at about forty degrees. The same is the fact in relation to the eastern continent; at the southern point of Kamschatka, which is about the latitude of London, it is almost as cold and tempestuous as at Greenland. Various causes have been assigned for these remarkable facts, but we cannot notice them now.

ONE of our little friends seems to be suspicious that the letters we insert are invented and written by Robert Merry himself, and not by the young persons from whom they seem to come. This being the first of April, we might be excused for putting off a pleasant joke upon our readers, but it would be dishonest in us to take the credit due to others. The letters inserted are the genuine productions of the various correspondents whose signatures they bear. Every mail brings us some of these epistles, and at the end of the month, we have quite a flock of them—welcome as blue-birds in March. Good bye, till the first of May.

WE have a sad story to tell, at the close of this month's Museum. Mr. Samuel S. Soden, one of the original publishers of this magazine, and one who was largely instrumental in establishing it, died at his native place—Saxonville, in this State—on the 20th of the present month, aged 25 years. He was a man of very pleasant manners, active habits, and zealous devotion to any cause which he espoused. He took hold of Merry's Museum with great ardor, and much of its success is to be credited to his efforts at the outset of the undertaking. His disease was a lingering consumption, which he bore with great patience and even cheerfulness. We hope our young readers will bestow upon his memory a kind thought, as one who has contributed to their pleasure—and, may we not add, to their profit?

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VII. MAY, 1844. No. 5.

MAY has ever been the favorite month of the poets; yet in New England it usually disappoints our expectations. In more southern climes, it unites the soft beauties of spring with the radiance of summer. At the same time that it has warmth enough to cheer and invigorate, it does not overpower with its melting influence. The following lines describe the southern May, rather than our own:—

May, sweet May, again is come,
May, that frees the world from gloom;
Children, children! up and see
All her stores of jollity.
On the laughing hedge-row's side,
She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the mocking-bird hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody;
Hill and dale are May's own treasures.
Youths, rejoice! In sportive measures
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

Up then, children! we will go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company,
We the bursting flowers will see;
Up, your festal dress prepare!
Where gay breasts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,

Heart, and sight, and ear delighting.
Listen to the bird's sweet song,
Hark! how soft it floats along.
Pleasant dames! our pleasures share;
Never saw I dames so fair;
Therefore dancing we will go.
Youths rejoice! the flow'rets blow!
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry May!

The old rhyme tells us that

April showers
Bring May flowers;

and how often have we been tempted, on May morning, to go forth, expecting to find blossoms, as we are told they do in other countries—and how have we always been disappointed! Still, May is a delightful month, even in New England, and none of us would be willing to let it slip from the circle of the seasons.

Inquisitive Jack.

CHAPTER IV.

About birds in general.

Our friend Jack, having made himself familiar with the peculiarities of the domestic fowls, turned his attention to other species of birds. He noticed particularly those which seemed to possess gentle and confiding natures, such as the sparrows that build upon the shrubs round the house; the martens that take up their abode in boxes which you make for them, and place near the eaves of your dwelling; the swallows that build in the barn, and the cheerful robin that loves to dwell in the apple orchard. All these he observed with care, noticing their modes of building and rearing their young; the food they eat, the cries they uttered, and, in general, their peculiar characteristics.

From these, Jack passed to other birds, and carefully studied them also. At last, he was pretty well acquainted with the whole subject of birds; and now he observed several important things, which I shall present to the attention of my readers.

In the first place, Jack was struck with admiration at the formation of birds. They are designed to raise themselves in the air, and to spend a considerable part of their time in that subtle element. And how wonderfully adapted to this purpose are they! In the first place, a bird must have great strength, and yet great lightness: and how happily are they united! Look at the quill

of the wing—how strong, and yet how light! Who could have invented anything more admirably suited to rise on the breeze and cut its way through the air? Is there a human being who could make a single quill, even if the model were placed before him? Not one.

And then look at the bones of the bird. These, instead of being heavy as in quadrupeds, are all hollow. They are therefore a great deal lighter than those of other animals, while they are equally strong. And then, observe the structure of the bird's skeleton. What a wonderful and ingenious piece of machinery! Look at the wing: how easily it opens and shuts, and thus at once lifts the bird upward, and drives it forward like an arrow in its path. Look at the tail—destined, like the rudder of a ship, to direct its course—and how admirably it is turned this way and that, quick as thought, to guide the aerial voyager even among the intricacies of the forest!

Consider the feathery covering of the bird, designed to present a smooth surface, so as not to cause interruption in passing through the air, and to furnish a coat as impervious to the water as India rubber, yet light as the gossamer. How wonderfully are these objects attained! And now let us reflect upon the wisdom of the Creator, in designing a class of animals destined to soar aloft upon the air, and His power in accomplishing His purposes, as evinced in the structure of birds. How many millions of these beautiful creatures there are in the world! how diversified their structure, habits and instincts! and yet, let it be remembered that man, with all his art, cannot make a feather.

The music of birds is a very curious and interesting phenomenon, not only on account of the admirable variety and sweetness of the songs they produce, but for the strength of their voices. The lowing of the bull, or the roaring of the lion, cannot be heard at a great distance, yet the little thrush can be heard half a mile. If quadrupeds had voices equal to those of birds, in proportion to their size, an elephant could easily be heard across the Atlantic ocean.

Spoonbill.

The variety in the forms of birds is a subject of great interest. How different is the duck, with its short legs, from the spoonbill, which seems to be walking upon stilts; the common barn-door fowl, with its short neck, from the flamingo, whose neck is almost a yard in length, and not half as thick as your wrist! How different is an ostrich, which will carry a boy upon its back, from the little humming-bird, which seems scarcely larger than a humble-bee!

Who can look forth upon the landscape, and notice the feathered tribes, glancing from tree to tree, and from bush to bush, delighting the eye with their

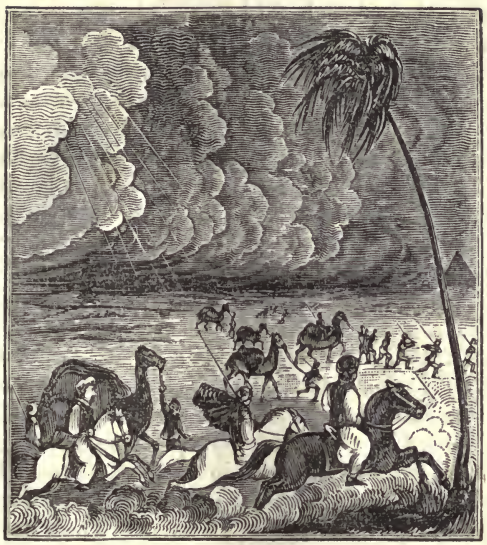
pleasing forms and lovely hues, and the ear with their charming melody, and the heart with that aspect of life and cheerfulness, which they throw over the

Ostriches.

meadow, forest and field, and not lift up his thoughts to heaven and say, "Oh Lord, how manifold are thy works—in goodness and mercy hast thou made them all!"

But I must not forget to say one thing more about Jack in this chapter. While he was studying the subject of birds, he was very fond of getting young ones, so that he might rear them; he also caught several old ones, which he kept in cages. Now I believe that certain birds may be happy in cages, such as canaries, and many others, that are bred in confinement; but to catch wild birds and shut them up, is treating the poor little creatures very cruelly. I would not, therefore, be thought to commend Jack's example in this respect.

[To be continued.]



The Deserts of Africa and Asia.

In Africa, as well as Asia, there are immense tracts of land called deserts, which consist of vast plains composed of loose sand. Large portions of these are utterly destitute of vegetation, and sometimes, in crossing them, the traveller sees not a hill, or mountain, or human dwelling, or even a tree or shrub, or blade of grass. All around is a sea of sand, and far as the eye can reach, it is one scene of lifeless solitude and desolation.

These trackless wastes are traversed by caravans, which are companies of travellers usually mounted upon camels. Horses travel in these sands with difficulty. Their feet sink in the soil; they are overcome with heat, and parched with drought. The camel, on the contrary, has a large spongy foot, which does not sink in the sand; he can bear excessive heat, and by a curious contrivance of nature, is enabled to go without water for five or six days. This valuable creature is called the ship of the desert, because it enables the merchants of Asia and Africa to transport their merchandise over the sea of sand, just as a ship carries goods from one part of the world to another, across the briny ocean. It seems really as if Providence had provided this singular animal on purpose to enable mankind to traverse the great deserts which are spread out upon the eastern continent.

The desert of Sahara stretches nearly from the eastern to the western coast of Africa, a distance of almost three thousand miles. Its width is about eight hundred miles. Its whole extent is

nearly equal to that of the United States. This vast region, though for the most part a scene of absolute desolation, has a few spots where the water collects in pools, around which some vegetation springs up. These places, which bear a delightful contrast to the surrounding sterility, and cheer the eye of the thirsty, weary traveller, are called *oases*. Here the caravans quench their thirst and repose in the delicious shadow of the trees. The deserts of Arabia are far less extensive, but they are of a similar character to that of Sahara.

It might seem that these inhospitable regions would be deserted by man; but they are not only crossed by companies of travellers who wish to pass from one country to another, but by bands of wandering Arabs, who spend their whole lives upon these deserts. These are, for the most part, desperate robbers. Thus, the lonely desert has its pirates, as well as the lonely sea. These thieves have not only swift camels, but swift horses; and it is amazing to see how rapidly they will speed over the sandy plains. They come upon the traveller almost as suddenly as the hawk that descends from the sky upon its unsuspecting prey, and they disappear almost as suddenly.

It might seem that these inhabitants of the desert would lead a miserable life, and especially that they would often be swallowed up in the terrific sand storms, which sometimes sweep over these wastes. The sand, being loose and dry, is borne upward by the whirling tempest, and is seen driving over the plain, like a terrific thunder-cloud. The experienced traveller sees the coming danger, and prepares himself for it. He throws himself upon the ground, and covers his face so as not to be choked with the dust. The horses and camels, guided by instinct, also put their noses to the earth to prevent being suffocated. If the storm is slight, the party escapes; but sometimes, such immense waves of sand are drifted upon the wind, as to bury the traveller so deeply beneath it, as to make it his winding-sheet forever. Sometimes whole caravans, with their horses and camels, have been in this manner overwhelmed—thus making the waves of the desert as fatal as the waves of the sea.

Yet, despite the terrors of the desert, the Arabs are a lively and cheerful race. On their march, they stop at night; and in their tents, spread beneath the starry canopy, the laugh, the jest and the song go round. There are among them professed story-tellers, who delight the listeners with fanciful tales of enchantment, adventure, and love, or perhaps they repeat, in an animated manner, some fine specimens of Arabic poetry. Thus it is, that mankind, occupying the gloomiest parts of the earth, have amusements. As the steel is made to yield its spark, so the Arab finds pleasure in the desert.

THE MERRY KNIGHT.—When Sir Henry Marshal, knight and alderman of London, received the honor of knighthood from George II., he fell flat upon the floor. The king was surprised, but on the knight rising up, he facetiously said,—"Your majesty has conferred so much honor upon me, that I was not able to stand up under it." His majesty ever after called him the merry knight.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER IV.

Various plantations—droll and dangerous adventures.

As I pursued my journey along the banks of the Surinam, I met with frequent plantations of coffee, sugar-cane, cotton and cacao.

The sugar plantations, at a little distance, bear some resemblance to our fields of Indian corn. The cane has a broad, long leaf, with a jointed stalk or stem. This grows to the height of seven or eight feet, and is very smooth and glossy. The sugar-cane is not propagated by seeds, but by cuttings from the root end of the stalk, which are planted in rows or hills. It puts forth large silky tassels, which have a beautiful appearance. In eighteen months from the time of planting, it is fit to cut; the stalks are put into a mill, and from the juice that is crushed out, sugar and molasses are made.

The labor of Guiana is almost wholly performed by negroes. During the period when they are making sugar, they live almost wholly upon the juice of the

cane, and at that time, they are said to get very fat. The laboring horses, oxen and mules, though kept constantly at work, being allowed to eat refuse stalks, and scummings from the boiling-house, thrive in the most surprising manner.

The cacao trees bear the fruit of which chocolate is made. These resemble young cherry-trees, but separate near the ground into four or five stems. The leaves are about four inches long, smooth, but not glossy, and of a dull green color. The flowers are saffron-colored, and very beautiful. The fruit somewhat resembles a cucumber in shape. Its color, while growing, is green; but as it ripens, this changes to a fine bluish red, with pink veins.

Each of the pods contains from twenty to thirty nuts or kernels, which resemble almonds, and consist of a white and sweet pulpy substance, enveloped in a parchment-like shell. These are the cacao or chocolate nuts. When the fruit is ripe, it is gathered, and the nuts are taken from the pods, and laid on leaves or skins to dry. They are then put into bags, each containing about a hundred weight, and thus packed, are exported to foreign countries.

I noticed, as I went along, a few fields of Indian corn and rice, and I was informed that two crops of these are frequently obtained in a season. I observed the castor-oil plant, growing wild, as well as the cabbage-tree, which is a kind of palm. This derives its name, not from its appearance, but from the use to which it is put by the inhabitants. The leaves grow crowded together at the top of the stem, and when these are cut off, the central ones are found to be white and tender, and when boiled, they are used as a substitute for cabbage.

I occasionally met with small patches of the indigo plant. This is cultivated by seeds, which are sown in rows, about a foot apart. In three months the top part is cut off, leaving the roots to shoot up anew. I used to suppose that indigo was a kind of mineral, but I now learned that it was made from these small plants. The tops of the herbs being cut, as I have mentioned, are steeped in vats. They are then pounded and put in water. The coloring matter, consisting of a fine powder, forms a sediment, which is cut into small pieces about an inch square, before it is perfectly dry. It is then packed in barrels, or sewed up in sacks for sale. The process of making indigo is very curious, and one thing is strange: the plant itself is harmless, but the indigo drug is a deadly poison.

Although I had frequently a lonely sort of feeling, as I pursued my way, and sometimes wished that I was snug at home with my mother and sister, I still found it, on the whole, very pleasant to travel in this strange land, and picked up a good deal of information, and saw many things that were quite rare and wonderful to me. I was constantly impressed with the strangeness of everything around me. Instead of forests of chestnut, walnut, and maple trees, so common in Connecticut, I here saw forests of gigantic mahogany, live oak, and other curious trees, the names of which I could not learn.

The birds, too, were all different from those to which I had been accustomed. The woods were all alive with flocks of

green parrots and red macaws, which kept up a constant chatting. The latter seemed perpetually scolding each other, and I could sometimes fancy that they were calling each other all the hard names they could think of. I saw a great many toucans, with bills half as long as their bodies; they kept bowing their heads and making a kind of motion, like a minister in the pulpit. Hence, the people call this bird the preacher.

I saw a great many other birds, most of which were adorned with magnificent plumage; but they had harsh voices, and were all very unlike my feathered acquaintances in the "land of steady habits." I once met with a woodpecker, which resembled the red-headed thief, who spears so many of our cherries with his long bill. He nodded his head, and uttered a sort of cry, which reminded me so strongly of home, that the tears filled my eyes, and I paused and partly turned about, for the purpose of returning. But this weakness was transient, and I soon pursued my way.

My path now turned from the river, and wound through a thick forest. It was no longer a wagon-road, but a mere mule-track. The weather continued very hot, and I suffered excessively from the bite of large gnats, three times as big as our musquitoes. At first, I was half crazy from the sting of these insects; but by degrees I became hardened, and at last took it very quietly, even if one of these impertinent rogues thrust his little poisoned javelin into the point of my nose. At night I slept soundly, although these fellows feasted upon me from the crown of my head to the tips of my toes.

The forests through which I was proceeding grew more and more dense as I advanced; many of the trees rose to an immense height, and festoons of gray moss swung from tree to tree, as if they had been decorated by the hand of art. Vines, with green leaves and gaudy flowers, wreathed the trunks of the trees, and parasitical plants, with blossoms bright as gems, and of every color and form, wound around their branches. Nothing could surpass the gorgeous splendor of the scene. It appeared as if nature, in a sportive and fantastic mood, had put forth every effort here to combine the beautiful and the magnificent, in the vegetable kingdom. And as if to captivate every sense, the air was balmy, and the sweetest fragrance was borne on the gentle breezes that stole from the forest.

I was so much occupied with noticing the curiosities that met me on every hand, that I did not observe, till the sun was setting, that my path had now shrunk into little more than a deer-track, and began to suspect that I had missed my way; and this impression was strengthened by the fact that I did not reach a negro settlement, where I had expected to spend the night. I hesitated, for a few moments, whether to proceed or turn back. Resolving upon the former, I pushed on with rapid strides. My path, however, grew more and more undefined, and at last I was completely lost in a bewildering maze. It was now sunset, and the shadows of night had begun to thicken around me. I attempted to retrace my steps, but could not re-

cover the path. Finding it hopeless to attempt to extricate myself, I concluded to pass the night where I was.

My situation was not a pleasant one. I knew that these forests were the abodes of wild animals, who shrunk from daylight, yet prowled forth at night without fear or restraint. But courage is apt to come with necessity; and seeing that there was no help at hand, I sat down, clenched my cudgel, and determined to keep watch till morning. I remained in this condition for some time, listening to the strange sounds that began to steal upon the ear as the evening advanced. The day birds had gone to their repose, and their various cries had gradually faded into silence. But voices of a different kind now saluted me. Reptiles of many kinds began their uncouth songs, and droned away for hours together. Birds, known only to these solitudes, and which, even here, were silent during the day, now poured out their music without fear. Never did I hear such a jargon as seemed for a time to fill the woods around me. I could easily fancy that strange and unearthly spirits filled the air, and were trying to see what a variety of uncouth songs they could produce.

I listened to these notes for a long time, with a degree of painful excitement. It seemed to me that a thousand voices had united in one wild chorus, as if to drive me mad. I stopped my ears to keep out the din: I closed my eyes to withdraw my attention from the scene around me. At last, the sounds began to subside, and darkness gradually gave way, and I saw the moonbeams tinging the tops of the trees. Silence stole over the scene, and I fell into a profound repose. My imagination wandered to the scenes of my childhood. I was once more, as I dreamed, with my mother and my sister. They embraced me with rapture, and tears of bliss fell upon my cheeks. I remained with them for days, and a tranquil joy filled my bosom. We went to church, and once more I heard the sacred hymn, and the soothing, solemn tunes, which had become associated with all my religious emotions.

The psalm was ended, and the preacher began his discourse. He seemed at first a grave and reverend divine, holding before him a ponderous volume, containing the sacred Scriptures. But suddenly he seemed to change: his voice grew harsh and shrieking; his gestures became wild and antastic, and at last he uttered a hideous yell, and jumping out of his pulpit, fell with a terrible crash upon the two deacons who sat beneath. Startled and terrified, I suddenly awoke; but the scene which now arrested my attention, was even more extraordinary than that which had been presented in my dream.

At a little distance, was an open glade, upon which the moonlight now fell with a dazzling splendor. In the centre of this spot there sat at least a hundred figures, which seemed to me to be men and women, about half the size of life. Upon a branch of a tree, which projected over them, was another figure, who seemed to be addressing the assembly. He uttered the most extraordinary sounds, and appeared to be speaking in a very animated manner. His gestures were strong, quick, and emphatic. Sometimes he sat upon his haunches, and sometimes

he stood upright. Occasionally he leaped from one branch of the tree to another, and at times he swung off from his seat, and suspended himself by his tail. This last performance led me to conclude that if this was a congregation of human beings, they must be of rather a queer species.

I sat still, and for a long time observed the scene. Nothing could exceed the seeming eloquence of the preacher, except the sympathy and sensibility of the audience. They appeared to feel every tone and gesture, and responded by sympathetic grunts, groans, yells, and every possible variety of attitude and gesticulation. At last, the orator, having uttered a tremendous burst of eloquence, leaped from his rostrum, and came with a bound into the midst of the congregation. Upon this, they all set up a shout, which echoed far and wide over the scene.

I had become so interested in this spectacle, that I had risen from my resting-place, and advanced so far as to be near the actors in this curious drama. One of them now chanced to spy me; upon which he uttered a terrific yell. The eyes of the whole assembly were turned upon me, and, uttering a frightful howl, they all set out, and came bounding toward me. Never in my life have I been placed in a situation at once so ludicrous and so appalling. A hundred monkeys now surrounded me; some mounting the trees over my head, and some winding among the bushes at my feet; some howling, and all grinning at me, and making the most threatening demonstrations.

Bill and the Boys.

The story of the lottery ticket, concluded.

We might have supposed that the Trudges, being now rich, and having attained what seemed the summit of Mrs. Trudge's ambition, were perfectly happy. But this was far from being the case. They lived in a fine house, made a great dash, were admitted into what is called good society, and fancied that they were exciting the envy and admiration of the whole town of Buckwheat. But with all this show of bliss, there were many drawbacks to their felicity.

In the first place, as to Tom,—or Squire Trudge, as we must now call him,—he was a simple-minded, sensible fellow, and but for the example and influence of his spouse, he had borne his prosperity without intoxication. Indeed, as it was, he behaved with considerable propriety. He spoke to his neighbors, as he met them, much as before, and when he could get from under his wife's supervision, he would stop and chat familiarly with old intimates. He demeaned himself modestly, and seemed little elated with his good fortune. He was kind-hearted, and ready to befriend the needy; but still, he had many sources of vexation.

His restless helpmate insisted that he should dress "as became his station;" and accordingly he was compelled to wear tight shoes, which pinched his corns terribly, and kept him in an almost constant state of martyrdom. When he walked abroad, he put his foot to the ground as gingerly as if he were step-

ping on eggs. He was required to have his coat in the fashion, which trussed him up about the arms, and made those limbs stand out upon each side of him, like a couple of pump-handles. His neckcloth, of pure white, (as was the fashion then,) was lined with what was called a pudding; and to please his dame, who had a nice taste in these matters, he tied it so tight that it threw the blood into his face, and gave his ruddy complexion a liver-colored hue.

Nor was this all poor Tom had to endure. He was constantly "hatchelled" as to his manners, somewhat after the following fashion: "My dear Trudge," his wife would say to him, "do now try to be a gentleman. Pray wipe your nose with your pocket handkerchief, and not with your fingers! Turn your toes out, man, or people will never forget that you was once a pedler. Hold your head up, step large, swing your arms bravely, and seem to be somebody. In short, pray do be genteel."

"Well, well, wife," Trudge would reply; "I'll do as well as I can." The dialogue would usually go on pretty much as follows.

Mrs. T. Do as well as you can! and is that all you have to say for yourself? Oh, dear, dear! I'm afraid I shall never make nothin' on you. One can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear, as Shakspeare says. Oh, Tom, Tom, I wish you had a little more *jinnysyquaw!*

Tom. Jinnysyquaw! What the mischief's that?

Mrs. T. Just as if you didn't know what jinnysyquaw was! Oh, my dear Tom! you are as ignorant as the whipping-post. Not know what jinnysyquaw is! Oh, dear, dear! This comes of not knowing French. Why, jinnysyquaw is a—a—a kind of something-or-other—that—nobody knows nothing about—that is to say—it is a kind of can't-tell-ish-ness. For instance, if a person has a very genteel air, they say, "*He's got the true jinnysyquaw.*" All the people who have been to Paris talk a great deal about it; and I'll tell you as a secret, Tom—Dick Flint whispered in my ear, the other night at Mrs. Million's party, and he told me I had the real French jinnysyquaw! Now, what do you think of that?

Tom. What do I think of it! I think he's an impudent jackanapes, and you are a—!

Mrs. T. Hold your tongue, Tom—hold your tongue! Dick Flint's the height of fashion: everybody is running after him. He's been abroad, sir—yes, he's been abroad, sir! That's more than you can say for yourself. So, hold your tongue, and listen to me. Try to be a gentleman, as becomes your station. Hold up your head, carry a stiff upper lip, and keep up an important air. There should always be about a person of consequence, something which says, "Clear the road, for *I* am coming."

Tom. I suppose you mean the jinnysyquaw.

This last observation was made by Tom with a quizzical look, as if he was poking fun at his spouse. But she took it in good part, for she was too well satisfied with herself to suspect that she could be the object of ridicule.

We have thus given some idea of certain vexations which marred the happiness of Squire Trudge. Nor was this

the only evil of his lot. Though he had a sort of impression that he was so rich as to justify any degree of extravagance, yet he was sometimes disturbed by the sums of money which his ambitious wife lavished upon her follies.

Nor was that lady wholly without her annoyances, however she might seem to be floating upon a sea of bliss. She could not but feel the superiority of Mrs. Million, who was a woman of talent and education, and the only mode she had to supply her own deficiency, was to excel her rival in dash and splendor. Accordingly, she had fine horses and a splendid carriage. She gave parties, at which there was always an abundant feast. She appeared in the most costly dresses, and carried every fashion to its height.

While she affected to despise and hate Mrs. Million, she imitated her in everything. At last, she became so complete a caricature of that fashionable dame, that everybody discovered the ridiculous resemblance. Mrs. Million, far from being flattered by seeing such a grotesque reflection of herself, was infinitely more vexed at the involuntary homage thus rendered by Bridget, than she could have been by her envy and spleen.

A new fancy now crept into the brain of our heroine. Mrs. Million had just got a piano from New York, and, as it was the only one in the town, and a great rarity in those days, it excited quite a sensation among the fashionable circles of Buckwheat. Perceiving this, and determined to be behind in nothing, Bridget resolved to get one, and a much more splendid one than Mrs. Million's. Accordingly, the following conversation ensued between herself and Tom the next morning.

Mrs. T. My dear Mr. Trudge, I wish you had been at Mrs. Million's last night. She's got the beautifullest *pianny* in her parlor that you ever see. Now I want you to send to New York for one for me, and I want to have the beautifullest that can be got.

Tom. What's the use of sending to New York? Can't you get one here?

Mrs. T. Get one here, indeed! not a bit of it. Beside, nothing will do but one all the way from New York.

Tom. Well, well! I'll see about it.

Mrs. T. Well, let it be here on Thursday, for my *sorry*—that's a good man!

Here the conversation ended, and, on the appointed day, a huge tub, set on wheels, and painted green, was brought from New York, and trundled into the front entry of the Trudges. The tub contained a splendid group of *peonies*, in full bloom.

"What *have* you got there?" said Mrs. Trudge to her husband, who was standing by. "Why, the *pianny*, to be sure," says Tom. "The pianny!" said his wife, throwing up her hands; "the pianny! What a ridiculous blunder! Oh, Tom, Tom, you'll break my heart! You've no more hedication than a heath-hen. I axed you to get me a pianny, and you have got me a pianny."

Here Mrs. Trudge sobbed aloud, and it was a long time before poor Mr. Trudge could be made to understand the mistake he had made. He was at last compelled to order the piano, even though it cost four hundred dollars, and he considered the peace with his wife,

which he thus purchased, to have been cheaply obtained.

Another vexation which Mrs. Trudge experienced, arose from her servants. Sometimes she was familiar, sometimes imperious and tyrannical. She therefore secured neither the respect nor affection of those around her. She was accordingly accustomed to indulge in the fashionable outcry against her "*help.*"

An incident which throws some light upon this topic, it may be worth while to relate. Mrs. Million had recently introduced bells into her house, and Bridget followed suit. The servants conceived a dislike to being thus summoned into the presence of their mistress. It struck them not only as an innovation, but as a rude and harsh mode of calling them. Mrs. Trudge's manner was not calculated to allay this aversion, for while the bells were being put up, she seemed to assume a loftier tone than usual.

When they were at last arranged, she attired herself in a splendid satin dress, took a bottle of hartshorn, reclined luxuriously upon a sofa, and then pulled the bell-rope, which was near. She waited a little, but no one came at the summons. She pulled again, but there was no answer. At last, she gave the cord an imperious twitch, which nearly sundered the wires. In a few seconds, the chambermaid popped her head in at the door, and said spitefully to her mistress, "You may pull and pull till you are gray, Miss Trudge; the more you ring, the more I won't come."

Such were some of the vexations which disturbed the brilliant career of our heroine. There were others, also, and even those of a more serious character. But she still pressed forward in her course of ambition. She seemed indeed to be always in a flurry, and to keep everybody around her in a constant state of uneasy excitement. She was indeed never happy for a moment, and seemed ever to be tormented with the desire of chasing a phantom she could never obtain. If, indeed, she had any enjoyments, they consisted only of the fleeting pleasures which characterize little minds—the idea that she was exciting the envy and admiration of those around her.

Thus affairs proceeded for several years, but, at last, a crisis came. The extravagance of the family not only exhausted the whole of Trudge's fortune, but ran him in debt. His creditors came upon him, and as he could not meet their demands, he was declared a bankrupt. The event found Mrs. Trudge upon the full tide of fashionable dissipation. She was struck like a bird in mid flight. She could not, and would not at first, believe the melancholy tidings. It was, alas! too true, and she was compelled to submit to her cruel fate.

With scarcely a shilling in his pocket, and only a few necessary articles of furniture which his creditors had allowed him, poor Tom set out with his wife and children to return to the little brown dwelling, which he had occupied before his drawing the prize. They were obliged to go on foot, and as Bridget proceeded down the nicely-gravelled walk, thus taking leave of her splendid mansion forever, she felt a keener pang than

can be well uttered in words. She was indeed the very image of despair. Her pride was humbled—her prospects blighted—her heart broken. Tom led the way, and though he felt for his wife and children, there was a remarkable aspect of cheerfulness in his countenance.

The party at length arrived at their dwelling. It seemed so desolate and bare, that for two or three days Bridget seemed utterly crushed. Tom treated her with great tenderness, and, at the same time, kept up a cheerful air. In a few days, Bridget's good sense and energy of character prevailed. She entered upon her duties, and before a fortnight had passed, she seemed not only resigned to her fate, but absolutely content. Tom whistled, and danced, and said that he was ten times happier than when he lived in the great house. He could now wear an easy old coat, and shoes that did not pinch his corns. Beside, he had been weary of the idle life he had led, and he now entered upon his old trade as a pedler, with pleasure and alacrity. The children soon became accustomed to the change, and, in less than three months after their downfall, Tom and his wife both agreed that they were happier in their brown house than they ever had been in the big mansion.

"Style and splendor may do for those who are brought up to it," said Tom; "but, after all, the comfort and content of the cottage are much better. Don't you think so, Bridget?"

"Yes, Tom, I do indeed," said the spouse.

Tom. It's almost equal to the *jinny-squaw*, an't it, Bridget?

Mrs. T. Hold your tongue, Tom!

ANECDOTE OF A TIGER.—One day a singular circumstance took place in a menagerie near London, which shows the retentive memory of the tiger. A sailor, who had been strolling round the exhibition, loitering here and there to admire the animals, was attracted by a strange noise, made by a tiger, who seemed irritated beyond endurance. Jack, somewhat alarmed, sought the keeper to inquire the cause of so singular a display of feeling, which, he remarked, became more boisterous, the nearer he approached the animal. The keeper replied, that the behavior of the tiger indicated that he was either vastly pleased, or very much annoyed. Upon this, the sailor again approached the den, and gazed at the tiger a few minutes, during which time the animal became frantic with seeming rage, lashing his tail against his sides, and giving utterance to the most frightful bellowings. He soon discovered the tiger to be one that he had, not long before, brought to England, and which had been his especial care.

It now was Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appears the tiger was, in thus recognizing his old friend; and, after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den, for the purpose, he said, of "shaking a fist" with the beautiful animal, he was suffered to do so. The iron door was opened, and in jumped Jack, to the delight of himself and his striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers-on. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction; and when the honest tar left the den, the anguish of the poor animal seemed almost insupportable.

Miss Pappoo.

HERE she is—Miss Pappoo—all the way from New Guinea—a specimen of humanity which shows the lovely, fascinating, bewitching effect of an exuberant quantity of hair. It is all her own, too! not purchased at Gilbert's, nor forced by beef marrow, antique oil, bear's grease, or Macassar ointment! No; it is pure, genuine nature.

It may be that there are some persons who cannot appreciate the loveliness of Miss Pappoo's locks; but every day, we see in our streets, certain young and middle-aged men, who strike us as kindred spirits. They possess long, tangled locks, and an immense quantity of beard, covering each side of the face, the throat, and the chin. Sometimes it is permitted also to cover the upper lip. This bushy beard gives to a man the somewhat simpering aspect of an old goat; but still, it would seem that many of our beaux are delighted at making such a figure. Their great desire seems to be to run to hair.

It is to be remarked that in general these excessively whiskered gentry have low crowns, and of course a small quantity of brains, and probably the little they have is of rather an inferior quality.

Still, they seem satisfied, nay, delighted —conceited even—if they can make up this deficiency with an enormous quantity of bristles growing out of their chins.

To all such persons, we present Miss Pappoo, not doubting that there will be a sympathy—a fellow-feeling between her and them. They truly can appreciate a character so eminently distinguished for hair. She is a native of the great island of Papua, or New Guinea, lying in the Pacific Ocean, near New Holland. She is dressed in the highest fashion of her country, and doubtless would pass for a belle of the first order there.

Now, if any of our whiskered countrymen, impelled by a fellow-feeling for Miss Pappoo, are desirous of a nearer acquaintance, we will do what we can to bring about an introduction between them and the fair Papuan. Let the letters of all applicants be written upon pink paper, perfumed with the otto of roses, marked on the outside with Cupid's bow, and contain a specimen of the applicant's whiskers.

COSMOPOLITE.

The Old Man in the Corner.

NO. V.

FABLES.

We must not be too much captivated with the deeds of those called *great*. It often happens that their victories and triumphs over others are obtained by unfair means; their successes are frequently purchased by meanness and treachery; and thus it is that, if we could see the truth even beneath their rays of glory, we should sometimes be taught to despise, rather than applaud their actions. The fable that follows may throw some light upon this subject.

THE GOLDEN SHIELD.

There was once a famous knight, who went forth in search of adventures. Now, he was a great coward and knave, but he got himself a shield of burnished gold, and so brilliant was it, that every eye was dazzled which looked upon it. When he met another knight, instead of giving him fair and honorable fight, he used to ride near him, and then slyly and unawares, would stab him with a dirk. His enemy would fall murdered to the ground, but the people, being dazzled by the glittering armor, would cry out, "Victory and honor to the knight of the golden shield!"

VANITY.

This folly or vice usually belongs to the weak and the idle—those who do little good to others, and are mostly occupied in thinking of themselves. Vanity is generally large and strong in proportion to the littleness of the individual who exercises it: one who is its victim, is incapable of judging of things rightly; even in the presence of what is great and sublime, he is blind to everything

except his important self. Hear the story of the

GRASSHOPPER AND THUNDER-CLOUD.

Upon the top of a mullen-stalk, sat a grasshopper, who thus complacently sang of himself:—

Was ever seen, in earth or air,
As my sweet self, a thing so fair?
My coat is made of shining green,
My little wings are glossy sheen,
My form is such as fairies love,
My motions those that mark the dove;
But oh! my voice, so soft and low,
No music can so sweetly flow.
The thrush is silent when I sing—
The linnet stays on balanced wing—
The oak doth hush its whispering leaves,
No more its web the spider weaves,
The rill and river cease their roar,
And all around confess my power,
E'en yonder passing thunder-cloud
Pauses to hear, though yet so proud!

While the grasshopper thus indulged its strain of self-conceit, a bolt of lightning fell upon an oak near by, and shattered its trunk into a thousand splinters. One of them struck the mullen-stalk, and the vain insect was crushed in an instant.

Pictures of Various Nations.

CHAPTER V.

I could tell you a great deal more about the Indians, especially of the Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, and other tribes, which have been removed by the government of the United States to a fine country northwest of Louisiana, where they have schools and churches, and cultivate their lands, and live much like white people. But I am afraid I am making too long a story. I shall, therefore, tell you something of certain queer tribes that seem to be a mixture of the American Indian and Esquimaux, and then proceed to other countries.

NOOTKA SOUND.

Let us cross to the western side of the continent of America. Here, far to the northwest, we find Nootka Sound, which is a bay in the Pacific Ocean, discovered by captain Cook, in 1778. Around this bay live a set of people, who in some respects differ from the North American Indians, though they have many traits in common with them.

On board one of the vessels which first entered Nootka Sound, in 1778, was John Ledyard, one of our own countrymen. He resided in Hartford some time after his return, where he wrote an account of his voyage. That account I have seen, and in it he speaks of the inhabitants who live round the Sound.

He says that the people there resemble the Indians on this side of the Rocky Mountains. They are tall, robust, and well made; but in this last respect, they do not equal the Indians farther east. Some of the women, however, appeared quite handsome.

They have large and full faces, high and prominent cheek bones, small and black eyes, broad and flat noses, thick lips, and teeth of the most brilliant whiteness. They fill their hair with oil, paint, and the down of birds. They also paint their faces with red, blue, and white colors. They look odd enough.

Some accounts represent them to be a

quiet, peaceable people; but others say that they are bold and ferocious. They give some evidence of being rather a wise people,—they do not talk much; but, perhaps, it is because they have not many ideas. This last, I think, is true, for they have no books, and no means of knowing much.

I am sorry to add, that they are said to be cannibals; that is, they eat human flesh. Ledyard saw, when he was there, not only human skulls and bones for sale; but, also, human flesh ready cooked. This made the sailors shudder, and well it might.

The only inhabited parts of the Sound are two villages, containing about two thousand people. Their houses are made of very long and broad plank, resting upon the edges of each other, fastened together by means of withes, and supported by posts.

As you enter one of their houses, you find benches raised on the sides of the room. These are covered with mats, upon which the family sit and sleep. The fireplace is in the middle of the floor, but they have neither hearth nor chimney.

They have very fine furs; and when Captain Cook was there, he purchased some, not thinking they were very valuable, but when he arrived in China, he sold skins, which cost but sixpence, for a hundred dollars. Since Captain Cook's time, many vessels have been to Nootka Sound after furs, and made their voyages very profitable.

I will only add, that Nootka Sound lies west of Boston, about three thousand miles. But should any of my readers ever go thither, they will probably go by water. In this case, if they sail from New York, they will proceed south along the American coast, round Cape Horn, and then north to the Sound. The voyage will take them about five months, and they will sail not less than fifteen thousand miles.

ONALASKA.

Before we return to the eastern side of the continent, we must notice the people who inhabit the Fox Islands, the largest of which is called Onalaska. This island lies in the Pacific Ocean, at some distance from the peninsula of Alaska, as you may perceive by looking on a map.

This island, also, was first discovered by Captain Cook, in 1778. The inhabitants here are described as being in stature about middle size, with full round faces, flat noses, black eyes and hair, but no beard; for this they pluck out by the roots as soon as it begins to grow. Their skin is quite dark, but is rendered still more so by the manner in which they live.

The inhabitants appear to be good-natured and benevolent; but if their anger is once roused, it is not easily allayed. Their common dress, in rainy weather, is a garment, made of the entrails of the sea-dog. This secures them against the rain. In dry and cold weather, they wear a garment made of feathers, curiously sewed together, and which costs a person sometimes a whole year's labor. Their hats are made of wood, and very much resemble an umbrella.

They are quite fond of ornaments, particularly beads, and small ivory figures cut from the teeth of the sea-cow,

and with the bristles of the sea-lion's beard—all of which they put upon their hats. The women ornament themselves with rings upon their fingers, and with belts of glass beads upon their wrists and ankles.

The houses in which they dwell are large holes, dug in the ground, and covered with a roof, over which earth is thrown, and grass grows upon it. In the centre of the roof a hole is cut. This is all the door, window, and chimney which they have. They enter the house, and go out of it, by means of an upright post, with pins in it. Their habitations are generally filthy places. They are filled with the smoke of burnt oil, which they use for light and cooking. They live principally upon fish and sea-dogs.

The canoes of these people are very ingenious. They build a wooden frame, which they cover with sea-dogs' skins. They are light, and are pushed forward in the water with amazing rapidity.

CANADA.

It is a long distance from the island of Onalaska to Canada; but as *we* travel, we are soon there. Canada now belongs to Great Britain, and there are many English, Scotch and Irish people resident there; but it was first settled by the French, and there are more French than there are English. Some Americans, also, have settled there, for the purpose of trade.

The English and American inhabitants of Canada are intelligent and polished people, resembling the higher classes in England and America. These live principally in the large towns and cities.

The common people, or true Canadians, are French. They speak the French language; but it has lost much of its purity. Few among them know how either to read or write. They are, however, quite an honest, hospitable, and inoffensive people. They are very poor; and no wonder they are so, for they are a very lazy people. They seem to have few wants, and to be quite happy, and contented with their condition. Within a few years they have improved somewhat; but it will be a long time before they make much advance.

At an early period of life, the Canadian is healthy and robust; but he soon looks old and sallow, owing to his exposure to the weather, and the toils of the field. This is also true of the women, many of whom are quite handsome when young; but they soon fade. Both men and women frequently live, however, to advanced age.

Canada is a cold country. The winters are long and severe. The inhabitants protect themselves when they go abroad, by means of furs, in which they envelop themselves. They travel, during the cold season, in a kind of sledge, or open carriage, called a cariole. In these, they glide over deep snows and frozen rivers, with surprising celerity.

At the beginning of winter, the farmers, who are called *habitants*, kill hogs, cattle, and poultry, sufficient to serve them till spring, as well as to supply the markets. The carcasses they store in their garrets, where they soon become frozen, and keep without injury; or they bury them, and dig them out as wanted. Vegetables are preserved in a similar manner. The French Canadians are

chiefly Roman Catholics; the other inhabitants are of various sects.

I DON'T WANT TO GO!—A curious incident occurred near Paris, not long since, in consequence of a balloon starting on its own hook, without the consent of the proprietor. A large concourse of people had assembled to see an æronaut take flight for the regions of upper air, but, unfortunately, before he took his seat in the car, the ærostat got loose, and the grappling-hook, which was dangling from the machine, hitched into the indescribables of a boy, who was gazing, open-mouthed, at the ascending mass, and carried him up willy-nilly.

The women screamed and fainted, but the lad, who seemed to have been a hero in his way, clasped the rope tightly with his hands and his feet, and, with an awful rent in his aforesaids, was introduced by his inflated companion into the *upper circles*. After a short voyage, the balloon descended, and deposited the little fellow safe and sound on the firm earth.

A Chinese Dandy.

THE following description of a Chinese exquisite, is from a new work on China, by P. Dobel, formerly Russian Consul to China, and a resident in that country for seven years:—

"His dress is composed of crapes and silks of great price, his feet are covered with high-heeled boots of the most beautiful Nankin satin, and his legs are encased in gaiters, richly embroidered, and reaching to the knee. Add to this an acorn-shaped cap of the latest taste, an elegant pipe, richly ornamented, in which burns the purest tobacco of the Fokien, an English watch, a toothpick suspended to a button by a string of pearls, a Nan-

kin fan, exhaling the perfume of the tcholane, (a Chinese flower,) and you will have an exact idea of a fashionable Chinese.

"The Chinese dandy, like dandies of all times and all countries, is seriously occupied with trifles. He belongs either to the Quail Club or the Cricket Club. Like the ancient Romans, the Chinese train quails, quarrelsome birds, intrepid duellists, whose combats form the subject of senseless wagers. In imitation of the rich, the poorer Chinese place at the bottom of an earthen basin, two field crickets. These insects they excite and provoke, until they grow angry, attack each other, and the narrow field of battle is soon strewed with their claws, antennæ and corselets.

"There is between the Chinese and the old Romans as great a difference as there is between the combats of the crickets and the terrible combats of the gladiators."

A Thrilling Narrative.

The town of St. Etienne, in the department of the Loire, has acquired, by its manufactures of iron and silk, the appellation of the Birmingham and Coventry of France. Though very far from contemptible, it is however, at most, only a miniature likeness of the two celebrated towns to which it is compared. For its prosperity, it is indebted to the circumstance of iron oar and coal being abundant in its vicinity. Among the coal mines in its immediate neighborhood, is that of Bois Monzil, the scene of the event which is now to be described.

On the 2d of February, 1831, about eight in the morning, when there were twenty-six men at work, a sudden detonation was heard, instantly followed by the roar of water, rushing from the adjoining pit. The cry of alarm was quickly spread through the mine, but only ten of the laborers were able to reach the entrance. One of them was driven forward with such violence, by the condensed air and the torrent, that his escape was miraculous; another was so terrified, that he hurried forward, without thinking to disencumber himself of a sack of coals which he had upon his shoulders; a third, who possessed both presence of mind and humanity, snatched up a boy of eleven years old and bore him away in his arms.

Eight individuals perished. Some of them were swept away by the deluge—but at least one of them had to endure a lingering death. He was heard for some hours knocking against the sides of his prison; at the end of that time the knocking ceased—the flood had overwhelmed him. The remaining eight workmen were fortunate enough to reach a gallery on a higher level; but, as it had no other outlet than that by which they entered, their fate was certain, unless the water should recede, or their friends could open a passage through the rock beneath them.

On hearing of the accident, the engineers of the mine hastened with their assistants to the spot. Thirty hours elapsed before the miners could penetrate into some of the lower galleries from which the water had retired. They repeatedly called aloud to their lost companions, but no voice was heard in reply.

They then struck with their pickaxes upon the roof, and after several fruitless trials, they were rejoiced to hear an equal number of answering knocks.

Measures were immediately adopted for opening a communication with the imprisoned men; the principal of them were the boring a hole through the rock, in the supposed direction whence the sound came, and the forming of an inclined tunnel. But there was much difficulty in ascertaining the point to which they ought to direct their efforts; for the sound of their blows on the roof, far from offering a certain criterion, or at least a probable one, seemed each time to excite fresh doubts. The rock, too, was so hard and thick, that the gunpowder employed in blasting it produced but a trifling effect; nor could the pumps be got to work, and they were therefore obliged to resort to the slow and incompetent method of forming a line of men from the gallery to the mouth of the mine, and passing the buckets from hand to hand.

The persons who were thus employed, had to work upon a rapid slope, in a crouching posture, with the water dropping all round them, and generally rising up to the middle of their bodies. They had to endure that which was still worse to men not devoid of humanity. The wives of the hapless miners had heard that all hope was not extinct, and they hastened to the spot. With heart-rending cries, and shedding tears alternately of despair and hope, they exclaimed, "Are they *all* there? Where is the father of my children? Is *he* amongst them, or has he been swallowed up by the waters?"

When it became known at St. Etienne and its vicinity, that there was a prospect of saving a part of the victims, the whole of the National Guards, and several hundreds of miners and other persons, thronged to lend their assistance. The pumps were now got to work, and the line of men with buckets was consequently discontinued. Yet, notwithstanding the number of additional hands, the work proceeded but slowly. Such was the flinty hardness of the rock, that frequently the tools either broke, or remained immovably fixed in the stone. The water also filtered in rapidly through the perforation which they were making, and seemed to threaten another irruption.

It was now Sunday, and the spirits of the workmen began to flag. On the following day an alarming incident occurred which spread a general panic. A terrific noise was heard, which was prolonged in echoes throughout the mine. When their terror had sufficiently subsided to allow of their investigating its cause, they found that an enormous mass of rock had fallen into one of the draining wells. Though this fall was attended by no bad consequences, the workmen were so much disheartened by it, that it required much management to bring them back to their labors, and revive their courage and perseverance.

By dint of persuasion and argument, the superintendents at length prevailed on the men to make a vigorous effort. In a very short time, that effort was crowned with success. The instrument of one of the miners penetrated into the shut-up gallery, and was drawn from his hands by the poor imprisoned miners. But the man who had thus been the first to open a way into their dungeon, was

still more unfortunate than they were. At the moment when hope dawned to them, it set forever to him. He was the father of one of the men who had disappeared in the mine. His paternal feelings seemed to have endowed him with superhuman strength. Night and day he quitted his work only for a few minutes to return to it with redoubled vigor.

One absorbing thought occupied his whole soul; the idea that his son, his *only* son, was with those who were heard from within. In vain he was solicited to retire; in vain they strove to force him from labors too fatiguing for his age. "My son is among them," said he; "I hear him; nothing shall prevent me from hastening his release;" and from time to time he called on his son, in accents that tore the hearts of the bystanders. His first question, on the instrument being drawn from his hand, was, "My child!" His Antoine was no more; he had been drowned.

For four days, medical men had been present in the mine, to be ready to give their aid, as soon as a passage should be opened. They now directed soup to be introduced through a tube, and air to be forced into the gallery by means of bellows. Food was, however, by no means the most urgent want of the captives; light was what they first and most pressingly requested. A tinder-box was conveyed to them, but the vitiated air of their dungeon rendered it of no use. At first, they seemed to be strengthened by the soup, of which they had made their oldest and weakest companions the earliest partakers; but afterwards it had a contrary effect. They therefore for the present rejected the nourishment which was occasionally supplied, and expressed but one wish, which was that their friends would make haste. Yet one at least there was, who had not lost all his gaiety. This was a man, named Fereol. When he was asked what day he thought it was, he replied, "Sunday;" and upon being told it was Monday, he rejoined, "Ah, I ought to have known that—for yesterday we indulged ourselves by tippling freely—of water."

But though some of them retained their cheerfulness, the strength of all was rapidly failing. Their utterance grew gradually more faint; and about six in the evening, the last words that could be distinguished were, "Brothers, make haste." By ten in the evening, they had broken through sixteen feet of solid rock, and liberated the captives. Looking more like spectres than human beings, the miners, one by one, slowly traversed the gallery, and emerged into open air, which they had so recently almost despaired of ever breathing again. From the mouth of the mine to the temporary residence allotted them, the whole way was illuminated. The engineers, the pupils, and the workmen, with the National Guard under arms, were drawn up in two lines to form a passage; and thus, in the midst of a religious silence, did these poor fellows traverse an attentive and sympathizing crowd, who, as they passed along, inclined their heads, as a sort of respect and honor to their sufferings.

Generosity is a pleasant, agreeable, fascinating virtue; justice is more stern, but must be regarded as the higher virtue of the two.

energy and strength of will, are too celebrated and too remarkable to be omitted, though the authority on which they rest is not free from doubt. He built a room under ground, where he might practise gesture and delivery without molestation, and there he spent two or three months together, shaving his head that the oddity of his appearance might render it impossible for him to go abroad, even if his resolution should fail. The defect in his articulation he cured by reciting with small pebbles in his mouth. His lungs he strengthened by practising running up hill, while reciting verses. Nor was he less diligent in cultivating mental, than bodily requisites, applying himself earnestly to study the theory of the art, as explained in books, and the examples of the greatest masters of eloquence. Thucydides is said to have been his favorite model, insomuch that he copied out his history eight times, and had it almost by heart.

Meanwhile, his pen was continually employed in rhetorical exercises; every question suggested to him by passing events served him for a topic of discussion, which called forth the application of his attainments to the real business of life. It was perhaps as much for the sake of such practice, as with a view to reputation, or the increase of his fortune, that he accepted employment as an advocate, which, until he began to take an active part in public affairs, was offered to him in abundance.

Such was the process by which he became confessedly the greatest orator among the people by whom eloquence was cultivated, as it has never been since by any nation upon earth. He brought it to its highest state of perfection, as did Sophocles the tragic drama, by the harmonious union of excellences which had before only existed apart. The quality in his writings which excited the highest admiration of the most intelligent critics among his countrymen, in the later critical age, was the Protean versatility with which he adapted his style to every theme, so as to furnish the most perfect examples of every order and kind of eloquence.

Domosthenes, like Pericles, never willingly appeared before his audience with any but the ripest fruits of his private studies, though he was quite capable of speaking on the impulse of the moment in a manner worthy of his reputation. He continued to the end of his career to cultivate the art with unabated diligence, and even in the midst of public business, his habits were known to be those of a severe student.

The first manifestation of that just jealousy of Philip, the ambitious king of Macedon, which became the leading principle of his life, was made B. C. 352, when the orator delivered the first of those celebrated speeches called Philippics. The word has been naturalized in Latin and most European languages, as a concise term to signify indignant invective.

From this time forward, it was the main object of Demosthenes to inspire and keep alive in the minds of the Athenians a constant jealousy of Philip's power and intentions, and to unite the other states of Greece in confederacy against him. The policy and the disinterestedness of his conduct have both been questioned; the former, by those

who have judged, from the event, that resistance to the power of Macedonia was rashly to accelerate a certain and inevitable evil; the latter, by those, both of his contemporaries and among posterity, who believe that he received bribes from Persia, as the price of finding employment in Greece for an enemy, whose ambition threatened the monarch of the East. With respect to the former, however, it was at least the most generous policy, and that of the elder Athenians in their most illustrious days, not to await the ruin of their independence submissively, until every means had been tried for averting it; for the latter, such charges are hard either to be proved or refuted. The character of Demosthenes certainly does not stand above the suspicion of pecuniary corruption, but it has not been shown, nor is it necessary or probable to suppose, that his jealousy of Philip of Macedon was not in the first instance far-sighted and patriotic. During fourteen years, from 352 to 338, he exhausted every resource of eloquence and diplomatic skill to check the progress of that aspiring monarch; and whatever may be thought of his moral worth, none can undervalue the genius and energy, which have made his name illustrious, and raised a memorial of him far more enduring than sepulchral brass.

In 339, B. C., Philip's appointment to be general of the Amphyctionic League gave him a more direct influence than he had yet possessed; and in the same year, the decisive victory of Cheronea, won over the combined forces of Thebes, Athens, &c., made him master of Greece. Demosthenes served in this engagement, but joined early in the flight, with circumstances, according to report, of marked cowardice and disgrace. He retired for a time from Athens, but the cloud upon his character was but transient; for shortly after he was entrusted with the charge of putting the city in a state of defence, and was appointed to pronounce the funeral oration over those who had been slain. After the battle of Cheronea, Philip, contrary to expectation, did not prosecute hostilities against Athens; on the contrary, he used his best endeavors to conciliate the affections of the people, but without success; the party hostile to Macedon soon regained the superiority, and Demosthenes was proceeding with his usual vigor in the prosecution of his political schemes, when news arrived of the murder of Philip, in July, 336.

The daughter of Demosthenes had then lately died; nevertheless, in violation of national usage, he put off his mourning, and appeared in public crowned with flowers, and with other tokens of festive rejoicing. This act, a strong expression of triumph over the fall of a most dangerous enemy, has been censured with needless asperity; the accusation of having been privy to the plot for Philip's murder beforehand, founded on his own declaration of the event some time before intelligence of it came from any other quarter, and the manifest falsehood as to the source of the information, which he professed to derive from a divine revelation, involves, if it be judged to be well founded, a far blacker imputation.

Whether or not it were of his own procuring, the death of Philip was hailed

by Demosthenes as an event most fortunate for Athens, and favorable to the liberty of Greece. Thinking lightly of the young successor to the Macedonian crown, he busied himself the more in stirring up opposition to Alexander, and succeeded in urging Thebes into that revolt, which ended in the entire destruction of the city, B. C. 335. This example, as it well might, struck terror into Athens. Alexander demanded that Demosthenes, with nine others, should be given up into his hands, as the authors of the battle of Cheronea, and of the succeeding troubles of Greece; but finally contented himself with requiring the banishment of Charidemus alone.

Opposition to Macedon was now effectually put down, and until the death of Alexander we hear little more of Demosthenes as a public man. During this period, however, one of the most memorable incidents of his life occurred in that contest of oratory with Æschines, which has been more celebrated than any strife of words since the world began. The origin of it was as follows. About the time of the battle of Cheronea, one Ctesiphon brought before the people a decree for presenting Demosthenes with a crown for his distinguished services; a complimentary motion, in its nature and effects very much like a vote of parliament declaratory of confidence in the administration. Æschines, the leading orator of the opposite party, arraigned this motion, as being both untrue in substance and irregular in form; he indicted Ctesiphon on these grounds, and laid the penalty at fifty talents, equivalent to about $45,000. Why the prosecution was so long delayed, does not clearly appear; but it was not brought to an issue until the year 330, when Æschines pronounced his great oration "against Ctesiphon." Demosthenes defended him in the still more celebrated speech "on the crown." These, besides being the most admirable specimens of rhetorical art, have the additional value, that the rival orators, being much more anxious to uphold the merits of their own past policy and conduct, than to convict or defend the nominal object of prosecution, have gone largely into matters of self-defence and mutual recrimination, from which much of our knowledge of this obscure portion of history is derived. Æschines lost the cause, and not having the votes of so much as a fifth part of the judges, became liable, according to the laws of Athens, to fine and banishment. He withdrew to Rhodes, where he established a school of rhetoric.

Demosthenes roused the Athenians against Antipater the successor of Alexander in Greece, but when that general triumphed, he fled to Calmesia, and took refuge in a temple. He retired into the inner part of the building, on pretence of writing a letter, where he took poison and speedily died.

Such was the life of Demosthenes, the greatest orator Greece ever produced, and one of the most famous that ever lived.

Man is made to live on the earth, but to regard heaven as his resting place. He must keep both objects in view: if he forgets heaven, he imitates the brutes which perish; if he forgets the earth, he will tumble into the first ditch that lies across his path.

Walking on Stilts.

In some countries the inhabitants walk on stilts from necessity. In England, boys do so for fun; and it is astonishing with what agility, after a very short practice, they do so. Any boy may make his own stilts; nothing is required but a pair of poles, about six or seven feet long, upon which some broad pieces of leather or iron hoop are nailed for the feet, so as to leave the top of the stilt within a few inches of the arm-pit. The boy may at first place his foot-holds very low, till he can balance himself, and then raise them every few days, till he obtains a complete command over them. I have known boys who had great command over stilts, to wade through rivers three or four feet deep; which would be of some importance in certain situations, to which all are subject, as by such aids small rivers might at any time be crossed, and life even saved in a case of necessity.

I once, however, knew a boy, who, having attained this art in great perfection, was not content with amusing himself in a rational and innocent manner, but set his wits to work to frighten two of his playfellows, a little boy and girl, who lived in the neighborhood. He had often heard foolish people talk of ghosts, and thought it would be good fun to make one; so he got a large white tablecloth, and having scraped out the inside of a turnip, so as to leave nothing but the rind, he cut two holes for eyes, made an enormous mouth with gnashing teeth; in this he put a lantern, and putting himself on his stilts, which made him seven feet high, and fastening the turnip lantern to his hat, he sallied forth into a by-lane, where he knew his play-fellows were to pass.

After a while he heard their footsteps, and then he made himself ready by pulling his white garment about him, and placing himself under the shade of an old tree. Then he gave a loud, unearthly groan, and with a slow and measured step came forth. It was nearly dark, and a little girl and boy came gaily on, singing and dancing. But the moment the little girl saw the supposed spectre, she gave a thrilling scream, and dropped senseless on the ground. Her brother, poor fellow, who at once saw the trick, ran towards the spectre, and with a blow of a stick which he held in his hand, felled him to the ground. He then ran to his sister, but she was insensible. After a while, assistance came; but when they had taken the little girl home, and put her to bed, they found that her senses had fled forever. The fright had turned her brain, and she became an idiot, and did not live many years.

Be careful then, my young friends, never to play upon the fears or feelings of your companions. It is not only very wicked, but cruel in the extreme; and as the consequences may be serious, guard yourself against every temptation of the kind. A sudden start at the word "Boo," has been known to produce severe illness; and it is by no means an uncommon thing to hear of persons meeting with sudden death through fright.

It is pleasant to some persons to give; but if one gives only to gratify himself, he is merely selfish, and can claim no praise.

[For Merry's Museum.]

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

(Concluded.)

MR. MERRY:

Your young readers will remember, I hope, that they left our "little soldier" at the commencement of his journey homewards. Weak and faint from his long confinement in the hospital, without money, and with the sad prospect of two hundred miles on foot before him, it seemed impossible to him that he could ever accomplish the journey. But "home," that blessed word, at mention of which, "the *sailor*, clinging to the dripping yard-arm," feels a glow of rapture, filled the heart of the *soldier* with hope, and he proceeded on. Children of the present day, cannot imagine the change which has been made in the country since that period. What was at that time a "wilderness," has now become a "fruitful field;" and where our tired soldiers at the close of the day sheltered themselves beneath some large tree, may now be seen the splendid hotel, inviting the traveller to comfort and rest. Then, too, at the nightfall, where *our* two friends heard only the mournful note of the "whip-poor-will," may now be heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive, as it scuds over mountain and valley with the speed of thought. I cannot take time to give the details of adventures which cheered and discouraged our friends from day to day. They found great difficulty in supplying themselves with food; and I think it was in some lonely place, on this journey, that the sick soldier was fortunate enough to catch a young woodpecker, and he said nothing could be more delicious than the little bird. He pulled out the feathers, and ate it *just as it was!* He said it was meat and drink too, for the blood was warm! If I am not mistaken, it was three or four weeks after they left New York, that the two friends reached a village, called Farmington, in the State of Connecticut. They had been a long time coming a short distance, as the strength of the little soldier had been gradually failing during the journey thus far. Just at dark, after a day of great suffering from exhaustion and fatigue, they came to a house which stood on an eminence rather difficult of ascent. Here, the poor fellow's courage failed, and he said to his companion, "Let me stop at the foot of this hill and *die*. I can never reach the house,"—and he sank upon the ground, entirely overcome. His companion, however, had strong confidence that if he could have food and rest, he would soon be restored. He accordingly went to the door of the house, which was opened by a very respectable middle-aged woman. He proceeded to an inner room, where an old man was sitting, reading the Bible. He made as earnest an appeal as he could for the friend he had left in the road; but the thought of having such a burden upon them, (for they were rather poor,) seemed more than they could bear. Now, whether the old gentleman happened to be reading in Matthew, the passage, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me," I cannot say; but he did not hesitate long. "Let him come in," said he; "we will do the best we can for him." Here, then, new courage came to him, and, with the utmost exertion, he reached the door. The *table* was spread for the evening meal; and such a sight our "little soldier" had not seen since he left his father's house, where was "bread enough and to spare." He has been heard to say often, that at no other period in his life, was he ever so much overcome, as at the sight of that table! He wept and sobbed like an infant. The utmost caution was needed, or he would no doubt have sacrificed his life in the indulgence of his appetite. At this house he remained several weeks,—and I would to God that this account might fall into the hands of some of the descendants of that pious family. The man was named Thomas Cowles. A maiden daughter kept the house, and took care of her father. They were unwearied in their attentions to the invalid, and he began to recruit at once. His companion came on to their native place, and a brother of the sick soldier immediately started on horseback for him, with money to remunerate the family who had shown him so much kindness. When the young soldier came to take his leave, which he did with many tears, the good people refused all compensation. Now, I hope, Mr. Merry, some of your young readers will know why this was. Our "little soldier" loved and feared God. They had taken "sweet counsel together," and felt that they had their reward. Many years after these events occurred, and after the little traveller had been in the service of his Divine Master a long time, an opportunity was given to send to this daughter, who had survived her father several years. With deep emotion he took from his library a handsome volume, and presented it to Miss Cowles, with the simple quotation, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

Should any one of the name meet with this account—a branch of that family—"may the Lord bless them seven fold," for their father's sake.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

To make room for the remainder of the story of "The Little Soldier," we are obliged to defer our Correspondence until the next number.

The Goldfinch.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM, BY GEORGE J. WEBB.

Vivace.
Goldfinch, pride of woodland glade, In thy jet and gold ar - rayed; Gentle bird, that lov'st to
feed On the this - tle's downy seed; Freely frol-ic, light-ly sing, In the sunbeams spread thy
wing; Spread thy plumage trim and gay, Glitt'ring in the noontide ray. Freely frol - ic, light-ly
sing, In the sunbeams spread thy wing; Spread thy plumage trim and gay, Glitt'ring in the noontide ray.

Fickle bird, forever roaming,
Endless changes ever loving,
Now in orchards gaily sporting,
Now to flowery fields resorting;

Chasing now the thistle's down,
By the gentle zephyr blown,
Lightly on thou wing'st thy way,
Always happy, always gay.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VII. JUNE, 1844. No. 6.

JUNE, the first of the summer months, presents us with many interesting things. The meadows are now covered with flowers in full bloom: the forests have put on their beautiful garments of green: the birds are busy in tending their young; the mornings are ushered in with silvery dews, and the evenings come like a soft veil thrown over the cradle of her children, by the gentle hand of nature, to make their slumbers sweet and secure.

The farmer is now busy in gathering his crop of hay,—though, as he swings his scythe, he unhappily disturbs many a pretty nest of the meadow lark, the sparrow, and the boblink. How the latter does sing "Get out o' the way old Dan Tucker,"—as the mowers intrude upon his dominion! However, it is better that Bob should be disturbed now and then, than that the cattle should starve, and every body go without milk and meat.

But let us go to some field, where the mower has not yet appeared. Let us stop and listen to Bob—with his white nightcap on. What a set of names he has got—boblink—bob o' lincoln—skunk black bird—and rice bird. He seems to have as many names as those rascals who are sent to the state's prison, yet he has no other quality in common with pick-pockets and counterfeiters. He is

no thief, for what he takes he takes in open day; he is no pick-pocket, for while the cat-bird filches cherries, strawberries, raspberries, and grapes, Bob is content with the waste seeds of the meadows. He is no counterfeiter,—no, he is a downright fellow, and is never ashamed of his name. Meet him where you will, he springs into the air, and seems to give you a challenge in the following words—

"Jem Richardson, Jem Richardson,—get away—yet away: it's very disagreeable of you to trouble us: get away! get away!"

Different people fancy the boblink to say different things. A girl of sixteen blushes at his open, impertinent calling out the name of her lover, which she supposed a secret to every one but herself; the miser thinks his song like the jingling of keys; a tory fancies that the rogue calls him a whig; a whig, that he reviles him as a tory; a boy going home from school, imagines that he is mocking him for spelling the word *jingo*, with two gs—and a town-meeting orator, regards him as a lecturer upon that species of eloquence which at town-meetings is usually displayed—a succession of nasal, brassy sounds, with very little sense.

But let us leave boblink to pursue his cheerful, happy life, and look at that bird with long legs and a sly appearance, stealing through the grass. He is a meadow lark,—and a magnificent bird, streaked with gray and brown upon the back, with a breast of bright yellow. See! he is very timid, and has already flown. Alas, his flesh is excellent, and man has taught him that there is danger in his near approach. Yet listen to his clear, shrill note, as he flies in the air. See! there he lights on the topmost bough of yonder apple-tree. How plaintive, yet how beautiful, his prolonged note! He is not, however, so sweet a singer as the lark of Europe.

Let us take a stroll in yonder thicket. How still and secluded is this little dell. Not a sound is to be heard. Hush! I heard a rustle among the bushes! Oh, it is a brown thrush; there he sits, trying to hide himself behind the oak leaves. He has a nest near, and being engaged in important business, does not wish to be disturbed. He will not speak to you till evening. If you are then within a quarter of a mile, you will hear his song. It consists of imitations and variations that might put Ole Bull to the blush. Some passages are exquisitely beautiful, and would excite the envy of that conceited bird, the English talk so much of,—the nightingale,—a bird, that is so solicitous to be heard, that it will sing only in the night, when all honest birds are asleep.

We will say no more of this month, after introducing to you the following description of it, in the oldest English lay extant:

"Summer is yeomen in—
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new."

THE NEW KING.—The king of the Sandwich Islands has so much improved in his condition since he signed the pledge, that the people call him THE NEW KING.

Inquisitive Jack.

CHAPTER V.

About Quadrupeds.

I MUST tell you that by this time, Jack had learned to read, and this was now a source of great delight to him. It often happened that he could not go into the fields to study nature, because the weather was stormy, or perhaps it was winter, and the ground was covered with snow. It is true that his aunt Piper was generally ready to answer his questions, and to give him information—but she could not attend to him always. Beside, he found in books that there were more exact and scientific accounts of birds, beasts, fishes, insects and other things which interested him, than even aunt Betsey Piper could give.

Thus, Jack devoted a good deal of his time to reading, though he did not lay aside his habit of observing and investigating. This habit is very important, and I advise all my young friends to adopt, and continue it, however much they may read. Reading will indeed store the mind, and make it full of knowledge; but observation and investigation render that knowledge clear, distinct, and useful. So, I wish to have every body follow Jack's plan to read a great deal, and also to investigate a great deal. Thinking is to the mind what exercise is to the body—it makes it strong, cheerful, and full of health. Thus my plan is that reading books and reading nature should go together. Now, I will tell you how Inquisitive Jack managed this.

One day, he was going through a little wood, where he saw a squirrel running along upon the fence. It was of a reddish color, and exceedingly nimble. It seemed almost to fly along the rails of the fence, and at last, it mounted upon a tree. It then ran about upon the limbs, and sprang to another tree. Then it dashed from tree to tree almost like a bird, until at last, it reached a large oak. It now seemed to consider itself out of the reach of harm, and accordingly, it began to chatter in the most extraordinary manner. There was something about it that made Jack feel that the fellow was making fun of him. He was annoyed at this, and picking up a stone, he hurled it at the offender with all his force.

The squirrel dodged the stone, ran up the tree a little higher, and chattered louder than ever. It seemed to say something like this, "Oh Jack—Jack—you are a very silly fellow—get you gone and leave the woods to me and my companions!—chickaree!—chickaree!—chickaree!" While the squirrel was saying this, he flourished his long red tail, and seemed to be in a state of violent agitation.

When Jack went home, he told his aunt Piper about the squirrel, but she did not know as much of squirrels, as of bees, butterflies, and birds, and therefore she could not wholly satisfy his curiosity. He therefore consulted a book of natural history, and there he found a full account of the red squirrel, or chickaree. He found it described just as he had seen it, and furthermore he learned that it was one of the most lively of the whole squirrel family; that it lives upon nuts, and is common in the forests of New England and the Middle States—that it builds its nest in hollow trees, and lays up a store of its favorite fruit against the winter season.

Now you will be able to see the advantage of combining observation with reading;—Jack had seen the squirrel, had noticed its color, form, air, and manners. He had therefore distinct, indelible impressions respecting these things, and when he began to read about this squirrel, it was of something he had seen; something of which he had a lively knowledge; something associated in his mind with his walk through the woods, and the pleasure of a ramble. He read, therefore, with a keen delight; he understood what he read, he remembered it all, and he was incited to go on and pursue the subject, till at last he had read the story of the whole squirrel family, red, black and gray!

I tell you this just to give you a specimen of Jack's way of combining observation with reading. I must now tell you about another thing, which I have alluded to before. It would seem that ideas resemble boys; they don't love to be alone. One idea wants another; and several ideas want a good many others. You show a child a beautiful shell, it gives him a new idea, and that immediately suggests a desire of other ideas, and he asks, "Who made the shell?" "Where did the shell come from?" "What is it made of," &c., &c.

I have almost got through my story, so do not be impatient if I tell you one thing more, and that is how Jack used to think about what he saw and read. I shall give you an instance. One day, he was strolling through the fields, at a

distance from any house, when he saw a large hawk pounce down upon a rabbit. The talons of the bird pierced the very heart of the little animal, and it was almost instantly killed, and borne away by the destroyer, struggling however in the pangs of death. As it was carried over his head, Jack noticed the four legs of the rabbit, and he began to reflect upon the fact that a hawk has two legs, and a rabbit four. Having made this comparison, he proceeded to make others; and now it struck him, for the first time, that the whole feathered race are two-legged creatures, while rabbits, squirrels, cats, dogs, pigs, foxes, lions, tigers, cows, horses, and elephants are four-legged creatures. As he was thus ruminating upon this matter, he happened to take up his book, and he there found that the animal creation is divided into groups—such as orders and classes, &c., according to their formation.

He learned that four-legged animals, called *quadrupeds*, form one great class; that birds form another class; fishes another; reptiles another; and insects still another. And in pursuing this subject, he found that each class was divided into many families or kinds. Among the quadrupeds, he found the family of cats, including old puss in the corner, as well as the lynx, cougar, leopard, tiger, and lion. He learned that among the bears, there are many kinds, and also among the wolves and foxes, and all other races of animals.

And now, a new source of interest grew up in Jack's mind. This *classifying* of animals became intensely interesting. He loved to compare one kind with another; to note the resemblances and differences; to observe the influence of climate, and see how nature had diversified her works, so as to adapt everything to the purpose it was designed to accomplish. Thus, at every step, his knowledge increased, and became more and more permanently fixed in his mind; while the interest he took in study, was enhanced even in a greater degree.

Sketches in Egypt.

In a former number of our Museum, we have given some account of the wonderful things, displaying the manners and customs of the Egyptians, and setting forth many points of history, which have been discovered among the ruins of their ancient cities and temples. We now give a few passages, showing some of the manners and customs of the present inhabitants of Egypt.

IRRIGATION.

Throughout the whole of Egypt, even in the Delta, there are numerous canals to preserve the water after the overflow; and from these the country is supplied with moisture. The lands in Upper Egypt—to aid the process of artificial irrigation—are dug into small squares, connected by gutters or furrows; and the water, being raised from the stream either with a machine or by manual labor, is admitted into these ridges, and flows from one square into another. This operation forms the most laborious part of a fellah's employment; particularly where the Persian water-wheel is not in use.

HARVEST.

Immediately after the water has run off, sowing commences, the seed only

requiring to be strewed over the land, when it sinks into the soft earth by its own weight, or is trodden down by the cattle driven over it; a process generally performed in November. The harvest commences in April, when the corn is cut with a sickle, close to the ear, and the straw is appropriated for fodder, or

Egyptian mode of thrashing corn.

converted into fuel. The ears, having been carried from the field in baskets, are laid upon the ground. A sort of sledge drawn by oxen is then driven over it, which answers the end of thrashing, separating the corn from the ears.* It is next stored, and the husbandman having none of the labors of ploughing, furrowing, or manuring his land—those duties being superseded by the bounteous Nile—he is at leisure till the next overflow.

Marriage procession.

MARRIAGE.

A day or two before the wedding, the bride elect goes in procession to the public bath, which is often hired exclusively

* The mode still pursued by the Egyptians is precisely the same as that practised by them and other eastern nations formerly, as described in Numbers xviii. 27; Deuteronomy xxv. 4; Isaiah xxviii. 27, 28; Ruth iii. v. 2—9.

for her and her friends. A canopy of silk is borne over her by four men, preceded by musicians, and sometimes by persons who perform some feat of strength or a mock fight with swords; the female relations of the maiden are also of the party; and when in the bath, the company is amused by *almehs* and other musicians.

On returning from the bath the bride takes a large lump of henna, and going round to her guests solicits a contribution of money, when each person generally sticks a small piece of gold into the henna, which on being relieved of the coins, is afterwards applied to her hands and feet. The evening of this ceremony is called "The night of the henna."

The next day, the bride proceeds to the house of her future lord in the same order as when she goes to the bath; and on arriving at the harem all her friends leave her, except her mother or other near relation, the bridegroom remaining below with his friends. Sometimes he goes to a mosque, and on his return, after seeing the company supplied with pipes and sherbet, is for the first time introduced to his wife; and having been left alone with her he presents her money, which is called "the price of uncovering the face." This is an awkward moment for the bride, whose form and features do not always bear out the praises that the match-maker has previously bestowed on them by way of description; and lovers have been known to betray disappointment at this delicate juncture. On removing the covering it is however proper for him to say, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful, blessed be this night!" the lady must answer "God bless thee!" Several women are stationed outside the door, who, at a signal from the bridegroom, set up cries of joy—which are responded to by others below and in the neighborhood—to signify that he acknowledges his bride, and that she equals his expectations: these ceremonies over, the man rejoins his male friends, with whom he spends an hour or two in sociality, and then returns to his wife.

MOSQUES.

The houses of worship in Cairo are magnificent and spacious. The principal mosque, called the church of Lazarus, is situated in the middle of the city. Van Egmont says that between five and six thousand persons receive their subsistence from it, and that two thousand lie in it every night. Formerly the interior was as a sealed book to all who did not follow the faith of the prophet; for, if any stranger happened to enter it, he was instantly imprisoned, and his only chance of escape from death was to turn Mohammedan.

The minarets, or high towers of the mosques, are surrounded, at a great elevation, with projecting galleries, in which stand the public criers, who announce the stated times of prayer prescribed by the Mohammedan law. Upwards of eight hundred voices may be heard at once from these lofty stations, from which, also, prayers are on extraordinary occasions, offered up.

BURIALS.

The Egyptians seldom keep a corpse in their houses on the night succeeding death; and never bury their dead after sunset. Rose-water, camphor, and other perfumes, are sprinkled over the de-

Great Mosque of Sultan Hassan, Grand Cairo.

ceased, his nostrils and ears are stuffed with cotton, the ankles bound, and the hands placed over his breast. If he have been a man of wealth, he is wrapped successively in layers of muslin, cotton cloth, and cloth of cotton and silk, and lastly, a Cashmere shawl. He is then placed on a bier, and a procession is formed of chanters, with the relations and domestics of the deceased; and passages from the Koran, with a dirge, are recited during the way. The bier is first carried into a mosque, when the imán and his assistant repeat certain prayers over it; and after the performance of some minor rites, the funeral train proceeds to the burial-ground.* When within the tomb a singular ceremony is performed by a person called "the instructor of the dead;" who, sitting before it, speaks to the corpse as if it were a living person, saying, that there will come two angels who will ask certain questions, which he also tells the body how to answer. The two angels are supposed to visit the dead on the succeeding night, when the soul will depart and the body be tortured for its sins. After burial, prayers are recited and certain forms gone through by the relatives, to facilitate the entrance of the deceased

* Every city in Egypt has a *necropolis*, or burial-place, so situated as to be secure from injury by the inundations of the Nile. In Upper Egypt these "silent cities" are hollowed out of the mountain-sides.

Burial procession.

into paradise. Wailers are sometimes hired at funerals, to make loud lamentations; but in the case of a *welee*, or reputed saint, these mournings are turned into cries of joy at the release of the pious man from this world, to the world of happiness; to which it is believed he has certainly departed.

The religious *superstitions* of the Egyptians present a remarkable feature in their character; as many of them are not only believed in by the learned, but are sanctioned by the Koran. The principal of these is the belief in genii, a class of spirits who play so prominent a part in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." These supernatural beings are supposed to hold a sort of middle rank between angels and men—to be created of fire, capable of assuming any form, and of becoming invisible. They are presumed to inhabit rivers, ruined houses, wells, baths, ovens, &c.

TINGING THE EYES.

It is a common practice with ladies in Egypt as in Persia, to tinge their eyes with a black powder, called *khol*. This seems to have been an ancient practice, for vessels containing this powder have been found in the tombs. The hands and feet are also tinged with a decoction of the henna tree, a kind of privet, which imparts an orange hue. Women of the lower classes mark their bodies with a blue tint, like that used by sailors in tattooing their wrists and arms.

Tinging the eyes.

Pictures of Various Nations.

CHAPTER VI.

MEXICO.

SOUTH-WEST of the United States is the country of *Mexico*. Till within a few years, it was a Spanish colony; but is now independent.

In Mexico there are *seven* kinds of people: 1. *Whites*, born in Europe; 2. *Creoles*, born of Spanish parents in America; 3. *Mestizoes*, or descendants of Whites and Indians; 4. *Mulattoes*, sprung from Whites and Negroes; 5. *Zambas*, the offspring of Indians and Negroes; 6. *Indians*, who are the copper-colored native race; and 7. *African Negroes.*

The Mexicans are of good *stature*, well proportioned, and so free from personal defects, that there is scarcely upon the earth a nation, in which fewer deformed persons are to be met with. Their skin is of a copper-color; and they have good complexions, narrow foreheads, black eyes, white, firm, regular teeth, and thick, glossy, black hair.

Some of the ladies are said to be very beautiful; but they have one practice, which is very disgusting—that of *smoking cigars.* They carry their cigars in a gold, or silver case, suspended by a ribbon at their side; and as soon as one cigar is exhausted, another is lighted; and they only cease to smoke, when they eat or sleep.

It is said that the Mexicans are moderate in eating; yet one would think they must eat a great deal, as they have eight meals a day. This I suppose, however, is only among the higher classes. Chocolate is a favorite beverage. but if they eat little, they drink much. Indeed, drunkenness is so common, that in the city of Mexico, the police send round *tumbrils*, or carts, to collect such as are found stretched in the streets.

The senses of these people are very acute, especially that of sight, which they enjoy to old age, unimpaired. Their constitutions are naturally sound; and, though most of them die of severe diseases, it is not uncommon for them to attain to the age of a hundred years.

The Mexicans have good understandings; but education among them is not very general. They are said not to be as passionate as the people of some other countries. They are slow, and very persevering in respect to works, which require time. They are generous and disinterested. They set but little value upon gold. The Spanish inhabitants dress very expensively. They generally wear silks, and adorn their hats with belts of gold, and roses of diamonds. Even some of the slaves have bracelets, and necklaces of gold, silver, pearls, and gems.

The Roman Catholic is the established religion. The natives retain many of their superstitious notions and practices. When one of them dies, the deceased has a jug of water given him, and pieces of paper, with directions where to go. At the same time, a little dog, or some other domestic animal, is killed, to accompany the deceased on his journey, to the invisible world. The corpse and the animal are now burned, and the ashes placed in an earthen pot, which is buried in a deep ditch.

BRAZIL.

Before we speak of the inhabitants of Brazil, however, we shall say a word or two of the country. Scarcely a finer country is to be found on the globe. Its climate is healthful; its soil fertile; its scenery charming, and even romantic; thick forests crown its hills, and perpetual verdure adorns its valleys; noble rivers pass in every direction, and the richest tropical fruits abound in every quarter. Brazil also is famous for its gold and diamonds. Until recently, the country belonged to the king of Portugal; but it is now independent. The Roman Catholic is the established religion.

The European settlers are generally gay and fond of pleasure. The men generally wear cloaks and swords. The ladies have fine dark eyes, and expressive countenances. They adorn their heads with tresses, tied with ribbons and flowers. The labor of this class of persons is chiefly performed by slaves.

If you go into the country, but not into the mining districts, you will find the people living in small mud cottages, covered with tiles or leaves. The people here use no knives or forks; and but few have tables. They eat their meals, squatting on the ground, with dishes, bowls or gourds, placed in the centre. The people dress in a slovenly and mean manner, but the women more so than the men.

In the mining districts, the inhabitants are still more degraded. You may indeed see cups, coffee-pots, wash-basins, and the like, all of silver; but other things, food, dress, and manner of living, by no means correspond.

The native Indians of Brazil are divided into numerous tribes, and speak different languages; but they all agree in wearing few clothes. Many are entirely naked. They are of a copper-color, with long, coarse, black hair; but, like the more northern Indians, they are destitute of beards. They are a strong, lively, and gay race of people. Few diseases are known among them. They delight in feasting and dancing, both of which they carry to excess.

Their huts are made of the branches of trees, and covered with palm leaves. Their articles of furniture are few and simple. Their weapons of war are bows, arrows, and wooden clubs. The flesh of monkeys is their principal animal food. This they so prepare, that at the same time it is roasted, it is blackened with smoke. A monkey roasted by a Brazilian, would frighten an American: or if it did not frighten, it would disgust him, for it is always roasted with its head on, and in a sitting posture.

PERU.

To the west of Brazil, lies Peru; and hither we shall now conduct our readers, to take a view of the inhabitants of that country.

We must first tell them, however, a few words of the country itself. Peru is a hot and barren country. It is barren, because it seldom rains there. It has many dreary deserts. The lofty Andes pass through, and divide it. It abounds in gold, and silver, and mercury, or quicksilver. Here, too, is found Peruvian bark, which is so much used in this, and other parts of the world.

Peru is a large country; and yet it has but about a million and a half of in-

habitants. They consist of *Creoles*, *Mestizoes*, and *Indians*, or natives of the country. The *Creoles* are natives of Spanish descent. They are well made, and of good stature, with lively, agreeable countenances. The *Mestizoes* are a mixed race. They are, also, generally well made, very robust, and quite tall.

By far the greater part of the inhabitants of Peru are *Indians;* but they are not now what they once were. Many years ago, the Spaniards conquered them. At that time, they were a rich and flourishing people. They understood several of the arts, and many of them lived in a style of magnificence.

At that time, gold was so common among them, that they used it, as we use iron and brass. Their sovereigns were called *Incas.* They believed the sun to be a god, and worshipped it as such. The glory of their former days has, however, passed away. They are now almost savages. They are well proportioned, and even strong; but are generally low in stature, and some of them remarkably so. They have deep black hair, which is thick, long, harsh and coarse, like that of a horse. The men wear theirs loose, but the women plait theirs behind with a ribbon. They set great value upon their hair; the greatest insult which can be offered to either sex, is to cut it off; and when this is done by way of punishment, they never forgive the disgrace put upon them.

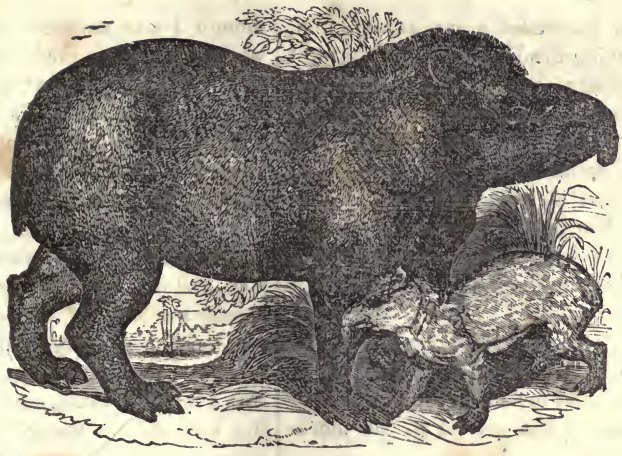
Their dress consists of white cotton drawers, reaching to the calf of the leg, loose, and edged with lace. Instead of a shirt, they wear a black cotton frock, in the form of a sack, with two openings for the arms, and a third for the head to pass through; over this, they throw a kind of cloak, and cover the head with a hat.

This dress they never put off, even when they sleep. Some of the richer class distinguish themselves by the fineness of their drawers, and wear shirts with lace four or five inches broad, fastened round the neck like a ruff. Though they wear no stockings, they have silver or gold buckles in their shoes; and their cloak, which is of fine cloth, is often adorned with gold or silver lace.

Intemperance in England.—At a meeting recently held in Exeter Hall, London, the Hon. J. S. Buckingham stated, that £53,000,000 was the annual cost of intoxicating drinks to the people of that country. That this sum was fifty times as much as all the collections for the relief of the distressed, under every form of appealing to public sympathy.

In that land of distress and wretchedness, where thousands perish for the necessaries of life, and tens of thousands more gain a scanty subsistence, fifty-three millions of pounds, or 250 millions of dollars, are annually spent for poison to augment the poverty, misery, and death. Strange infatuation!—When will old England be alive to the interests of the great mass of her citizens, and place an everlasting quarantine upon this source of physical and moral disease, temporal and eternal death.

The whole community of whites on the Columbia River, and the various settlements in Oregon, have abandoned the use of intoxicating drinks.



A Tapir.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER V.

The adventure of the monkeys concluded—strange animals—weariness, despair—a terrible incident.

My readers can hardly imagine the bewildered state of my mind, occasioned by the scenes described in my last chapter. The little apes, who grinned, chattered, frisked, and frolicked in the moonlight around me, appeared like so many fantastic sprites, and I could scarcely believe that it was not all a dream. Never shall I forget some of their quizzical countenances and grotesque gestures, as they peeped at me between the branches of the trees. After they had hung around me for several minutes, one of them uttered a shrill cry, and with many a leap, and jirk, and bound, they disappeared. They seemed to run along upon the trees, passing from the branches of one to another, as easily as a rabbit upon the solid ground.

They were indeed supplied with limbs to accomplish this. They had not only four hands, but they were furnished with a tail, which seemed amazingly convenient and useful. Never was any instrument employed with more dexterity and success. They wound it around the limbs of the trees, where they hung suspended, or swung from branch to branch. When they were travelling upon the giddy heights of the forests, they held it erect, in order to keep them steady, thus using it as a rope-dancer does his balance pole.

At this time I knew very little about these creatures, but I afterwards learned that the forests of Guiana, as well as other warm parts of South America, abound in various kinds of monkeys, and that the species who made me the nocturnal visit I have described, are called *howlers.* They are particularly noisy at night, and make the forests ring with their elvish din. It is common for one of them to mount a tree, and seem to ad-

dress the assembled group around him, embellishing his discourse with the most extraordinary grimaces, gestures, and contortions. One can hardly look upon a scene of this sort, and not feel it to be a sort of satire upon human oratory.

I did not close my eyes again that night. Morning at last came, and I attempted to grope my way back through the thickets, to the path I had lost. But I was encompassed by lofty forests, and my mind was in some degree bewildered, I rambled about the whole day, and at night found myself at the precise spot from which I had started in the morning.

My heart was now full. The prospect of perishing in the wilderness, was before me; I had eaten the last morsel of food that remained in my wallet; it seemed impossible, therefore, that I should escape. The thoughts of never again seeing my mother and my home—of dying without a friend at my side, and leaving my form to be torn limb from limb, by wild beasts, all rushed upon me with frightful force, and for a few moments, I gave way to despair.

But these feelings gradually subsided, and though no situation could be more hopeless than mine, still, hope revived, and I determined to make another effort the next morning, to effect my escape. Having formed this resolution, I stretched myself out upon the ground and fell asleep, and nothing remarkable occurred during the night. At early dawn, I arose, and set forward with the determination of being more wary than before, in order to avoid a similar result. I was very hungry, but I soon found some berries, which I ventured to eat, though I was not sure that they were wholesome. I pushed forward, as I imagined, in a direct line toward the path. But when one's head is turned, south seems north, and north south—so that a great part of the day, I travelled in the direction opposite to that which I intended to follow.

Toward evening, I came in sight of a lake, and as I was exceedingly thirsty, I approached it. It was encircled with tall trees and thickly matted shrubbery, except on the side where I was. Here was a little opening, and as I came to the edge of the water, I was about to stoop down and quench my thirst; but what was my astonishment to behold before me a huge beast, bearing a resemblance to a large black hog. It was completely in the water, but I could distinctly see it walking on the bottom and approaching the shore. Being not a little alarmed at this strange apparition, I ran hastily back from the lake, and concealed myself in a thicket, at the distance of several yards. My position was such, however, as to command a view of the water.

I could soon perceive an undulation on its glassy surface, and shortly after the bristly back of the animal became visible. He leisurely come to the shore, looked around, snuffed the air, a little suspiciously, and then began to devour the coarse herbage that grew along the margin of the water. The whole aspect of this creature was swinish, and I should have set him down as one of the hog family, but for two reasons. He was twice as big as any specimen of that race, I had ever seen; and he had a long, flexible snout, which he used like

an elephant's trunk. I watched him narrowly, and never have I seen a more extraordinary looking creature. He seemed, indeed, to be half hog and half elephant, though his manners resembled the former, rather than the latter. He seemed to feel perfectly at home, ate voraciously, flourished his little tail, and at last, sat down upon his rump, like a tired dog.

I had now remained for half an hour in my concealment, and being weary of inaction, I rushed out from the thicket, club in hand, and suddenly stood before the beast. Never have I seen such a gaze of stupid wonder, as the monster at first exhibited. But he soon made up his mind to retreat, and uttering a grunt by way of exclamation, he plunged into the water, and I saw him no more. I afterwards learned that this animal is common in the waters of South America, and probably is known to most of my readers, under the name of *tapir*.

Night soon followed this scene, and I was obliged again to find a pillow beneath the boughs of the forest; I slept soundly, however, and again in the morning began my rambles. My strength, however, was impaired; my courage was gradually ebbing away; still I continued to roam about, making the best effort I could for my deliverance. I was not alone in the forest, for innumerable parrots were chattering among the branches of the trees, and birds of many forms and hues, were glancing through the air, or reposing in the leafy shade of the wilderness.

I frequently met with monkeys, skipping from tree to tree, and as they grinned at me from above, I could fancy that there was a sneering and malicious expression in their faces, as if they understood and rejoiced in my forlorn condition. I once saw an animal bounding along upon the ground, which greatly resembled a raccoon, and a momentary

flash of pleasure came over my bosom, | at being thus reminded of a creature

with which I was familiar in my native woods. But I soon perceived that the animal had a longer tail and snout than the raccoon. He speedily bounded up a tree, and coiling his tail around one of the branches, looked down upon me with a gaze of curious wonder. I learned that this creature was the *coaiti;* an animal which is famous for eating up his own tail!

Another and another day followed, my strength and spirits gradually failing beneath the efforts I was making, particularly as the food I procured, consisting wholly of berries, seemed to give me but little sustenance. It was, I believe, on the sixth day after I had wandered from my path, that I sat down, overpowered with heat, exhaustion, and despair. I felt that my final hour was come—that I had found my resting place, and that I must prepare in solitude to die. The anguish of my feelings was not so great as might have been imagined—I was worn out both in body and mind, and was contemplating my release, if not with satisfaction, at least with some degree of composure, when a fearful spectacle arrested my attention.

At the distance of about thirty feet, lay an object, which at first, I had taken to be the fallen branch of a tree. But its dull, earthy colors, gradually changed to the most brilliant hues; its relaxed and flattened form, became rigid, rounded, and curved. Its head rose with a slow motion, and I could now perceive that it was an enormous serpent, gliding with a noiseless motion towards me. Its eye was fixed upon me with a glassy and terrific stare; its jaws were expanded; its tongue brandished, ready to strike the fatal blow. I had sufficient recollection to know that this must be an anaconda, and I expected the next instant to be crushed in its folds. The thought was too horrible to be endured. I felt a faintness come over me, and while a rushing sound filled my ears, my senses departed.

The Old Man in the Corner.

NO. VI.

PETER AND THE PIG.

There was once a youth, who being born in poverty, was brought up to labor for his living. But being of an indolent turn, he felt this to be a great hardship. He was also as unwilling to study his books, as he was to perform other tasks. He hated all exertion; and seemed indeed to think that toil was the only curse, and idleness the only bliss. If he was not the same youth, who, when asked what he deemed the highest state of happiness, replied—"swinging on a gate, with one's mouth full of molasses candy,"—he was still, of much the same way of thinking.

Now lazy Peter, as he was called, went one day to feed the pig. The ani-

mal was very fat, and even when he heard the corn rattle into his trough, he only uttered a kind of affected grunt, pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and kept his place. Peter looked into the stye, and beheld with unaffected admiration, the luxurious beast, imbedded in straw, and too happy in the enjoyment of his digestion and repose, even to get up and eat. "This is the perfection of comfort,"—said Peter to himself. "How pleasant it must be to have nothing to do, but to eat and sleep; no chores to do; no boots and shoes to put on; no jackets and trowsers to button up; no musty books to learn; no Emerson's Arithmetic to make one's head muzzy; no awful looking schoolmaster, whose very countenance makes one's stomach ache, to watch over him; no sharp voice to call him at 5 o'clock in the morning! No, no—he eats and sleeps and sleeps and eats—gets up and goes to bed just as he pleases. Really, I half wish I was a pig!"

Thus mused lazy Peter—while he rested his chin upon the edge of the pig-stye, and gazed with dreamy eyes upon the lord of the manor. At length, urged by a sense of imperious necessity—for the idea of duty, had not yet taken possession of his head—he tore himself away from these agreeable contemplations.

At night Peter went to bed as usual, but the scene of the pig-stye, had made such an impression upon his mind, that it stole in among the visions of his sleep. He dreamed that he was sauntering along upon a highway, and bound upon some long journey. Weary at length, he sat down and began to grumble at the necessity of travelling such a distance, and over such a tiresome road. While he was thus occupied, a Fairy came to him, and said—"Peter, I have heard your complaints, and have come to relieve them! You think it hard to travel this road, though its borders are decorated with flowers; though it leads through delightful regions, and finally terminates in a happy home, where friends gather around to minister to every want and gratify every desire. Your difficulty is, that you must take the trouble to pick the flowers, to visit these happy regions, to travel to this final home of peace. Well, you shall have your way: you want idleness, and deem that this is bliss. I have a stye, in which is the fattest pig you ever saw: you shall be his companion, share his bed and board, and thus find the fulfilment of your wishes!"

Strange as it may seem, Peter accepted the offer, and was soon domesticated in the stye. For a time, he enjoyed himself to the utmost: to be sure the perfume of the place offended him a little at first—but the luxury of having nothing to do but to eat and sleep, prevailed over every other feeling, and he deemed himself perfectly happy.

Thus time rolled on—until one night he chanced to hear certain ominous preparations going on outside of the stye. He heard the rolling of a large tub, and chanced to hear the mistress of the place give directions to a man to butcher her two pigs the next morning. "Two pigs!" said Peter to himself—"and so I am one of them: but I'll give them the slip!" He waited till all around was quiet, and then attempted to rise, for the purpose of making his escape. But alas he was so fat and unwieldly, and the

fence was so high, that he could by no possibility get out of the pen. And there was one thing, which struck him with absolute horror: he now perceived that he had four legs—cloven feet, a long snout, and a tail! Nor was this all—long wiry bristles stood up along his back—his sides were coated with coarse hair, and while he tugged to get out of his prison, he grunted like his companion. "I am, at last, a pig then!" said Peter; "and yet, I am not altogether a pig. I know more than this lazy beast by my side; I know what is to happen to-morrow, and while he is at rest, I am in an agony of fear. I wish I were really a pig, for then I should know no fear, and the butcher's knife would finish me. But it is really horrible to have the mind of a human being, and the body and habits of a hog."

Poor Peter in the agony of his dream made a great outcry, but it was like the squealing of a pig; the fairy heard it, however, and came at the call. "What is the matter?"—said she. "Let me out! let me out!" said Peter in his frenzy. "I can't let you out," said the fairy: "you weigh at least fifteen score, and beside, you are a pig, now; for you must know that if a human being adopts swinish habits and keeps swinish company, he gradually becomes assimilated to the brute he imitates. But there is one difference: the pig, though he enjoys indolence, is able to do so, only because of his ignorance. He has no mind which paints higher and nobler enjoyments; no desire of long life; no looking forward to the future; no sense of right and wrong; no conscience to disturb him. It is otherwise with you. You have a mind, and though you may abuse it, you cannot annihilate it. It is a lamp—it may become dim for a time, but you cannot put it out. It will burn forever, and will forever show you, and make you feel the degradation you have reached, and the happiness you have lost." Thus saying, the fairy departed.

It is not possible to tell the agony of the dreamer; he now saw his folly, and bitterly lamented it. But at last, in his vision, the morning came. He heard the hot, hissing water poured into the tub, to scald off his hair; he heard a lively whetting of knives, and at last saw the goggling eyes of the butcher, taking a look over the edge of the pig-stye. His agony was beyond bounds; he uttered a piercing shriek, and in the paroxysm of his distress, he awoke. It was, however, a lucky dream, for the youth took warning by it, and conquering his indolence, he became industrious, and grew up a prosperous and happy man.

Reader, if thou art given to indolence, take heed by Peter's dream; and like him, turn from the error of thy ways. Deem not that indolence is bliss—but believe me—the ways of industry are ways of pleasantness, and her paths lead to peace.

WHAT 'S IN A NAME?—"My name is Norval!" said a runaway youth, who was playing that character in a small theatre at Annapolis, some years since. "That 's a whapper!" said an officer in the crowd—"your name is Bill Brown, and you owes Mrs. Knipper three dollars and a half for board, washing and lodging—and here 's a writ, so come along, my darling!"

The Five-Dollar Bill.

THE following story has been published in many of the newspapers, but it is so good, that we give it a place in our columns. It not only shows how proper and necessary it is to pay small accounts, but it shows the use of money. What a wonderful thing, that little pieces of paper may perform such important offices in society, as we see that they do, by the story of the "Five-Dollar Bill."

"Sir, if you please, boss would like you to pay this bill to-day," said, for the tenth time, a half-grown boy in a dirty jacket, to a lawyer named Peter Chancery, and whose office was in Philadelphia.

The attorney at length turned round and stared the boy full in the face, as if he had been some newly discovered specimen of zoology, gave a long whistle, thrust his inky finger first into one pocket and then into the other of his black cloth vest, and then gave another long whistle and completed his stare at the boy's face.

"Ho, ha, hum! that bill, eh?" and the legal young gentleman extended the tips of his fingers towards the well worn bit of paper, and daintily opening it, looked at its contents.

"Hum! for capping and heel-tapping, six shillings—for foxing, ten and sixpence, and other sundries, eh! So your master wants me to settle this bill, eh?" repeated the man of briefs.

"Yes, sir. This is the nineteenth time I have come for it, and I intend to knock off at twenty and call it half a day."

"You 're an impudent boy."

"I 's always impudent to lawyers, coz I can't help it—it 's catchin'."

"Your eye-teeth are cut, I see!"

"That 's what boss sent *me* for, instead o' the 'prentices as was gettin' their teeth cut. I cut mine at nine months old, with a hand-saw. Boss says if you don't pay that bill he 'll sue you."

"Sue *me?* I 'm a lawyer!"

"It 's no matter for that! Lawyer or no lawyer, boss declares he 'll do it—so fork over!"

"Declares he 'll sue me?"

"As true as there 's another lawyer in all Filadelphy."

"That would be bad!"

"Would n't it?"

"Silence, you vagabond. I suppose I must pay this," muttered the attorney to himself. "It 's not my plan to pay these small bills! What is a lawyer's profession good for, if he can't get clear paying his own bills? He 'll sue me! 'T is just five dollars! It comes hard, and he don't want the money! His boy could have earned it in the time he has been sending him to me to dun for it.—So your master will sue for it if I don't pay?"

"He says he will do it, and charge you a new pair o' shoes for me."

"Hark'ee. I can't pay to-day; and so if your boss will sue, just be so kind as to ask him to employ me as his attorney."

"You?"

"Yes; I 'll issue the writ, have it served, and then you see I shall put the costs into my own pocket, instead of seeing them go into another lawyer's. So you see if I have to pay the bill I 'll make the costs. Capital idea."

The boy scratched his head a while, as if striving to comprehend this "capital idea," and then shook it doubtingly. "I don't know about this; it looks tricky. I 'll ask boss though, if as how you say you won't pay it no how without being sued."

"I 'd rather be sued if he 'll employ me, boy!"

"But who 's to pay them costs—the boss?"

The lawyer looked at once very serious, and then gave another of those long whistles peculiar to him.

"Well, I am a sensible man, truly! My anxiety to get the costs of the suit blinded me to the fact that they had got to come out of one of my own pockets before they could be safely put into the other pocket! Ah; well, my boy, I suppose I must pay. Here is a five-dollar bill. Is it receipted?—it is so dirty and greasy I can't see."

"It was nice and clean three months ago when boss gin it to me, and the writin' shined like Knapp's Blackin'—it 's torn so of a dunnin' so much."

"Well, here 's your money," said the man of law, taking a solitary five-dollar note from his watch fob; "now, tell your master, Mr. Last, that if he has any other accounts he wants sued, I will attend to them with the greatest pleasure."

"Thank'ee," answered the boy, pocketing five, "but you is the only regular dunnin' customer boss has, and now you 've paid up, he has n't none but cash folks. Good day to you."

"Now there goes a five-dollar note that will do that fellow, Last, no good. I am in great want of it, but he is not. It is a five thrown away. It would n't have left my pocket but that I was sure his patience was worn out, and that costs would come out of it. I like to have costs, but I don't think a lawyer has anything to do with paying them."

As Peter Chancery, Esq. did not believe in his own mind that paying his debt to Mr. Last was to be of any benefit to him, and was of opinion that it was "money thrown away," let us follow the fate of this five-dollar bill through the day.

"He has paid," said the boy, placing the five-dollar bill in his master's hand.

"Well, I am glad of it," answered Mr. Last, surveying the bank-note through his glasses; "and it 's a current bill, too. Now run with it and pay Mr. Furnace the five dollars I borrowed of him yesterday, and said I would return to-morrow. But I 'll pay it now."

"Ah my lad, come just in time," said Furnace, as the boy delivered his errand and the note. "I was just wondering where I could get five dollars to pay a bill which is due to-day. Here, John," he called to one of his apprentices, "put on your hat and take this money to Captain O'Brien, and tell him I came within one of disappointing him, when some money came in I did n't expect."

Captain O'Brien was on board his schooner at the next wharf, and with him was a seaman, with his hat in his hand, looking very gloomy as he spoke with him.

"I 'm sorry, my man, I can't pay you—but I have just raised and scraped the last dollar I can get above water to pay my insurance money to-day, and have not a copper left in my pocket to jingle, but keys and old nails."

"But I am very much in need, sir; my wife is ailing, and my family are in want of a good many things just now, and I got several articles at the store expecting to get money of you to take 'em up as I went along home. We han't in the house no flour, no tea, nor——"

"Well, my lad, I'm sorry. You must come to-morrow. I can't help you unless I sell the coat off my back, or pawn the schooner's kedge. Nobody pays me."

The sailor, who had come to get an advance of wages, turned away sorrowful, when the apprentice boy came up and said, in his hearing, "Here, sir, is five dollars Mr. Furnace owes you. He says when he told you he couldn't pay your bill to-day, he didn't expect some money that came in after you left the shop."

"Ah, that's my fine boy! Here, Jack, take this five-dollar bill, and come Saturday and get the balance of your wages."

The seaman, with a joyful bound, took the bill, and touching his hat, sprung with a light heart on shore and hastened to the store where he had already selected the comforts and necessaries which his family stood so much in need of.

As he entered, a poor woman was trying to prevail on the store-keeper to settle a demand for making his shirts.

"You had better take it out of the store, Mrs. Conway," he said to her; "really, I have not taken half the amount of your bill to-day, and don't expect to. I have to charge every thing, and no money comes in."

"I can't do without it," answered the woman: "my daughter is very ill, and in want of every comfort; I am out of fire-wood, and indeed I want many things which I have depended on this money to get."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Conway," said the store-keeper, looking into his money-drawer; "I have not five shillings here, and your bill is five dollars and ninepence."

The poor woman thought of her invalid child, and wrung her hands.

"A sailor was here a while ago and selected full five dollars' worth of articles, here on the counter, and went away to get his wages to pay for them; but I question if he comes back. If he does and pays for them, you shall have your money, madam."

At this instant Jack made his appearance in the door.

"Well, ship-mate," he cried, in a tone much more elevated than when he was discovered speaking with the captain; "well, my hearty, hand over my freight. I've got the document, so give us possession!" and displaying his five-dollar note, he laid hold of his purchases.

The store-keeper, examining and seeing the note was a good one, bade him take them with him, and then sighing, as he took another and last look at the bill, he handed it to the poor widow, who, with a joyful smile, received it from him and hastened from the store.

In a low and very humble tenement, near the water, was a family of poor children, whose appearance exhibited the utmost destitution. On a cot-bed near, lay a poor woman, ill and emaciated. The door opened, and a man in coarse, patched garments entered with a wood-saw and cross, and laid them down by the door side, and approached the bed.

"Are you any better, dear?" he asked

in a rough voice, but in the kindest tones.

"No—have you found work? If you could get me a little nourishing food, I should regain my strength."

The man gazed upon her pale face a moment, and again taking up his saw and cross, went out. He had not gone far before a woman met him, and said she wished him to follow her and saw some wood for her. His heart bounded with hope and gratitude, and he went after her to her dwelling, an abode but little better than his own for its poverty, yet wearing an air of comfort. He sawed the wood, split and piled it, and received six shillings, with which he hastened to a store for necessaries for his sick wife, and then hurried home to gladden her heart with the delicacies he had provided. Till now he had had no work for four days, and his family had been starving; and from this day his wife got better and was at length restored to her family and to health, from a state of weakness to which another day's continuance would probably have proved fatal.

These six shillings, which did so much good, were paid him by the poor woman from the five dollars she had received from the store-keeper, and which the sailor had paid him. The poor woman's daughter, also, was revived and ultimately restored to health; and was lately married to a young man who had been three years absent and returned *true to his troth.* But for the five dollars which had been so instrumental in her recovery, he might have returned to be told that she, whose memory had so long been the polar star of his heart, had perished.

So much good did the five-dollar bill do which Peter Chancery, Esq. so reluctantly paid to Mr. Last's apprentice boy, though little credit is due to this legal gentleman for the results that followed. It is thus that Providence often makes bad men instruments of good to others. Let this story lead those who think a "small bill" can stand because it is a small bill, remember how much good a five-dollar bill has done in one single day—and that in paying a *series* of twenty bills, they may dispense good to hundreds around them.

The Lark.

A GERMAN ALLEGORY.

In the balmy morning of a spring day, a farmer walked with his son into the field. The cool morning wind played with the silver locks of the old man, and lifted the blooming stems of the field, so that they appeared like a cloud over the waving grain.

And the old man said, "Behold how active nature is for our good! With the same breath which cools our cheeks, she makes our fields fruitful, so that our barns are filled.

"Eighty years have I witnessed this, and still it is as pleasing to me as though I saw it to-day for the first time. It may easily be the last! For have I not reached the limit of human life!"

Thus the old man spake. Then the son pressed his hand and was grieved in his heart.

But the father said, "Why do you mourn? Behold, my day is ended, and my evening has come. If a new morn-

ing is to break upon me, it must first be night. But it will appear to me like a night of summer, cool, and lovely, when the evening twilight melts into the twilight of morning."

"Oh my father," said the son, "how can you speak so composedly of that, which will be to us the cause of severe affliction? You have given me an emblem of your death. Oh give me an emblem of your life, my father!"

Then the old man replied, "That I can easily do. For the life of a farmer is simple, like nature, which surrounds him. See the lark yonder; do you observe how it arises out of the grain-field singing! It does not soar so near the farmer for nothing! For it is the emblem of his life.

"Behold, it is born and matured in the lap of maternal earth, and feeds itself in the nourishing furrow. Among the waving stems it builds its nest and hatches its eggs, and takes care of its young. And the animating exhalations of the ground and the green field strengthen its wings, and the voice of its bosom. But now it arises towards heaven, and looks down from above on the stems and grain, and the tender mother, and upwards at the light, which rears the stems, and in the cloud, which sends dew and rain on the earth. As soon as morning begins to dawn, it is on the wing, to salute the early messenger of approaching day. And when the evening sun is sinking below the horizon, it rises again to drink of his last celestial beams. Thus it lives a two-fold life, the one silently in the still shade of the nourishing furrow and the green stems, and the other, singing in the bright regions of a higher world of light. But its two-fold life is only one. For behold, it rises only to descend, and descends only to rise again!"

Thus the old man spake. And the son fervently pressed the hand of his father, and said, "Ah yes, my father, such has been your life! Oh, may it be a source of joy to us for a long time to come!"

Thereupon the old man replied, "The clod is too heavy for me! Why do you envy me the undivided life of pure harmony and brighter light?

"The day is sultry. Come, let us return home."

Origin of the Names of the several United States.

MAINE was so called, as early as 1623, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, November 7th, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, January 16th, 1777, from the French, *verd mont*, the green mountain.

Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. Massachusetts is said to signify "Blue Hills."

Rhode Island was so called, in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Moheakanneew word, signifying *long river*.

New York was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England.

New Jersey was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom this territory was granted.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn.

Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la War, who died in this bay.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

Virginia was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

Carolina was so called by the French in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX. of France.

Georgia was so called in 1732, in honor of King George II.

Alabama was so called in 1817, from its principal river.

Mississippi was so called in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the *whole river*, that is, the river formed by the union of many.

Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XIV. of France.

Tennessee was so called in 1796, from its principal river. The word Ten-assee is said to signify a *curved spoon*.

Kentucky was so called in 1792, from its principal river.

Illinois was so called in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify *the river of men*.

Indiana was so called in 1809, from its being, for a long time, occupied by several large Indian tribes.

Ohio was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

Missouri was so called in 1821, from its principal river.

Michigan was so called in 1805, from the lake on its border.

Arkansas was so called in 1819, from its principal river.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, in Spanish *Pascua Florida*. Some say it was so called from its *florid* appearance, in consequence of the great number of flowers it produced.

Columbia was so called in reference to Columbus.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal river.

Iowa is so called from its principal river.

Oregon is so called from its principal river.

Battle between a Rat and a Crab.

The following incident is related in a late English journal:

In the year 1812, a sailor in company with several persons, at Sunderland, a short time before, perceived a crab which had wandered to the distance of about three yards from the water side.

An old rat, on the look-out for food, sprang from his lurking-place and seized the crab, who, in return, raised his forcep claws, and laid fast hold of the assailant's nose, who, when opportunity offered, hastily retired, squeaking a doleful chant, much surprised, no doubt, at the unexpected reception he had experienced.

The crab, finding itself at liberty, retreated, as speedily as crab could do, towards its own element; but after a short space of time, it was arrested in its progress by Mr. Rat, who renewed the contest, and experienced a second rude embrace from his antagonist. The rat, as before, retreated, bemoaning such violent treatment. Frequent and severe were the attacks; on view of his enemy, the crab always prepared for action by raising its fore claws in a threatening attitude.

After a bloodless contest of half an hour, the crab, though much exhausted, had nearly reached the sea, when the rat, almost despairing of conquest, made a last and daring effort to overcome his antagonist, and succeeded (to use the seaman's term) in capsizing his intended victim, a situation of which the rat immediately took advantage, seizing, like an able general, the vanquished prey, and dragging the creature by the hind legs (proceeding backwards) into his den. After a short interval, he made his escape, and appeared to the spectators, mutilated and deprived of most of the small legs; the rat soon followed in pursuit of the fugitive, and forced him back to his den, where, no doubt, he regaled his wife and family.

Bill and the Boys,

OR WIT AND WEALTH.

As we have finished Bill Keeler's story of the lottery ticket, we will now proceed to relate another tale which was told by one of the boys who belonged to the story-telling circle of Salem, and which we shall entitle Wit and Wealth.

A great many years ago, and in a far-off country, there were two boys—one of them was the son of the king and bore the name of Selim; the other was the child of a poor man and was called Bazeen.

Selim was brought up in luxury and permitted to have his own way. He was dressed in the richest silks; his ears were decorated with diamonds, and jewels of great price glittered upon every part of his person. He was surrounded with servants, who were attentive to his wishes, and prompt to gratify every passion and caprice.

But while so much pains were taken to amuse the young prince and minister to his pleasures, his education in most respects was neglected. He was instructed in horsemanship, music, dancing and military exercises, but he had a contempt for books, and utterly refused to learn to read. He seemed to think it was enough to be a prince—that by birth he was superior to all others. He made, indeed, a mistake common enough among people of high fortune, in feeling that the rank and condition in which he was born gave him a right to claim superiority in every respect over all around him. He forgot that there is no royal road to learning—that the prince as well as the plebeian must study to acquire knowledge, and that a person with a full

purse may be a pauper with respect to brains.

Young Bazeen was very different from all this. His father, as we have said, was poor. He had no jewels with which to decorate the person of his son, nor could he do more in respect to dress than to clothe him in the plainest attire. But he had still the power of giving his boy an education, for learning was little prized in that country, and the schoolmaster undertook the education of Bazeen for a very small compensation. Thus, the boy was taught the learning of that day, and among other things was made acquainted with several different languages.

When the two youths we have described were approaching the period of manhood, they joined the army of their country and went on an expedition against a distant enemy. Bazeen was attached to Selim's corps, which consisted of a troop of horse, and though a private soldier, he attracted the notice of the youthful prince. They at last met the enemy, and their army being defeated in the terrible engagement which followed, they were both taken and carried into captivity.

The appearance of Selim marked him as a person of some consequence, and he was therefore ordered into the presence of the king whose soldiers had made him prisoner. Bazeen accompanied him as his attendant. The young prince had taken care to decorate his person in the most costly manner, expecting in this way to dazzle the eyes of the monarch, before whom he was to appear.

The two prisoners were soon led into the presence of the sovereign. He received the young prince graciously, and began to ask him questions about the battle, and the country from which he came. But he soon perceived that Selim was ill informed upon these subjects, and that he was, in fact, deficient in intelligence and observation. He then turned his attention to Bazeen, and put nearly the same questions to him that he had done to Selim. Bazeen answered modestly, and with some hesitation, doubting whether it was proper to show himself superior in knowledge to his royal master. The monarch penetrated his feelings, and commanded him to reply. The youth was therefore forced to answer, and soon showed himself to possess a great deal of knowledge. "Bring me a book!" said the king to one of his servants. The book was brought and handed to Selim; but he shook his head disdainfully, and remarked that at his father's court, princes scorned the drudgery of learning to read. "Such tasks," said he, "are reserved for our slaves. Give the book to Bazeen, he can read!"

The lip of the monarch curled, but he did not speak. The book was handed to Bazeen, and he read the passage that was pointed out. "It is well," said the king, "and now hear my decree. Bazeen shall be my secretary, for he has learning; and his mind, which is the noblest part of man, fits him to be the companion of princes. Selim despises learning, and shows that while the body —the inferior part—is glittering with jewels, he has still a base and grovelling mind! Selim is at heart a slave, and slavery shall be his doom. This is my decree."

The sentence of the king was put in immediate execution. Bazeen was raised to a high station in the palace, and Selim was compelled to perform the meanest offices of the household. But the former was scarcely less unhappy than the latter. He performed his duties faithfully, but he did not enter heartily into the service of a king who was the enemy of his country. The condition of Selim was also a constant source of misery to him. He therefore entered into a scheme for effecting the escape of his young master and his own. In endeavoring to carry this into effect, they were both detected and thrown into prison.

It was some consolation to the two youths that they were permitted to be together, but after they had been confined for several months, time hung heavily on their hands. Their dungeon consisted of a small room, with scarcely a ray of light. Selim soon sunk into a miserable state of despair. He was permitted to retain his jewels, but how worthless were they now! They seemed, indeed, to mock his degradation, and even to embitter his misery. But Bazeen had jewels of another kind—those of the mind, which could even illuminate the darkness, and were of inestimable value even in the dungeon. They enabled him to support his confinement; his range of knowledge furnished him with constant sources of thought, reflection and emotion. He was thus not only able to keep his own mind in a cheerful state, but he often communicated the light of his mind to that of his dejected companion.

A year had now passed, when at last the jailer in making his rounds entered the apartment, attended by a person holding a lamp in one hand, and a scroll in the other. The latter addressed the prisoners as follows: "I am instructed by the king, my master, to present to you this writing, and he that can read it is pardoned, and permitted to return to his own country." Upon this he held out the paper, first to the prince and then to Bazeen. The latter ran his eye over it, but shook his head, saying "It is a hard task you give us; we have been confined in a dungeon for a year, and now you bring us a light which dazzles our eyes. Leave us the lamp for an hour, and when we are accustomed to the light, return and put us upon the trial."

The messenger of the king acceded to this proposition, and departed. As soon as he was gone, Bazeen, who had read the paper, told Selim the precise words it contained. He made him repeat them again and again, until they were fixed in his memory.

At the time appointed the messenger returned. Selim took the paper, and repeated the words it contained, thus seeming to read it accurately. He was therefore released from the prison, and taking leave of Bazeen, departed from the dungeon. He was taken before the king, where Bazeen also was summoned. "I have heard the story of your wit," said he to the latter, "and you have used it generously in behalf of your master. He shall have his liberty, for I have promised it; but you shall accompany him. He may depart; but let him carry with him the consciousness that wit is better than wealth, and the mind infinitely more worthy of decoration than the person."

Blue Beard and his Castle.

The ruins of the Chateau de la Verriere, on the banks of the Erdre, in the department of the Loire Inferieure, are, according to the tradition of the neighboring peasantry, those of the castle of the celebrated Blue Beard, the hero of the well known nursery tale. This formidable personage, who is not altogether a creature of fancy, was Giles de Retz, who lived in the reign of Charles VII., and was a vassal of John V., duke of Bretagne. He was tried at Nantes, on suspicion of having destroyed a number of children, who had been seen to enter the castle, and were never heard of afterwards.

The bodies of several were afterwards found, he having caused them to be put to death to make use of their blood in writing charms and forming incantations to raise infernal spirits, by whose means he believed, according to the horrible superstitions of the times, that buried treasures would be revealed to him. On his trial he confessed the most horrible acts of atrocity, and was sentenced to be burnt alive; but the duke caused him to be strangled before he was tied to the stake. This execution took place December 25th, 1440, and a detailed account of it is still preserved in a manuscript in the archives of Nantes.

A Horse stung to death by Bees.—We learn from the Hartford (Connecticut) Patriot, that Mr. William Russell, of Spring Hill, tied his horse near a bee-hive, a few days ago, when the swarm set upon the horse and stung him until he sunk down in the greatest agony and immediately died. Before he fell, Mr. Russell made every effort to remove the horse, but the poor brute seemed spellbound, and refused to stir. The day was warm, and Mr. Russell had been driving fast.

The Flowers of Spring.—The shower of rain that was falling a few minutes ago, is passed away; the sun is shining bright, the drops of rain are glittering like diamonds on the young leaves. How sweet is the smell of the sweetbriar after the rain! How pleasant does the garden look! A few weeks ago there were little signs of life anywhere, but now every border is full of flowers, and fresh buds are still showing their heads above the ground. Among the low green leaves, we see colors of blue, and red, and yellow, and orange, and purple. Where were these beautiful flowers in winter? Were they dead? They were buried, indeed, in the ground, and their fair blossoms were not then unfolded, but there was life in their roots. There was life, too, in the seeds which were sown a little while ago, though they did not spring up till the rain and sunshine came.

Your kind heavenly Father sends you flowers, not only to teach you wisdom, but to give you sweet and innocent pleasure. So now, my little ones, enjoy the sunshine, for it will soon pass away. The clouds are gathering again. Look for violets and primroses in the sunny banks, gather the cowslips and tie them into yellow balls, and let no innocent joy of spring pass by you.—*English magazine.*

Boisterous Preaching.—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first

period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change? He answered: "When I was young, I thought it was the *thunder* that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered it was the *lightning*—so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future." It is a pity that all preachers had not made the discovery.

Letter to Peter Parley,

AND HIS ANSWER.

Belleville, Gloucester county, Va., March 26th, 1844.

DEAR MR. PARLEY:

I am very much interested in your little book on the sun, moon, and stars; I understand it very well. The last lesson I read was about the centrifugal and centripetal forces. I have read a good many of your books of Asia, Africa, Europe, the Christmas Gift, and your magazine.

I should like to have accompanied you in your journeys on the terrestrial and celestial globes; were you not afraid of being melted in Mercury and freezing in Uranus? I think I should have been.

I have lately been reading the history of Virginia, which is the state in which I live. I think it very interesting. It tells when the state was first settled, and it gave me a great deal of information about the colonies. I did not know of Nathaniel Bacon, or the rebellion which he caused, before I read the book, although he lived and died within a few miles of our house. His remains were buried in Petsworth church. Nor did I know, before I read the history, that Charles 2d's coronation robe was woven in Gloucester county.

You may be sure I was very glad to have a knowledge of such facts. The Virginians were very loyal subjects, and would have continued so, had it not been for the manner in which they were treated by the king and his parliament.

Are you a whig or a democrat? Mr. Parley, do you think we shall ever have as good a president as Washington? I fear not, but hope we may. Mr. Parley, where did you acquire so much information as you have given your little readers? My brother, who went to Cambridge College, says he has often passed your house; if I had been in his place, I would have stepped in and made your acquaintance. I am for Mr. Clay.

I wish you would write a book on mythology. I would like to know something more than I do of the heathen gods. I have read a good deal of them, but not by you. Your method being so good to convey information, furnishes a reason why I should like to read a book on this subject by you. I have seen your geography, and think it very good for youth; it gives such a good description of the earth.

Your little reader,

EDWIN T*******.

PETER PARLEY'S ANSWER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:

Your kind letter, written in March last, was received by me some weeks since; but I have not been able to answer it till now. You speak very pleasantly of my little books, and tell me that they have given you a great deal of instruction. I am glad to hear this, and I shall be still more pleased to learn, that as they have added to your stock of knowledge, and increased your enjoyment, they have also shown you, that our goodness ought to increase with our learning. I shall at least indulge the belief that it will prove so in your case, and that you will thus, in after life—show yourself worthy of the name you bear.

You speak with great interest of Virginia—and this is right—for it is your birth-place. It is natural to love our native land, and this love, which is called patriotism, is a virtuous and praiseworthy sentiment. How many beautiful and glorious actions have sprung from it!

What a noble spectacle does the life of Washington present, who lived for his country! A true patriot is indeed a great man, and commands the admiration of the world. You may be proud of a state that produced Washington, but though I am a Yankee, he was my countryman, and I am proud of him too.

You ask if I am a whig, or a democrat. If Washington was a whig, so am I. I do not know that, in all respects, we shall ever again have so faultless a character to preside over our nation; but I hope to see the next president, whoever he may be, willing to walk in his footsteps—willing to imbibe his spirit—willing to set an example of patriotism to the whole country and the whole world. If Henry Clay is this kind of man—and I am told he is—I shall rejoice to see him president. They say he has a noble, generous, patriotic heart—and an excellent head too. This union makes a great man. Without it no man can be truly great.

I have hardly space to talk of politics, for you know it is a mighty long-winded subject. The best way is for you to call and see me, when you visit Boston. I live in a brown house, four miles from the city, and am ever glad to see my young friends. I always have a plate ready, somewhat in Virginia fashion, for my juvenile visitors. If my table is not so bountifully spread as yours, I will try to imitate that warm-hearted hospitality for which Old Virginia is famous. When you come, I will tell you whether I am a whig or a democrat—and one thing you will find out—and that is, that I like a *clever fellow*, whatever his politics may be. We will also, when you visit me, talk over the affairs of Mercury and mythology. If I do not tell you where I got all my knowledge, I will try to satisfy you that a moderate stock of learning, well employed, may do a great deal of good in the world.

I am your sincere friend,

PETER PARLEY.

Our Correspondence.

WE have this month our usual stock of letters from our good natured friends,—but we can only find room to notice them briefly. We are particularly well supplied with puzzles—enough, indeed, to get our brains, and those of our readers too, into a snarl—if we were to publish them all. There seems to be a great love for these things, and abundance of talent to produce them; why don't somebody set up a Magazine entirely devoted to them? It might be called "THE UNIVERSAL PUZZLER," *or the "Puzzler Puzzled*, consisting of puzzles, original and select, foreign and domestic, and embracing the most celebrated puzzles of ancient and modern puzzlers—edited by Peter Puzzle, Esq., aided by all the little Puzzles!" If any one is disposed to start the work, we give him the title gratis. But to our correspondence.

H. D. W——r, of Fruit Hill, Rhode Island, guesses that the answer to the riddle of our Quincy subscriber, is North America; and that of the one that comes from Portsmouth, is R. Merry's Museum. Master Walker is right—as are several other correspondents, who send us the same answer.

The letter of F. H. B. of Quincy, is received, as is that of E. D. H., Elizabeth B——g, &c., &c. The following deserves insertion as it has travelled so far.

Athens, (Georgia) April 19th, 1844.

MR. MERRY:

DEAR SIR,—I have received your Museum, and I am perfectly delighted with it. I am trying to get you more subscribers in our town, and I know that when I show the late numbers to some of the other little girls and boys, I shall have some new subscribers for you. I take a great deal of interest in your *puzzles*, and every time that your Museum has some of them in it, I sit down and try to solve them. Sometimes I succeed, and sometimes I do not. I write this to you because I see that you say in your last, that you love to hear from your little subscribers; and I am also encouraged to do so, seeing that you published a letter from a subscriber in Decatur, which is not very far from this place. I have found the answer to the Enigma of Frederick H. B. of Quincy; and I also send one of my own, which you will please publish if you think it deserves it. All that I have now to add is, that you are not forgotten in Georgia.

Your young friend,

A. C. C******.

HERE IS THE ANSWER TO FREDERICK'S ENIGMA.

His 5, 8, 11, 4, 2 and 9, is Hector, a cape on a large island.

His 6, 3, 11, 4, 10 and 11, is Arctic—a large circle.

His 5, 12, 3 and 8, is Hard—the tribe of Indians that inhabit British America.

His 5, 2, 9 and 1, is Cape Horn, of South America.

His 7, 12, 9, 7, 2, 3 and 12, is Marmora, a sea between Europe and Asia.

His 1, 8, 10, 7 and 10, is Niemen, a river in Europe.

His 11, 3, 10, 7, 8 and 12, is Crimea, a portion of Russia.

His 8, 4, 1 and 12 is Etna, a burning mountain.

His 11, 5, 10, 1 and 12, is China, a country in Asia.

His 5, 8, 3, 12 and 4, is Herat, the capital of a country in Asia.

His 12, 11, 5, 8, 8 and 1, is Achun, a town on a large island.

His whole is North America—a large portion of the globe.

PUZZLE.

My whole consists of ten letters.

My 9, 8, 5 and 6, is very useful to fur traders.

My 5, 6 and 10, is an animal.

My 10, 9, 4 and 7, is a burning mountain in Europe.

My 9, 5 and 8, is manufactured in large quantities in the Southern States.

My 1, 7 and 9, is an animal that goes out only at night.

My 10, 2, 3, 6 and 10, is a part of the Eastern Continent.

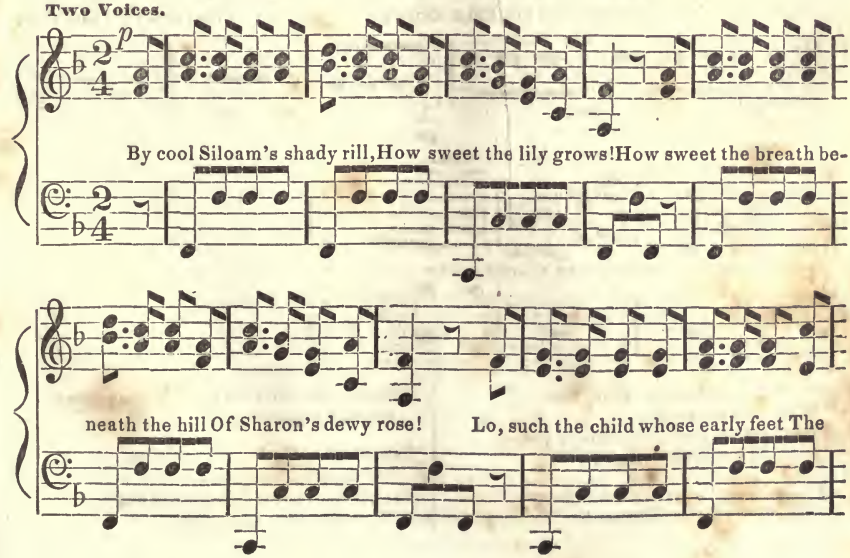
My whole is the name of a distinguished Emperor.

A. C. C.

We are requested to express, in a particular manner, the thanks of the Publishers to the post-master of Augusta, Georgia, for his kind offices; and also to Mrs. D——, who takes a special and efficient interest in our humble periodical. Mrs. S. W. L., of Leighton, Alabama, will also accept our acknowledgments for her kind offices in behalf of our work. We hope it may prove worthy of such kindness.

The Lily.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY GEORGE J. WEBB.


Two Voices.
p
By cool Siloam's shady rill, How sweet the lily grows! How sweet the breath be-
neath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Lo, such the child whose early feet The

Retard.
paths of peace have trod; Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upwards drawn to
a tempo.
God! By cool Si - lo-am's shady rill The li-ly must de - cay, The
cres.
rose that blooms beneath the hill Must shortly fade away. Must shortly fade, Must
dim.
shortly fade a-way, Must shortly fade a - way.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!

Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:—

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

ROBERT MERRY'S

MUSEUM.

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

VOLUME VIII.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VIII. JULY, 1844. No. 1.

"Now comes JULY, and with his fervid noon
Unsinews labor. The swinkt mower sleeps;
The weary maid walks feebly; the warm swain
Pitches his load reluctant; the faint steer,
Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along
The slow, encumbered wain in midday heat."

SUCH is the picture of this month, drawn by an old English poet. With us the heat is still greater than in England; yet the farmers keep busily at work in the fields; and, to say truth, it is about as comfortable to be at work, as to be idle.

Leigh Hunt, speaking of this month in England, says, "The heat in this month is greatest on account of its duration. There is a sense of heat and quiet all over nature. The birds are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The earth is parched. The shadows of the trees are particularly grateful, heavy and still. The oaks, which are freshest, because latest in leaf, form noble, clumpy canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong emulous green, against the blue sky. The traveller delights to cut across the country, through the fields and the leafy lanes, where nevertheless the flints sparkle with heat. The cattle get into the shade, or stand in the water. The

active and air-cutting swallows, now beginning to assemble for migration, seek their prey among the shady places, where the insects, though of differently compounded natures, 'fleshless and bloodless,' seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. The sound of insects is likewise the only audible sound now, increasing rather than lessening the sense of quiet by its gentle contrast. The bee now and then sweeps across the ear with his gravest tone. The gnats

'Their murmuring mall trumpets sounden wide,'

and here and there, the little musician of the grass touches forth his tricksy note.

'The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's.'

"Besides some of the flowers of the last month, there are candy-tufts, catch-fly, columbines, egg plant, French marigold, lavateras, marvel of Peru, verducas, tube roses, which seem born of the white rose and lily; and scarlet beans, which, though we are apt to think little of them, because they furnish us with a good vegetable, are quick and beautiful growing, and in a few weeks will hang a walk or trellis, with an exuberant tapestry of scarlet and green.

"The fruits begin to abound, and are more noticed in proportion to the necessity for them, occasioned by the summer heat. The strawberries are in their greatest quantity and perfection; and currants, gooseberries and raspberries, have a world of juice for us, prepared as it were, in so many crowds of little bottles, in which the sunshine has turned the dew of April into wine. The strawberry lurks about under a beautiful leaf. Currants are also extremely beautiful. A handsome bunch looks like pearls, or rubies, and an imitation of it would make a most graceful earring.

"It is now the season for bathing; a refreshment too little taken in this country, either in summer or winter. We say in winter, because with very little care in placing it in a cistern, and having a leathern pipe for it, a bath may be easily filled once or twice a week with warm water; and it is a vulgar error that the warm bath relaxes."

Military Chivalry.—"I heard once," said Father Phil, "a pretty little bit of an anecdote about the way the French behaved to one of our Irish regiments on a retreat in Spain. They were going through a river—they were—and the French, taking advantage of their helpless condition, were peppering away at them hard and fast, until some women ran down, poor creatures, to the shore, and the stream was so deep in the middle that they could scarcely ford it; so some dragoons, who were galloping as fast as they could out of the fire, pulled up on seeing the condition of the womankind, and each horseman took up a woman behind him, though it diminished his own power of flying from the danger. The moment the French saw this act of manly courage, they ceased firing, and gave a cheer for the dragoons; and as long as the women were within gun-shot, not a trigger was pulled in the French line, but volleys of cheers instead of ball cartridges, were sent after the brigade till all the women were over."

The Life of Martin Luther.

This famous man was born at Eisleben, then in Saxony, but now within the limits of Prussia. His father, Hans, or John Luther, was a native of Mora, near Eisenach; he was originally a woodcutter, and in very humble circumstances. His wife often carried the wood to market on her back. On the occasion of a fair at the latter place, the parents both went thither, and on the night of their arrival, November 10, 1483, the mother gave birth to a son. This occurred on the eve of St. Martin's day, and hence the infant was called Martin. Six months after this event, the parents went to live at Mansfeld, and ten miles from Eisleben, where the father pursued the business of a miner with great success.

Young Luther was brought up in the strict habits and under the severe discipline of the age. His father was accustomed to inflict on him cruel chastisements, and his mother, for a mere trifle, whipped him till the blood came. Such was the general system of family government at that day. When sufficiently advanced, Martin Luther was sent to Eisenach, where he had access to an institution which taught the learning of the time. But he had no friends, and was obliged to procure his own bread. For this purpose, he used to go about the streets, with some of his companions as poor as himself, singing at the door of such as would listen. He had a fine talent for music, and though he often chanted the favorite songs and ballads

of the day, he also sometimes sung his own compositions. This he was accustomed to call "bread music."

In one of his excursions, he came to the house of a respectable man, named Conrad Cotta. Before it rose some lofty trees. In the shadow of these, young Martin threw himself down, and his heart being burdened with sadness, he poured forth his feelings in a strain of plaintive melody. The wife of Conrad, attracted by the melancholy tones, came to the door, and invited the youth to enter. She then placed before him the fare her humble house afforded. The boy's gratitude, ardently expressed, touched her heart, and she invited him to come again. Thus an acquaintance began, and Luther was, after a short time, invited to take up his residence at the house, which he did; and thus, relieved from the evils of poverty, he was able to prosecute his studies. Long after, when his fame filled all Europe, these kind and efficient friends had the pleasure to reflect that the great Reformer was the hungry ballad-singer, whom they had comforted and cherished in the days of poverty.

Having spent five years at Eisenach, Luther was sent, in 1501, to the university of Erfurth, then a respectable seminary, but since suppressed. His father wished him to study law, but he had little inclination for this, and devoted himself to general literature and music, which latter he continued to cultivate through life. At the university, he showed the jovial, careless disposition which generally marks the German student. He was, however, much struck when one day searching for an old book in the library, to meet with a copy of the Bible. He had before thought that all sacred writings were contained in the portions which were read in the churches. This discovery doubtless gave occasion to much reflection.

In 1505, an event occurred, which changed the current of Luther's thoughts, and gave direction to his future life. He was a lover of nature, and one day indulging his taste in this respect, he was rambling through the fields with a friend. A storm was gathering over their heads, but they continued the conversation, which had relation to some serious subject. In the mind of Luther, the pealing thunder was the type of the future judgment. He turned to speak to his companion, when, at the very instant, the latter was struck dead by a flash of lightning. Luther stood a moment in fear and awe; he then knelt by the side of his companion, and lifting his eyes to Heaven, he made a solemn vow to devote his future life to the service of God. Educated in the Catholic faith, this was equivalent to a vow that he would enter a monastery and become a monk, which he did in 1505, in spite of his father's remonstrances.

It was in the Augustine convent of Erfurth, that Luther had now taken his vows. With the ardor and sincerity of his character, he devoted himself to religious contemplation; but he did not, in the retirement of the cloister, find the peace he sought and anticipated. He was haunted by temptations, and distressed by scruples and doubts. He discovered what had not before been suggested to his mind, that, in the absence of substantial enemies found in the world,

the mind may people the solitary cell with demons, which have the power as effectually to stab our peace.

In the convent Luther at last found a friend, who understood his character and ministered to his spiritual wants. This was Staupnitz, the provincial of the order, or ecclesiastical governor of the Augustine convents in the district of Erfurth. He was an intelligent, honest, and kindhearted man, and by advice, instruction, and encouragement, cleared the mind and lightened the heart of the distracted votary.

The talents of Luther were soon appreciated, and in 1508, at the instance of Staupnitz, he was appointed a professor of philosophy in the university of Wittenberg. He here delivered lectures, which were well attended, and which were marked by a freedom of thought and manner unusual at that day. In 1510, he was sent to Italy, on business connected with the order, which laid the foundation of a great change in his views.

Luther was a sincere votary of the Catholic Church. With the simplicity of an honest mind, he supposed that he should find religion in its utmost purity at Rome, and that the Pope, the head of the church, would be a fit representative of the Holy Apostle of whom he claimed to be the successor. How was he doomed to be disappointed in these views!

On his arrival at the city of Milan, he was received into one of the convents as a guest. Here he found his brethren, instead of devoting themselves to the austerities of religion, as was the case at Wittenberg, addicted to every species of luxury. In the seclusion of their cloisters, they sat down to sumptuous tables, loaded with luscious viands, delicious fruits and choice wines. Sheltered from the observation of the world, they cast aside the forms and ceremonies of their order, and gave themselves up to license and indulgence. Fasts were neglected—penances despised. Luther looked on with horror, and at last, unable to restrain his emotions, broke forth in terms of reprobation of these debaucheries.

The monks, being alarmed lest they should be exposed, caused poison to be administered to Luther;—the dose was slight, and they intended to repeat it; but finding himself unwell in the night, he arose and set forward upon his journey. He thus unconsciously baffled his enemies, though his health suffered for a long time from the effects of the poison he had taken.

Pursuing his way chiefly on foot, Luther at last arrived at Rome. When he reached the city, his heart burning with religious veneration, he knelt down, lifted his hands to Heaven, and exclaimed "I salute thee, Holy Rome, sanctified by the blood of the martyrs!" With an eagerness that nothing could repress, he now ran from place to place, all seeming in his pious imagination to be consecrated ground.

The pope at that time was Julius II. He was a man little calculated to satisfy the views of Luther. He had arisen from an humble condition to the loftiest pitch of earthly power. Nothing could be more directly opposed to the meek spirit of Christianity than his whole soul and character. He was a subtle politician, a bold and ambitious statesman, an impetuous and determined warrior. How was Luther shocked, when he ex-

pected to hear of the pious virtues of his Holiness, to find him only spoken of for his gigantic ambition; his worldly policy; his achievements in the field, as commander of his own forces; his magnificent schemes of earthly aggrandizement, alike respecting himself and the papal see!

One of his schemes of ambition was to erect a church at Rome, surpassing all others in magnificence. Accordingly, in 1506, four years before Luther's arrival, the corner stone of St. Peter's was laid. In a few months, pushed on by the zeal of the pontiff, the walls were towering over the other churches of Rome; but this precipitation caused the enormous masses to crack, and thus, the progress of the vast enterprise was retarded. It was not till long after that this edifice was finished. The expense was enormous, and it will hereafter be seen that this had a direct connection with the reformation of which Luther was the great instrument.

During his short stay at Rome, Luther beheld the pope in a religious procession. He was raised on a platform, and carried on the shoulders of priests, who deemed it a favor thus to bear the sacred representative of God on earth. His head was bowed upon his breast in token of humility, but he was attired in the most gorgeous robes. His crown glittering with jewels, was borne on a cushion by the highest dignitaries. Then followed others with fans, of peacock and ostrich plumes, which they waved around the person of the pontiff, to guard it from every unhallowed mote. Then came the retinue of cardinals and bishops with crosses and relics, and incense, and music, and lighted tapers, and revered trophies, with all the pomp and circumstance, that human ingenuity, seeking to capture the imagination, could invent. The mighty pageant swept by, "and this," said Luther, "was all I saw of religion in Rome."

He stayed but a fortnight in that city. He was disheartened and disgusted with what he saw. Rome was filled with vice of every horrid form, and every degree of enormity. He found, too, that the pope and his cardinals were mere men of the world, that the priests were generally voluptuaries, and many of them open infidels. Admitted as he was to intimacy with many of them, he found that they often made a jest and mockery of the most holy rites, and even while performing the offices of the sacrament, in a sort of by-play turned them into ridicule, and sneered at the deluded people who looked with reverence upon these ceremonies. He hastened back to Germany, his heart distressed, his mind bewildered, his faith shaken. It was this going to Rome, however, that laid the foundation of his subsequent career.

Having returned to Wittenberg, Luther devoted himself to his professorship, seeking peace of mind in a vigorous discharge of its duties. Staupnitz, who saw his great powers, urged him to become a doctor of divinity. Luther consented, and Frederick, Elector of Saxony, and called the Wise, being proud of him, as a native of his dominion, and an ornament of the university, paid the expenses of his inauguration.

Julius II. died February 13, 1513, and the Cardinal Jean de Medicis, under the

name of Leo X., became the pope. In 1517, he authorized the sale of indulgences in Germany, as Julius II. had done in France, Poland, &c. The avowed object was to raise money to defray the expenses of the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, and to sustain the christian league against the Turks. Very little, however, of the vast sums of money obtained, was devoted to the objects for which it was avowedly raised.

The practice of granting indulgences, had existed for centuries before the time of Luther. The Romish Church, assuming to embody the power of Christ, claimed the privilege of remitting the penalty and averting the punishment, here and hereafter, of any sin committed, provided it was confessed and repented of. A penance was often imposed, as the condition of such remission and forgiveness. This penance frequently was commuted for a sum of money, given to the church. Thus money, in the light of penance, became one of the means and instruments by which sin was to be pardoned. From this position, the next step, the sale of indulgences, was obvious and easy. The popes and priests wanted money, and holding the consciences of men in their grasp, they easily laid them under contribution.

Leo's chief agent in the sale of indulgences was a Dominican monk, by the name of Tetzel. He was a man of high rank and station in the church, and possessed all the address, cunning and effrontery necessary to success in such a business. Clothed with the full power of the pope, and encompassed by all the insignia of the church, his manner was lofty and his aspect imposing. He was paid eighty florins, or forty dollars, a month, beside all his expenses. He was allowed a carriage and three horses. His perquisites, however, far exceeded his regular pay. His success was so great, that at the town of Freyberg, he sold indulgences to the amount of two thousand florins, in two days.

To show the effrontery of the man, thus employed by the pope, we may state that he was guilty of the most abominable profligacy, and though a priest, sworn to celibacy, carried about with him two of his own children! These things, however, did not prevent the success of his traffic. When he came to a place, he went into the church, and set up a cross, with the pope's arms suspended upon it. He then ascended the pulpit, and addressed the multitude who gathered to hear him.

He declared that indulgences "are the most precious and sublime gifts of God;" that "this cross has as much efficacy as the cross of Christ." "Draw near, and I will give you letters, duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter devise and commit, shall all be forgiven you." "I would not exchange my privileges for those of St. Peter in Heaven, for I have saved more souls with my indulgences, than he with his sermons." "There is no sin so great that the indulgence cannot remit it"—"only pay largely, and the greatest crime shall be forgiven!" "Even repentance is not indispensable."

Having thus set forth the tempting qualities of his merchandise, he would appeal to the feelings of his auditors: he would draw terrible pictures of the torments of purgatory, to which they were all exposed, and bright ones of the bliss of the heaven they could so easily

purchase; he painted the torments of those already in the fires of hell, and appealed to friends around, to know if they would not buy an indulgence for them—for they could even reach such as had already entered into judgment. "Yes," said he, "the very moment that the money clinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies free to Heaven!"

Thus every art and device was adopted, to cheat the people into the purchase of these impious, corrupting and fraudulent papers. At the present day, it would be matter of course, that such practices would be punished by confinement in the state's prison; but at that period, under the high sanction of the church, the fraud was not detected by the mass, and multitudes readily availed themselves of the opportunity to appease their consciences for past crimes, and to fortify themselves in impunity for future iniquity. It is scarcely possible to conceive of the state of darkness into which the minds of men had sunk, at this period. Was it not necessary, that reformation should be wrought in that church, which had brought mankind to this condition?

The people flocked in crowds to Tetzel and his coadjutors. Men and women, the young and the old, the poor, and even beggars, came—and with money too—for such was the eagerness to possess the proffered blessings, that all would in some way obtain the means. Close by the cross, and in the church, the seller had a counter, where he received his money and delivered the indulgences. Confession was administered to the purchaser, but this was a mere form; it was not insisted that penitence must be a condition of pardon. Kings, queens, princes, archbishops and bishops, were to pay twenty-five ducats; abbots, counts, barons, &c., ten ducats. Thus the prices were graduated to the condition of the purchaser; and indeed, special bargains were made suited to the ability of the applicant, and the nature of the sins he wished to expiate.*

Although the mass of the people believed in the efficacy of indulgences, and the propriety of their sale, there were many who condemned the whole traffic as a cheat. Among these was a gentleman of Saxony, who heard Tetzel at Leipsic, and was much shocked at the imposture. He went to the church, and

* The following is a copy of an indulgence, in the common form.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on thee, N. N., and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy sufferings! And I, in virtue of the apostolic power committed to me, absolve thee from all ecclesiastical censures, judgments and penalties that thou mayest have merited; and further, from all excesses, sins, and crimes, that thou mayest have committed, however great and enormous they may be, and of whatever kind,—even though they should be reserved to our holy father the Pope, and to the Apostolic See. I efface all the stains of weakness, and all traces of the shame that thou mayest have drawn upon thyself by such actions. I remit the pains that thou wouldst have had to endure in purgatory. I receive thee again to the sacraments of the church. I hereby reincorporate thee in the communion of the saints, and restore thee to the innocence and purity of thy baptism; so that, at the moment of death, the gate of the place of torment shall be shut against thee, and the gate of the paradise of joy shall be opened unto thee. And if thou shouldst live long, this grace continueth unchangeable, till the time of thy end.

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

"The brother, John Tetzel, commissary, hath signed this with his own hand."

asked him if he was authorized to pardon sins of intention—or such as he intended to commit? Tetzel replied in the affirmative, and after some chaffing, the gentleman paid thirty crowns for an indulgence, by which he was to be forgiven for beating one against whom he had a grudge.

Soon after this Tetzel set out from Leipsic, and this Saxon gentleman, overtaking him in the forests of Jutterbock, gave him a severe drubbing, and carried off the box in which he had his treasures. Tetzel raised a great clamor for this act of violence, and brought an action before the judges of the district against the perpetrator. The latter, however, pleaded the indulgence, and was fully acquitted.

Luther, at this time, was professor of Theology at Wittenberg, and he soon had an opportunity of seeing the effects of Tetzel's operations. Upon some persons under his spiritual charge, he enjoined penance; but they refused to submit to this, declaring that they had been released from every penalty by Tetzel. Luther having denied them absolution, because they would not submit to the prescribed penance, some of them went to Tetzel, and made complaints of Luther. Upon this, the former threatened with punishment, here and hereafter, all those who should deny the efficiency of his indulgences.

(To be continued.)

The Two Red Cents.

A GROCER in Clinton county sold a drunkard a pint of new rum *according to law*, and made *two red cents clear profit*. The drunkard shot his son-in-law while intoxicated; and his apprehension, confinement in jail, execution, &c. cost the county more than *one thousand dollars*—which temperate men had to earn by the sweat of their brows! What say tax-payers? Are you willing to pay a thousand dollars to enable the grog-seller to make *two red cents?*

But this case is comparatively nothing when contrasted with a recent transaction about the 1st of July, 1843. An Indian, one of those half-civilized, rum-loving creatures who abound in the West, stepped out of Cataraugus county into the State of Pennsylvania, where, it seems, men are sold indulgences to sin, as well as in the Empire State; and then filled his pocket-bottle with real "Red-eye," and the seller of the poison made *two red cents* clear profit again. While under its maddening influence, he went into a farmer's house near by with whom he was totally unacquainted, and murdered a mother and five children;—all that comprised the little family, except the husband and father, who was from home. When he returned to his little interesting family what a sight met his eyes!—enough, it would seem, to curdle his blood, and change the man to stone. There lay the mother and her five little ones—from ten years of age down to infancy, stretched upon the floor—swimming in blood, *and all dead!* Oh! what desolation was there!

"No more for him the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
And climb his knee, the envied kiss to share.'

Misgive, that you may not mistake.

Charlotte Corday.

THERE are few incidents of the French Revolution more intensely interesting than those which relate to Charlotte Corday. Paris was the scene of the most violent commotions that have ever been witnessed in civilized society. All France was agitated with the strife of parties that wrestled with each other in the capital. The hearts of men seemed to be filled with frenzy. The common bonds of society were rent asunder; new and strange ideas took possession of the minds of the people. In the midst of this excitement, and wrought up by the fever of the time, to a design beyond her sex, Charlotte Corday appeared upon the theatre of action, and arrested even the attention of the maddened populace of Paris, by her heroic self-devotion.

The triumph of the Jacobins over the rival Girondists in May, 1793, rendered their power uncontrollable. Marat was

treated with more honor and respect than any individual since the revolution, and exerted a sway in the Convention and the clubs more absolute than was ever before known in bodies styled deliberative. In fact, they submitted to all his whims and caprices, and seemed to derive to themselves honor from the submission. His extravagances were more bearable from the obvious certainty that the wretch was hastening to the grave, and that nothing could save him. His constitution was never good, and at this time, he was preyed upon by a leprous complaint; which adding its ravages to his natural deformity and habitual want of personal cleanliness, rendered him a most disgusting object. But this man of blood was not destined to end his days by disease.

Of the Girondists, some were arrested and executed, others succeeded in escaping, and were outlawed. Of this latter class, a number, among them Barbaroux, he whose beauty of person and energy of mind could move the heart of the philosophic Madame Roland, had taken refuge at Caen. They held daily meetings at the town-hall, and thither frequently came Charlotte Corday, a young lady of stately figure, with an open and intelligent countenance, and about twenty-five years of age. Her deportment was modest; she was of studious and meditative habits, and was a republican before the revolution. In her visits to the town-hall, she was always attended by a servant, and her inquiry was for Barbaroux, with whom she had been long acquainted, and with whom she pretended to have business. She now heard much of the atrocities of the Terrorists; of the ferocity of Marat, who held in his hands the destiny of her country, and what was as much to her, the fate of Barbaroux. Patriotism and love both prompted her to the commission of an act, by which, at the sacrifice of her own life, she should be the savior both of her country and her friend.

A nun of Caen was desirous to obtain some family papers which were in the office of the Minister of the Interior at Paris. Charlotte offered to proceed thither to procure them, and was furnished by Barbaroux, with a letter of introduction to his friend Dupenet, who would aid her in procuring them.

On the 9th of July we find her seated in the diligence, and the details of her journey are thus given in a letter to Barbaroux.

"You requested an account of my journey, and I will not excuse you from the slightest anecdotes. I travelled with good mountaineers, whom I suffered to talk as much as they pleased, and their discourse, which was as absurd as their persons were disagreeable, contributed not a little to lull me to sleep. I was not perfectly awake till I arrived at Paris. One of my fellow travellers, who is, undoubtedly an admirer of sleepy women, took me for the daughter of one of his old friends, supposed me possessed of a fortune which I have not, gave me a name which I never heard, and, in conclusion, offered me his hand and fortune. When I was tired of his conversation, I said, 'We are admirable comedians, what a pity that, with such talents, we have no spectators; I will go and fetch our fellow-travellers, that they may have their share of the amusement.' I left

him in a very ill humor; all night he sung plaintive songs, excellent procreatives of sleep. At length I parted with him at Paris, refusing to give him my address, or that of my father, of whom he wished to ask me in marriage."

She delivered her letter to Dupenet, and the ostensible object of her journey was accomplished. But she said nothing of returning. She visited the Convention. Marat was not there, he was confined to his house by sickness. She proceeded thither, but was refused admittance.

She returned to her inn, and despatched a note, telling him that she was from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desired earnestly to see him, and would put it in his power to do France a great service. She received no answer. She wrote another note still more pressing, and carried it herself to the door. He was just leaving his bath, but her business was urgent, and she was admitted to his presence. "I am from Caen," said she, "and wished to speak with you." "Be seated, my child. What are the traitors doing at Caen? What deputies are at Caen?" He took out his tablets, and wrote down the names as Charlotte gave them,—"Louvet, Petion, Barbaroux; I will have them all guillotined at Paris within a fortnight." "Then you shall precede them," exclaimed Charlotte, and plunged a dagger through his heart.

She was at once seized and committed to prison. We will again quote from her letter to Barbaroux. "I expected to have been instantly put to death, but some men, truly courageous, preserved me from the excusable rage of those I had rendered unhappy. As I really preserved my presence of mind, I felt hurt at the exclamations of some women, but those who save their country think nothing of the cost. May peace be established as soon as I wish it! For these two days I have enjoyed a delicious state of mental repose. The happiness of my country constitutes mine; there is no act of self-devotion which does not overpay in pleasure, the pain of resolving to adopt it. I never hated but one single being, and I have demonstrated how violent that hatred was. But there are thousands whom I love with more warmth than I hated him. A lively imagination and a feeling heart promise but a stormy life; I beg those who may regret my fate to think of this, and they will rejoice at seeing me enjoy repose in the Elysian fields with Brutus and a few of the ancients. As for the moderns, there are few real patriots, who know how to die for their country; they are almost all selfish. What a people to form a republic! I am exceedingly well accommodated in my prison; the jailors are the best kind of people in the world; to keep away *ennui* they have placed soldiers in my room. I have no objection to make to this by day, but by night it is not so pleasant. I have complained of the indecency, but no one has thought fit to attend to my remonstrance. * * My trial comes on to-morrow at eight; probably at noon, according to the Roman phrase, *I shall have lived.* I cannot say how I shall encounter my last moments; I have no need to affect insensibility, for I never yet knew the fear of death, and never loved life but in proportion to its possible utility."

On the 17th of July she was put on trial, and avowed the fact and all the circumstances, alleging, as justification, that she considered Marat a criminal already convicted by public opinion, and that she had a right to put him to death. She added, that she did not expect to have been brought to trial, but to have been delivered up to the rage of the populace, torn to pieces, and that her head, borne on a pike before the corpse of Marat, would have served as a rallying point to Frenchmen, if any still existed worthy of the name.

She was led from the place of trial to that of execution. On the way she displayed a firmness and tranquillity which even awed into silence the *poissardes*, those furies of the guillotine, who in general pursued the victim to death with execrations and reproaches. She submitted to her fate with the same composure that had marked all her previous conduct.

The circumstances which attended this extraordinary action, the privacy with which it was concerted, the resolution with which it was executed, the openness of confession, the contempt of punishment, and, above all, the execrable character of the monster who was the subject of it, have taken off so much of the horror generally felt at an act of assassination, that the name of Charlotte Corday is generally pronounced with respect and a great degree of admiration.

Grammatical Witticism.—"Bobby, what 's steam?" "Boiling water." "That 's right. Compare it." "Positive, *boil;* comparative, *boiler;* superlative, *burst.*"

Conjugal Affection.

CHAPTER I.

One of the most remarkable instances of conjugal affection is furnished by the story of Victoria Colonna, which I will relate.

The Marquis de Colonna was accused by one of the emissaries of the Inquisition, of heresy and treason; and at the instigation of his uncle, Montalbert, who wished to ruin him, through private hatred, Colonna was seized and thrown into a dungeon, his chateau ransacked, and his wife and child were dispossessed of their inheritance.

Colonna had been conveyed to the castle of St. Angelo, and this was all that could be heard respecting him. Whether he had been tried and convicted, could not be learned. He was, in short, as dead to the world and all his family and connections, as if he had suffered the usual lot of mortality; and as such occurrences were by no means uncommon in the Italian states during the reign of papal tyranny, Colonna was speedily forgotten by all except his faithful wife, Victoria.

Although interdicted by the cruel laws of the Inquisition, and threatened with the denunciations of the spiritual pater, Victoria traversed nightly the walls of the great citadel; sometimes wading up to her knees in the Tiber, when making the circuit of the towers and bastions, listening in the midnight hour for the slightest sigh, or footfall, that might reveal to her the cell in which her beloved husband was immured. But for several months, all her efforts to discover it were unavailing. Yet, nothing daunted by

want of success, and feeling no love of life but in her husband's company, the faithful woman still continued in the fond and axious hope that Heaven would, at its fitting time, listen to her prayers, and that she should again be blessed with a sight of him so dear to her, or that she should at least become acquainted with his fate.

Nor were her hopes in the end disappointed; for, early one morning, as she was finishing her accustomed nightly wanderings round the black and desolate pile, her attention was aroused, about the time of dawn, by the clattering of a chip of a tile from the battlements, which fell close to her feet. She immediately looked for the falling object; her quick hopes immediately surmising it to be some signal from the one she sought. Nor was she disappointed; the tile had been scratched upon by a nail, and on it were inscribed the names of Albert and Victoria. In a moment of rapture, she pressed the tablet to her heart, fell on her knees, and offered her thanks to Heaven. She then turned her eyes toward the lofty towers, and again small fragments of stone were made to descend from a small grating about half way towards the top. "Here then," she ejaculated, "here is the cell of my beloved husband." She was confirmed in her thoughts, by perceiving the delicate hand of Albert thrust through the narrow aperture of the bars; and the sight of it so affected her that she fell down in a swoon, overcome with hope and love and joy.

When she recovered, she made the best of her way to her dwelling in the city, and immediately began to concert measures for her husband's escape. But when she considered the height and thickness of the walls, the vigilance of the guards, the jealousy of the priesthood, the suspicions of her neighbors, and the espionage of the minions of the Inquisition, she almost despaired. Yet, as she fervently trusted in Heaven for aid, she determined to use every effort to accomplish her object, and sat down at once to consider the best means of doing so.

The first difficulty that presented itself was that of establishing communication between herself and the prisoner. this the quickness of her mind immediately overcame; or at least fancied it could. She thought that by raising a small paper kite by the side of the tower, its string might be easily made to pass over the grated aperture of the dungeon. But how was the prisoner to be made acquainted with the operation, which must necessarily be made in darkness, and at a time of night, when people are usually in a deep slumber?

Waving all difficulties, however, she determined to make the attempt on the following night. As soon as it was night, she put on the disguise of one of those miserable wretches who search and prowl about on the muddy banks of the river to pick up the refuse of the city. The wind was fortunately fresh, as it was late in the month of October. She had not forgotten to provide herself with the fragile instrument upon which her hopes were built. It was a small paper kite, formed of oil paper, stretched upon two cross pieces of very fine whalebone; and for a string, she employed the strongest silk she could procure. The kite was with some difficulty at leng-

raised, and fluttered up at the sides of the tower. With great patience and ingenuity, the indefatigable wife brought it close against the grating from which the tile had been thrown. The wind caused it to beat and flutter against the bars. It aroused the prisoner. He put his hand forth, and succeeded in obtaining the kite.

Although all was dark, yet the expectant prisoner had light enough in his own thoughts to see that this was the part of some plan for his deliverance; and he could attribute it to no one but to her whom he knew to be attached to him in life or death. Finding, therefore, the string still held below, he gave it several pulls. This was felt by Victoria, who, overjoyed beyond measure, fastened a note to its extremity, explaining the plan for his escape, and promising on the next night, by the same means, to make another communication; and having so far succeeded, she withdrew.

I need not attempt to describe the feverish anxiety of the following day, both to the prisoner and his wife. To Victoria, as well as to Albert, it was an age in length. At length, however, the night did arrive, and at the accustomed hour, Victoria again raised her little kite, and by this means established a communication as before; and through its instrumentality, she supplied the prisoner with paper and pencil to communicate his wishes and his desires.

On the next night, Albert prepared an account of what had befallen him since the period of his arrest; that he had been three times examined before the Inquisition, and exhorted to confess; that he expected daily again to be summoned; and that he had been threatened to be put to the torture. He also begged her to make herself well acquainted with the plan of the prison, its avenues, passages, and character of its keepers; and if possible, to obtain an admission within the walls.

[To be continued.]

Origin of the flower "Forget-me-not."—Mills, in his work on chivalry, mentions that the beautiful little flower "forget-me-not," was known in England as early as Edward the Fourth, and in a note gives the following pretty incident: "Two lovers were loitering along the margin of a lake on a fine summer's evening, when the maiden discovered some flowers growing in the water close to the bank of an island at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and, swimming to the spot, cropped the wished-for plant; but his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement; and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers on the bank, and casting a last affectionate look on his lady-love, said, 'Forget me not,' and was buried in the water."

Pigs.—The editor of the New York Sunday Mercury appears to hold young pigs in very high esteem, having dedicated a piece of poetry entirely to juvenile porkers. He intimates, however, that he should like them better, if they didn't *make hogs of themselves* when they grew up.

Frederick II.

This king of Prussia, who acquired the title of *the great*, was born on the 24th of January, 1712. He was reared in the school of adversity; his father, Frederick William, being a brutal tyrant, even in his own family. To escape from this domestic tyranny, which was almost insupportable, he planned a clandestine flight from Prussia, with a confidant by the name of De Katt. His father discovered this before it could be carried into effect. The consequence was, that Frederick was arrested along with his friend, and both were instantly tried before an obedient court-martial, which condemned them to death. This sentence would have been carried into effect against the Prince, but for the interposition of Charles the VIth, of Austria, to whose earnest entreaties Frederick William at length yielded, with the prophetic remark that "Austria would one day discover what a serpent she had nourished in her bosom."

The prince, however, suffered a long and severe imprisonment, in the fort of Custrin, where, as if to aggravate his punishment, the unfortunate De Katt was beheaded on a scaffold, raised before his apartment, to the level of the window, from which he was compelled to witness this cruel and afflicting spectacle. His subsequent treatment in prison was as harsh and severe as that of the meanest felon, and a considerable time elapsed before he found the means of softening its rigor.

This was at length managed through the instrumentality of a Baron Wrech, whose family lived in the neighborhood, and who, at considerable risk as well as expense, furnished him with books, mu-

sic, and other comforts. By degrees he so gained upon his gaoler, that he was permitted, under cover of the night, to visit at the Baron's residence; and as the young Wrechs were sprightly and accomplished, as well as anxious to serve him, they got up little concerts for his amusement. In this way, for upwards of a year, his imprisonment was greatly ameliorated.

The old king at last relented, and Frederick obtained his liberty; but it was only on the special condition that he married Elizabeth Christina, a princess of the house of Brunswick. This forced marriage proved utterly abortive of the object intended by the tyrannical old match-maker, for Frederick never lived with the princess, although, through life, he treated her with the greatest respect. She was a woman of meritorious conduct, but quite destitute of personal attractions.

Frederick's marriage took place in 1732, and from that time till the death of his father in 1740, he resided at Rheinsberg, a village some leagues from Berlin. During this interval of eight years, he devoted himself chiefly to literary pursuits, and wrote his *Anti-Machiavel*, and *Reflections on the Character of Charles XII.* The social circle with which he was connected at this time, consisted mostly of learned and ingenious Frenchmen, and probably that circumstance contributed to imbue him with the strong predilection which he ever afterwards displayed in favor of everything French.

His accession to the throne in 1740, brought at once into action the whole energies of his character. He himself entered personally upon all the duties, usually committed by kings to their ministers; and in order to accomplish the multiplicity of business which thus devolved upon him, he laid down strict rules for the appropriation of his time, to which he ever afterwards scrupulously adhered. He rose regularly at four in the morning, occupying but a few minutes with his dress, of which, however, he was careless even to slovenliness; and this practice he continued till a late period of his life.

The details of a peaceful administration were, however, found quite inadequate to the activity of his mind. Accordingly, in the first year of his reign, he resolved on war; but, unfortunately for his character, it was a war of aggression—a war, too, against a female, and the heir of the very house which had saved him from the scaffold. He resolved to wrest Silesia from Maria Theresa, of Austria, and in less than two years he accomplished this object, the province being ceded to him by the treaty of Breslaw, in 1742. It has ever since continued to form a part of the Prussian dominions.

The acquisition of Silesia, and the grasping policy of Frederick seem to have excited the jealousy of other European powers, as well as the enmity of Austria; for a new war broke out in 1742, in which, after a good deal of bloodshed, Prussia was again victorious, and had the possession of Silesia confirmed to her by a new treaty.

In the succeeding ten years, Frederick sedulously cultivated the arts of peace, and by adhering strictly to the systematic apportionment of his time, he

was enabled to exercise a personal superintendence over every department of government, without abridging either his pleasures or amusements, and without the slightest abandonment of his literary pursuits. He carried on an extensive correspondence with Voltaire, and several of the most distinguished literati of Europe. He wrote the *History of his own Times*, and *Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg;* and he re-established the Academy of Sciences of Berlin. It was in the interval of peace, too, that he invited Voltaire, and other literary characters to reside at his capital. The visit of that extraordinary man, and its result, are well known. The quarrel between him and Frederick, and the terms on which they parted, were little creditable to either; and, besides, they very clearly proved to the world, that in the business of life, philosophers are not superior to ordinary men.

The most important portion, however, of all Frederick's labors during these ten years of peace, was his civil administration. It comprehended various useful reforms, and the introduction of numerous improvements, for the benefit of the people. He was zealous in the cause of education, and in the establishment of schools and professorships. He also caused the laws to be revised and a new code to be prepared, which, after much labor, was effected, and it still goes under his name. This code abolished torture, and recognized universal toleration in religion. Perhaps the general character of the jurisprudence he established, may be best gathered from his celebrated instruction to the judges:—"If a suit arise between me and one of my subjects, and the case is a doubtful one, always decide against me."

In the midst of all his improvements, Frederick was again roused to war. He had been advised that Austria, Russia, and Saxony had entered into a treaty for the conquest and partition of his territories. He demanded an explanation from the court of Vienna, which, being unsatisfactory, he immediately struck the first blow by marching an army into Saxony, and taking possession of it almost unopposed. Thus commenced the celebrated "seven years' war," the result of which, after numerous battles, and an incredible waste of human life and treasure, was a treaty which again confirmed Prussia in the possession of Silesia, and established the reputation of Frederick as the greatest military genius of the age.

The next ten years were spent in efforts to repair the devastation and misery which Prussia had suffered by the war. Among other ameliorations, may be mentioned his emancipation of the peasantry, from hereditary servitude, which he began by giving up his own signorial rights over the serfs on the crown domains. A good deal of his time was also devoted to literary pursuits, as it was during this period that he wrote his "*History of the Seven Years' War.*"

In 1772 he became a party to the partition of Poland, and shared largely in the spoil, as well as in the disgrace of that infamous political robbery. In 1778, he was again in hostility with Austria, respecting the succession to Bavaria, which that power, at the death of the Elector, without issue, proposed

on some antiquated, feudal grounds, to re-annex to her own dominions. This war was of short duration, Frederick being successful in settling the question by treaty. In 1785, he had another dispute with Austria, in which he appeared as the defender of the Germanic Confederation, and the rights of its several princes. Here he was also successful, the emperor Joseph yielding the question at issue, without having recourse to arms.

Frederick was now getting old, and his constitution had begun to decay. He also suffered occasionally from gout, the necessary consequence of rich diet and high-seasoned cookery, to which he was all his life exceedingly partial. He had, moreover, a voracious appetite, and he constantly indulged it to repletion. This brought on a complication of disorders, under which he suffered severely, though he never once uttered a complaint, but continued his public services with as much zeal and anxiety, as when in perfect health. He continued to do so up to August, 1786, when a confirmed dropsy having supervened, he fell into a lethargy on the 16th of that month, and expired during the night.

An impartial reviewer of the reign of Frederick, will discard all that is attractive or dazzling in his character, either from his talents as an accomplished warrior, or his wit as a man of letters. He will consider him simply as a ruler of a nation, and a member of the great European community. In that view it is impossible to deny that his administration of affairs was singularly marked by promptitude and energy. Wherever active exertions were required, or could ensure success, he generally prevailed; and to use the words of an elegant writer, "as he was in all things a master of those inferior abilities which are denominated address, it is not wonderful that he was uniformly fortunate in the cabinets of his neighbors." His reign, however, with all its glory, and all its success, both in diplomacy and war, was a memorable proof that the happiness of the people is of little consequence, even to an enlightened despot, when balanced either against his cupidity or his ambition. It was these qualities alone that embroiled Frederick with his neighbors; and we have only to turn to his own works for a melancholy confession of the disastrous consequences which were thus entailed upon his subjects.

"The state of Prussia," says he, in his history of his own times, "can only be compared to that of a man riddled with wounds, weakened by the loss of blood, and ready to sink under the weight of his misfortunes. The nobility were exhausted, the commons ruined, numerous villages were burnt, and many towns were nearly depopulated. Civil order was lost in a total anarchy; in fact, the desolation was universal." In this candid exposure of the consequences of his own policy, Frederick has given the true character of his reign. Such were the results of a successful career of conquest; one which is often regarded as the most brilliant in the annals of mankind—one which conferred the title of "the great," on the chief actor; and one which has been the almost unbounded theme of eulogy. He increased his kingdom by twenty thousand square miles; left seventy millions of Prussian dollars in the treasury, and an army of

two hundred thousand men; yet, while the government was thus enriched and strengthened, we see by the monarch's own confession, how the people had suffered.

There is abundant evidence that Frederick was a man of art and learning; and we know that he possessed the most unbounded influence over his soldiery. Before the battle of Rostorth, which led to the most celebrated of all the king of Prussia's victories, Frederick addressed his little army, not amounting to more than twenty-five thousand men, in nearly the following words: "My brave soldiers—the hour is coming, in which all that is, and all that ought to be, dear to us, depends upon the swords that are now drawn for the battle. Time permits me to say but little, nor is there occasion to say much. You know that there is no labor, no hunger, no cold, no watching, no danger, that I have not shared with you, hitherto; and you now see me ready to lay down my life with you and for you. All I ask is the same pledge of fidelity and affection that I give. Acquit yourselves like men, and put your confidence in God."

The effect of this speech was indescribable. The soldiers answered it by a universal shout, and their looks and demeanor became animated to a sort of heroic frenzy. Frederick led on his troops in person, exposed to the hottest of the fire. The enemy for a few moments made a gallant resistance; but, overwhelmed by the headlong intrepidity of the Prussians, they at length gave way in every part, and fled in the utmost disorder. Night alone saved from destruction the scattered remains of an army, which, in the morning, was double the number of its conquerors.

There are some anecdotes which exhibit the conqueror in a still more pleasing light. He was fond of children, and the young princes, his nephews, had always access to him. One day, while he was writing in his cabinet where the eldest of them was playing with a ball, it happened to fall on the table; the king threw it on the floor, and wrote on; presently after, the ball again fell on the table; he threw it away once more, and cast a serious look on the child, who promised to be more careful, and continued his play. At last, the ball unfortunately fell on the very paper on which the king was writing, who, being a little out of humor, put the ball in his pocket. The little prince humbly begged pardon, and entreated to have his ball again, which was refused. He continued some time praying for it in a very piteous manner, but all in vain. At last, grown tired of asking, he placed himself before his majesty, put his little hand to his side, and said, with a menacing look and tone, "Do you choose, sire, to restore the ball, or not?" The king smiled, took the ball from his pocket, and gave it to the prince, with these words: "Thou art a brave fellow; Silesia will never be retaken while thou art alive."

During his last illness, he endured many restless nights, which he endeavored to soothe by conversing with the servant who chanced to sit up with him. On one of these occasions, he inquired of an honest young Pomeranian from whence he came? "From a little village in Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother."

"How does she maintain herself?" "By spinning." "How much does she gain daily by it?" "Sixpence." "But she cannot live well on that." "In Pomerania, it is cheap living." "Did you never send her anything?" "O, yes; I have sent her at different times a few dollars." "That was bravely done; you are a good boy. You have a deal of trouble with me. Have patience. I shall endeavor to lay something by for you, if you behave well." The monarch kept his word; for, a few nights after, the Pomeranian being again in attendance, received several pieces of gold, and heard, to his great joy and surprise, that one hundred rix dollars had been settled on his mother during her life.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER VI.

Deliverance—arrival at a strange place—sickness—kindness among strangers—account of Maroontown.

The rushing sound that filled my ears, as I fainted and fell to the earth before the terrific image of the monster that threatened me with instant death, was occasioned by the discharge of a musket. How often does it happen that Providence interposes to save us, when there appears to be no help at hand, and hope itself has departed. A negro hunter happened to be passing at the precise moment that the serpent was about to rush upon me, and crush me in its folds. I was concealed from his view by the bushes that intervened; but he saw the threatening attitude of the reptile, and knew that it was about to strike

upon some object near at hand. The huntsman was on horseback, but the serpent was so intent upon its prey, that it allowed the man to approach within a few yards. He then levelled his gun, and the discharge nearly severed its head from the body. The convulsions of the dying monster lashed the earth, and tore the adjacent herbage, while the space around was covered with blood. These struggles gradually subsided; the form was stretched out at length upon the ground in a waving line, and, except a tremulous motion along the back, and a faint vibration of the tail, the creature ceased to move.

Of this scene, I was, however, wholly unconscious. The negro, in looking about for the object of the serpent's meditated blow, soon discovered me. He raised my head from the earth, and, after a few moments, I slowly recovered my senses. When my eyes first fell upon the face of the negro, his head covered with an immense palm-leaf hat, a strange fancy crossed my mind. I conceived myself to be in the coils of the serpent, and the countenance of the negro seemed to be the image of my destroyer. But this illusion quickly passed away, and I speedily realized my deliverance. A sense of unspeakable joy thrilled through my heart, and I burst into a flood of tears. I was utterly unable to speak, but I clasped the hands of the negro, who was kneeling by me, and showed in his countenance the utmost sympathy and kindness. Never have I felt toward any human being a more grateful emotion, than toward my kind-hearted preserver at that moment.

I was soon able to get upon my feet, but when I saw the outstretched form of the serpent, and beheld the traces of blood, and the earth torn by its dying agony, a faintness again came over me, and I should have fallen to the ground, but for the support afforded by my protector. He now spoke to me, but in a language which I did not understand. He seemed to comprehend my situation, however, and, placing me upon the saddle of his horse, he mounted behind me. After winding through the shrubbery for a short distance, we came to a pathway along which we proceeded for the space of an hour, during which the negro paid the utmost attention to my weakness. He held me upon the saddle, kept the somewhat impatient steed in a walk, and did all in his power to render my situation comfortable.

I now observed that we were emerging from the forest, and that cultivated fields were opening before us. I noticed plantations upon the hill sides, and, at a little distance, I perceived scattered dwellings. These, however, were of a very humble cast, the sides seeming to consist of stakes woven together with palm leaves, and the roofs to be made either of palm leaves or straw. As we passed along, I noticed a number of negroes engaged in various occupations; but I discovered no white people. The population increased as we proceeded, and when at last we entered a long, irregular street, the inhabitants seemed to swarm like a bee-hive. Never have I seen such a strange spectacle. The town consisted of huts, such as I have described, and the people were all black. I had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that this was Maroontown —the negro settlement, through which I had expected to pass on my journey.

As we proceeded through the street of the town, we soon attracted attention, and I became the special object of curiosity. There were great numbers of children, and being entirely naked, they looked like so many little monkeys. Many of them were lying down at their ease; others were skipping and frisking about like squirrels. Many of these began to follow us, and when once a train had formed behind us, the plot seemed to thicken, and we were soon surrounded by a throng of all sizes and sexes. These flowed onward, leaping, shouting, babbling, laughing and dancing, and performing all sorts of antics.

At length we reached a hovel of somewhat better appearance than the rest. Here my guide dismounted, and, clearing a space among the babbling crowd, partly by threats, and partly by blows, he took me from the horse, and carried me into the dwelling. Placing me upon a bed of straw, he drove out the children that had rushed into the room, and fastened the entrance. He then spoke to his wife and daughter, no doubt giving an account of the manner in which he had discovered me. I became the immediate object of the care and kindness of the two women. They provided for me some rice broth, of which I ate a little, and, overpowered with fatigue, I fell asleep. My slumbers, however, were disturbed, and my mind was agitated with terrific dreams. Worn out with suffering of mind and body, my constitution gave way, and I fell into a raging fever.

During the period of my disease, I had little consciousness, and I have but faint remembrances of what passed. In the lucid intervals which visited me, I could always perceive some one of the kind family watching at my bedside, ready and prompt to attend to all my wants and wishes. For the space of three weeks, I remained in a critical condition, apparently hovering upon the narrow line between life and death. Owing, however, to the prescriptions of a black physician, who attended upon me with great care, and the affectionate nursing of my friends, aided by my elastic constitution, the disease was at last conquered, and I began to revive from my prostrate condition. I was, indeed, wasted to a shadow, and when the fever left me, I could not lift my arm from the bed, nor turn my head upon the pillow. During this period of excessive weakness, I was as tenderly treated, as if I had been an infant, and the heir of the house. Somebody was always at my bedside to wet my parched lips with lemonade, to bathe my forehead, or aid me to change my position. The rough, burly master of the hovel, when called upon to lift me from my bed, seemed to have a new sense of gentleness infused into his clumsy hands and arms.

Under these kindly auspices, when once my disease had left me, I gradually acquired strength, and, in the space of a fortnight was able to totter to the door. I was led out by the two women, and, as I gazed around upon the uncouth scene, the ragged, irregular tenements, and the half-naked inhabitants, it still seemed as though I was breathing the air, and gazing on the landscapes of a sort of paradise. Such was the cheering influence of that sense of returning health, which flowed through my youthful veins.

I now began to make some acquaintances among the people; their language was Dutch, with a mixture of negro and Indian gibberish. Of this, I understood nothing, except the names of a few familiar objects, which I gradually learned. At length, however, I met with a woman, who had been a servant in an English family, and could converse in the English tongue. From her I learned the history of this curious settlement. It seems to have sprung up from the slaves that escaped from their masters at Paramaribo, and the plantations along the Surinam. These were hunted by the white people, and shot down like wild animals, or, if captured, were subjected to the most cruel punishments, and the rigors of slavery were rendered still more severe. The number of these fugitives constantly increased. For a time, indeed, they wandered in the forests, often alone, and reduced to a state of wildness, like the native animals of the woods.

But they soon associated together, and, by their union and numbers, became formidable to their oppressors. They retired to a considerable distance from the Dutch settlements, and, occupying a fertile tract of country, erected such slight habitations as their means afforded, and the climate required. They began to till the soil, and bountiful nature returned an abundant harvest for their efforts. They increased rapidly, and in process of years they established a government suited to their condition. By degrees the hostility between them and the Dutch settlement subsided, and amicable intercourse commenced, and at the time I was there, a considerable traffic was carried on between the inhabitants of Maroontown and those of Paramaribo. The settlement continues to the present time to consist entirely of a negro population, living in the heart of Guiana, almost without the mixture of foreign blood. Their manners are rather those of Africa than America. We shall have something more to say of this strange place in another chapter.

(To be continued.)

The Law of Honor.

A FABLE.

Two musquitoes met upon a cabbage-leaf one fine summer's morning, glutted with the spoils of the preceding evening. Flushed with success, and anxious for battle, they began to eye each other with no very gentle looks. Still they had no pretence upon which to begin shedding each other's blood, till one of them ran out his sting, and began to whet it and put it in order for the first emergency. "Do you run your sting out at me?" said the other. "That's just as you please to take it." "Sir, that's a downright insult." "Very well, sir, I can't help that." "Draw, then, and defend yourself!" Upon this challenge, like other duellists, they made a great bluster, and while they prepared for battle with an air of great courage, meanly took great pains to get the advantage of ground and position. After several passes, one was mortally wounded: they then made up, and while one expired, the other, in the most chivalrous manner, said he was a gentleman. So the musquito died with satisfaction.

House in Cairo.

Kahira, or Cairo.

This city, which is the capital of Modern Egypt, is situated in a plain between the eastern bank of the river Nile and the ridge of Mokattam. It occupies about three square miles, and is surrounded by a wall, and commanded by a large citadel, where the pacha resides. The streets are unpaved and narrow, some of them having rows of shops on each side.

The roofs of the houses are flat, and covered with plaster. The ground floor apartments next the street have small wooden grated windows; but those of the upper stories are formed of wooden lattice-work, which is so close that it shuts out much of the light of the sun, but admits the air. In the better houses, the windows are furnished with frames of glass in the inside; these are closed in the winter.

There are many public buildings in Kahira. The mosques are numerous, and some of them distinguished for their size, architecture, and great age. There are also many public baths, which are handsomely ornamented and painted, and in some parts paved with marble. The public gardens are filled with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the cemeteries are also much used as promenades.

The population is estimated at twenty-four thousand, consisting of natives, Jews and strangers. The police maintained in the metropolis is tolerably strict. Malefactors are mostly employed in the public works.

Kahira still maintains the reputation of being the best school of Arabic literature, theology and jurisprudence. Schools for children are very numerous; almost every mosque has a *koottab*, or day school attached to it, in which children are instructed in reading the Koran, and in writing and arithmetic.

A Patagonian.

Pictures of Various Nations.

CHAPTER VII.

CHILI.

Chili lies south of Peru, and is a narrow tract about twelve hundred miles in length, between the Pacific ocean and the Andes. It has a climate remarkably fine and salubrious, and a soil which is very fertile. It seldom rains there, but the dews are abundant. In several parts of the Andes, volcanoes yearly spout forth their fires, and earthquakes are frequent and severe.

Chili was conquered by the Spaniards many years since; but the conquest was achieved with much difficulty. In the native Chilese they found a bold and intrepid people, who fought with desperate courage, and continued the war for fifty years.

The Spaniards who have settled Chili, live principally in the northern part. With these have mingled a few English, French and Italians.

The Creoles, or the descendants of the Spaniards, are generally well made, honorable, intrepid and liberal; yet vain and fond of pleasure. The men generally dress in the French fashion; the women in that of Peru. But the Chilese ladies wear long gowns, and have a more modest air. The Creole population are very extravagant in dress and in their manner of living. The common people of the country lead a happy

and tranquil life. They are somewhat gay, and fond of music and poetry.

About one half of Chili is still possessed by tribes of the Aborigines, who are called Araucanians. In many respects they are an interesting people. They are not tall, but strong and robust, and intrepid warriors, devoted to their country, and prodigal of their lives. They are courteous, hospitable, faithful to their engagements, grateful for benefits, and generous and humane towards the vanquished. Many of them, however, are addicted to gaming and drunkenness. Great feasts are sometimes made by them, on which occasions they are guilty of a most wasteful prodigality.

They are copper-colored, but somewhat lighter than most of the northern and central tribes. Their face is nearly round, eyes small, noses flattened, but the mouth well made, and the teeth white and uniform. They have long, black hair. They pluck out their beards by the roots. Many of the women are handsome; are seldom gray before sixty or seventy, nor bald before eighty. It is not uncommon to find among them persons of more than a hundred years, retaining their teeth, and sight, and memory unimpaired.

Of their dress, we shall only say, that it is generally tight or compact, consisting of a shirt, with breeches, and a mantle reaching to the knee. These are generally of wool, and of a blue color; though the mantle is sometimes red or white. They ornament their heads with plumes of feathers. The women wear a gown reaching to the feet, but without sleeves. It is bound round the waist with a girdle, confined by a silver clasp in front. Their hair is left to fall on their shoulders, and is decorated with brilliant stones. Bracelets, necklaces, and rings are also worn, and most of the lower classes have ornaments of silver.

These people do not live in villages, but their habitations are generally at a distance from each other, on the banks of rivers. These are commonly surrounded with trees, under the shade of which the family take their meals. Many of the men have several wives, each of whom daily presents her husband with a dish of food, cooked at her own fire. The Araucanians are distinguished for their horsemanship and for their eloquence. For this last, their language is well adapted.

PATAGONIA.

Patagonia is the most southern country in South America. It has never been much explored; so that we can say but little more about it, than that the northern parts have a milder climate and a more productive soil than the southern parts, which are intensely cold. It is as cold there as Cape Horn, or as it is in the northern part of Canada. Of the inhabitants, also, we can give no very particular account. Some Europeans, however, have visited them, during their voyages of trade or discovery.

In 1764, Commodore Byron landed in Patagonia, and had an interview with the natives. They have always been said to be *giants*, and he found them to be so. They seemed to him to be generally six feet and a half high, and some of them quite seven feet. The tallest Americans are seldom over six feet;

generally not more than five feet, and seven and ten inches.

He found them not only thus tall, but very robust. Only their hands and feet are small. They are a warlike tribe, yet courteous and humane. In their complexion, they are copper-colored. They have straight, black, and coarse hair, usually tied behind with a string. They paint themselves with circles round the eyes, and with various colors. Their teeth are exceedingly white, and remarkably even and well set.

Their dress is made of the skin of the guanaco, sewed together into pieces about six feet long and five broad, which are wrapped as a cloak round their body. The upper part, however, falls back, and thus exposes the neck and shoulders to the weather, and makes them look almost naked. They appear to eat raw flesh of animals. They are excellent horsemen, and will pursue their game on horseback, in places of danger, where an American would be afraid to go.

In 1766, Captain Welles visited Patagonia, and while there, he took several of the people on board his ship; but he was surprised to find that they had no curiosity about anything, excepting a looking-glass, before which they danced and played a thousand tricks.

TERRA DEL FUEGO.

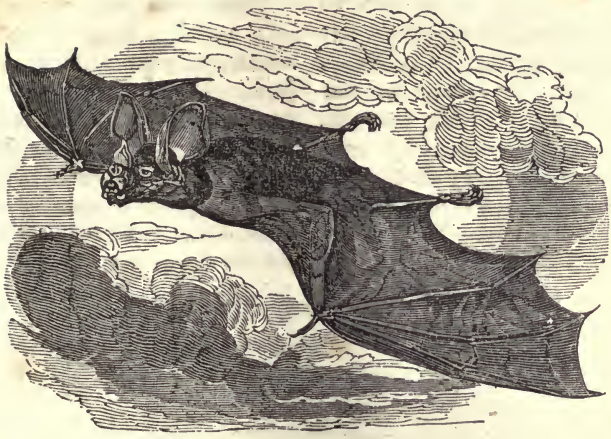
Of Terra del Fuego and its inhabitants, we know still less than of Patagonia, and the people of that country. It is an island, separated from Cape Horn by a strait, called the straits of Magellan, after the navigator who first discovered it. The same navigator gave the name of Terra del Fuego to the island. It signifies "*the land of fire*," and was given to the island because he and his men discovered on it numerous fires, which proceeded from volcanoes.

The island is a dreary region; bleak, barren, and mountainous. Winter reigns here nearly the whole year round. The inhabitants are of a middle stature, with broad faces, flat noses, and high cheek-bones. They paint their bodies, which are naturally fair, and what clothes they wear are made of seals' skins. Shell fish is their principal food. Their huts are miserable shelters, built in a conical form, or much like a tunnel.

The inhabitants of the north seem to be quite different from those of the south. The former are said to be cruel and treacherous; the latter harmless and simple. They are alike destitute of curiosity, however, and although the climate is extremely cold, they go almost naked.

Small Matters.—The nerve of a tooth, not as large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A musqueto can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, causing a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness results from a perpetual continuance of petty trials. A chance look from those we love, often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed pleasure.

"Take your *time*," as the man said, when he returned a borrowed watch.



The Bat Family.

The family of bats is very numerous, and some of its members are queer characters, as we shall presently show. They have puzzled the naturalists not a little; for while they have the structure of quadrupeds, they have the motion of birds. They are the only creatures that unite these two qualities. There are such things, indeed, as flying squirrels, and flying opossums, but these do not raise themselves by wings; they only support their bodies by spreading out skinny membranes on either side, in descending from an elevation, and are thus able to make a long, sloping leap.

The bat, on the contrary, raises himself into the air by his wings, and glances about hither and thither, with all the ease and vivacity of a bird. Yet this creature has no feathers. He is covered with hair, and when his skinny wings are folded up, he looks very much like a mouse or a mole. He even squeaks like a mouse, and thus an appearance of veracity is given to the fable of La Fontaine. In this, the bat is represented as having, on a certain occasion, got into the nest of a weasel, the sworn enemy of birds. When the weasel was about to destroy him as one of the feathered tribe, the little fellow escaped by representing himself to be a mouse. Afterwards, coming in the way of the cat, he was upon the point of being devoured as a mouse; but he now showed his wings, and was let off, on the plea of being a bird.

In a former number, we have spoken of the vampire, which is found in Guiana, and have made mention, also, of certain other species of this curious tribe.

We now proceed to speak of the general habits of the whole race. They frequent caverns, dark ravines, and crevices of rocks. Here they sleep by day, but, as evening approaches, they sally forth, pursuing such insects as have not gone to their repose. They are active and busy during the warm season, but

when the cold evenings of autumn set in, they retire to their dim retreats, where they often cluster together by hundreds. Here they remain in a dormant state during the winter. In this condition they show the greatest sensibility to the touch, and their bodies even shrink from the approach of the hand, before it comes in contact with the body. Yet nothing can rouse them from their profound sleep.

There are nearly one hundred and fifty different kinds of bats. In this country they are small in size, and comparatively few in number. In tropical regions they are more numerous, and in some places, they fill the air so thickly, as to increase the gloom of twilight. In India there is a species, called flying foxes, whose outstretched wings measure six feet from tip to tip.

Joshua commanding the Sun and Moon to stand still.

One of the most remarkable events mentioned in Scripture, is that to which the preceding picture relates. It has often been the subject of the painter's pencil, and gives ample scope for the exercise of his highest talent. The story, as related in the tenth chapter of Joshua, presents a scene of the utmost sublimity. The Israelites having fled out of Egypt, after forty years'

wandering, had been conducted by Moses to the borders of Canaan. This great leader having died in the land of Moab, Joshua became the chief of the nation. Under his guidance they entered the promised land. In the course of their march they were met by the kings of the Amorites, who attacked them in the mountains. Encouraged by divine assurance of success, Joshua withstood the host, and a terrible conflict ensued. The Israelites prevailed, and a miracle, or what seemed a miracle, was wrought in behalf of Joshua and his army. The Amorites were defeated, and Joshua, obeying the divine command, stretched forth his hand, and said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon!" Obedient to this injunction, the sun and the moon paused in their course; the day was prolonged, and the Israelites continued to pursue and cut down their enemies.

There is something in the idea of a great battle, where thousands of men are engaged in the deadly conflict, and of which the Creator is a spectator, and at whose command even the mighty orbs which give light and heat to the universe are stayed in their path, which excites the imagination, and lifts the mind to the loftiest pitch of excitement. The subject is, indeed, almost too grand for human conception, and not even the creative pencil of the painter can fully master it.

Our Correspondence.

The following letter is a *sweet* one, as our readers will see, before they get through. The writers may rest assured that they will be forgiven, if they put their threat in execution respecting the barrel of sugar. We should like the description of the process of making the article, very much; and it is very likely, when we get it, that we shall hitch a first-rate story upon it.

Baton Rouge, La., April, 1844.

Mr. Robert Merry: Sir,—We take pleasure in declaring to you that your name and the fame of your periodical have at length reached us here in the far south-west. And from the spirit of kind good-nature which seems to mark all your communications with your young friends, we are ready to think that you will not spurn the salutations of your new acquaintances in Louisiana. Though this may be the first voice from the "Creole State," we hope it will not be the last. We would have you and all your readers down east, and north, and all other parts of our great country, understand that we are not exactly in a barbarous state—nor approaching it—as we mean to show by patronizing the Museum.

That good old gentleman, Peter Parley, has long since become a favorite among us; and it was only necessary to be informed that you were his near kinsman or intimate friend, that you enjoyed his confidence, and are even intrusted with all the precious relics left by him,—to secure you the most ready reception and all that generous hospitality in which the people of our state abound. We have often heard of that place "away down east," called Boston; and especially how many fine schools, and books, and all such useful things, our young friends there enjoy; and since we found out the characters of Peter Parley and Robert Merry among others of your distinguished citizens, our curiosity is more excited, and, no doubt, many of us will be led to come and see that part of the land if we live to grow up. But if we do, we wish very much not to appear behind others of your black-eyed and blue-eyed friends in intelligence. Therefore we mean to have your interesting and instructive publication, which, with other improvements that are being made in our means of instruction, we think, will help us to keep up with the age, and prepare to act our part as well as the Yankee boys and girls.

Now we don't like to make promises, any more than yourself; but just to encourage you we will give you a *hint* at *least*. You know we raise *sugar cane* in this state; and we are told that you and your northern readers know nothing about *making* sugar, but only *eating* it. Now, if you have a sweet tooth, (for we hope you hav n't become toothless yet,) you would n't despise a barrel of the finest sugar or the best

sirop from some plantation in this vicinity—if you should happen to find one on some of your Boston ships, *especially*, should it be accompanied by a description of the process of making it, for the benefit of all your little *sweet-loving* readers. Hoping, then, that you will punctually furnish *us*, as well as your older and nearer admirers, with all the good things you are wont to distribute, we make our bow as

YOUR NEW READERS OF BATON ROUGE.

We thank Pierce L. H. of Brooklyn, N. York, and our friend P., for their communications.

Sarah C. F. is satisfied with our reasons why the eastern coast of America has a colder climate than the western coast of Europe, but wonders that Kamskatka is so much colder than Alaska—both being in the same latitude. She will find an explanation in the fact that the latter is a mere island, and the surrounding ocean moderates and equalizes the temperature. Kamskatka, it is true, is near the sea, but it is contiguous to Siberia, which is an extensive mass of unbroken land, which is always colder than the sea.

We thank H. L. P——, Jane S——r, M. A. K., and John P——e, for their several communications. We hope S—— will comply with his promise, and tell us about the salt works of Syracuse.

We are obliged to omit, this month, a wild story of Bill Keeler's, called Dirk Heldriver; a tale by the Old Man in the Corner, and something about Inquisitive Jack. They shall come next time.

Happiness.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM, BY GEO. J. WEBB.

And there is music on each breeze
That sports along the glade;
The crystal dew-drops on the trees
Are gems, by Fancy made.

There 's gladness too in everything,
And beauty over all
For everywhere comes on with spring
A charm which cannot pall!

And I!—my heart is full of joy,
And gratitude is there,
That He, who might my life destroy,
Has yet vouchsafed to spare.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VIII. AUGUST, 1844. No. 2.

August.

This is the eighth month of the year, and derived its name from Augustus, emperor of Rome. In England it is the month of harvest, and the old Saxons used to call it arm-month, arm being the word for harvest. It is everywhere a busy season, and is thus noticed by an old poet:

The ears are filled, the fields are white,
The constant harvest-moon is bright;
To grasp the bounty of the year,
The reapers to the scene repair,
With hook in hand and bottles slung,
And dowlas scups beside them hung,—
The sickles stubble all the ground,
And filful hasty laps go round;
The meals are done, as soon as tasted,
And neither time nor viands wasted.

The fifth day of August is noticed in England for two reasons: it is the birth-day of Saint James, and oysters on this day come into use. They are not allowed to be eaten, by order of parliament, till this time, as they are deemed unwholesome during the summer. The event is thus celebrated by the rhymester:

Green groves rise at dawn of sun,
August fifth! come, haste away!
To Billingsgate the thousands run;
'T is oyster day!—'t is oyster day!

Now, at the corner of the street,
With oysters fine the tent is filled;
The cockney stops to have a treat,
Prepared by one in opening skilled.

Shake off the beard—as quick as thought
The pointed knife divides the flesh;—
What plates are laden, loads are brought,
And eaten raw, and cold, and fresh!

The tenth of August is the festival of St. Lawrence. He suffered martyrdom at Rome, being roasted to death on a red-hot grate of iron. The church of St. Lawrence in London is dedicated to him, and has a gridiron on the steeple for a vane.

The fifteenth of this month is what is called *Assumpsion day* by the Catholics. It is a great festival with them, and is designed to commemorate the assumption, or taking up of the Virgin Mary into heaven. It is one of the most famous of the Romish festivals, and is celebrated in France, Italy, and other Catholic countries, with processions, songs, ceremonies, and every variety of religious pageantry.

If we may be permitted to say a word to the farmers, we would advise them to declare a war of extermination on the thistles in and about their premises. It is said by some correct cultivators, that if the Canada thistle is cut in August, before its seed is ripe, it will die in an accommodating manner; because the stalk, which is hollow, will fill with water and destroy the root.

It is also said, if you cut bushes in the old of the moon in August, you will destroy them root and branch. We doubt if the moon will interfere in the matter; but August is the best time for cutting bushes, because vegetation having come to a close for the season, the bushes will not so readily sprout again from the roots.

Bill and the Boys.

DIRK HELDRIVER.

I RECOLLECT, one winter evening, when Bill and myself, with three or four young companions, were assembled around the fire of the "Cock and Bull," it chanced to be Bill's turn to tell a story. It was a wild night, for the wind blew, and the sleet rattled against the windows, as the heavy gusts swept round the corner of the old tavern. When Bill was about to begin his story, I could see that his cheek was a little pale, and his eye glistened as if there were something extraordinary in his mind. At length, he began, and related the following story, as nearly as I can recollect it.

About sixty miles north of the city of New York, a range of lofty highlands crosses the Hudson, nearly from west to east, which passes under the name of the Fishkill mountains. The river has cut away this mighty barrier for the space of two or three miles, but it rises on either side and lifts its blue summits almost to the clouds. At the foot of the eastern portion of this range is now the pretty village of Fishkill, and scattered along the banks of the river are the luxurious country-seats of the De Wints, Verplancks, and other old Dutch families.

But our story goes back for nearly a century, to a period when there were only a few scattered settlements along

the banks of this noble river, and while yet the savage, the bear, and the panther were found in the forest. At this time, a man, who bore the semblance of a gentleman, purchased a large tract of land along the bank of the river, and at the distance of two or three miles from the eastern branch of the mountains we have described. Here he caused a large mansion to be constructed in the Dutch fashion, and having laid out his grounds with considerable care, he removed hither with his wife, and a large retinue of servants. He bore the name of Hielder, and supported the style and figure of a man of fortune.

After a few years he had a child, a daughter, which became the special object of the care and attention of both parents. Heilder himself was a somewhat stern and gloomy man, and he seemed to impress his character upon everything around him. The mansion was deeply imbedded in the tall trees, and the apartments, wainscotted with oak and feebly lighted, had a peculiarly sombre aspect. The servants gradually assumed a dark and mysterious look, and the lady herself, though very beautiful, was always dressed in black, and was distinguished by a complexion of almost deathlike paleness.

Several years passed, and the little girl, who was named Katrina, might now be seen walking with her mother amid the long, straight, shady avenues that were cut in the forest. Excepting the persons connected with the establishment, few persons visited the spot; it was therefore marked with peculiar loneliness, which seemed to increase the gloomy and mysterious aspect of the place. The proprietor of the mansion had no intercourse whatever with the people of the vicinity, and never, except once a year, when he made a short visit to the city of New York, did he leave his residence. He spent much of his time in reading, and devoted several hours each day to the instruction of his child, who now seemed to be the only object of his affections. It appeared indeed that there was some deep-rooted bitterness at his heart, which he attempted to alleviate by the education of his daughter.

The child was indeed worthy of all his care, yet she seemed the very opposite of everything around her. She had light, flaxen hair, blue eyes, snowy complexion, and an ever-laughing expression of countenance. Seated in the gloomy library with her father, she seemed like a spot of playful sunshine, lighting the recesses of a cavern.

It was remarkable, that although she was the favorite of all around, and evidently the object of the deepest interest to her parents, the father still seemed not to reflect from his own heart any portion of the child's cheerfulness and vivacity. Though she romped, frolicked, laughed and toyed, a ray of pleasure, or even a passing smile never lighted his countenance. Her spirit shone upon him, but it was like light falling upon a black surface, which absorbed, but did not throw back, its rays. A keen observer, indeed, would have said that the moody father felt even a rebuke in the joyous gaiety of his child.

With the mother there was this difference, that though she was generally sorrowful, the springs of happiness seemed

not wholly dried up. She felt a mother's pride in the surpassing beauty of the child, and was often cheered by the little creature's hoyden mirth. In the presence of the master, the servants were habitually silent and gloomy. But if at any time they found the little girl apart, they not unfrequently indulged in a game of romps.

Such was little Katrina, a playful, happy creature, in the midst of shadows and gloom—the idol of all, and apparently the object in which the affections of the parents, as well as the rest of the household were centred. It was when she had reached the age of about six years, that an incident occurred of the deepest interest. At the close of a summer evening, a small sloop anchored in the river, near the house we have described. A boat was let down, and a man, wrapped in a cloak, was landed upon the beach. He proceeded to the mansion, and, inquiring for the master, was conducted to the library. The room was vacant, but the stranger sat down, and occupied himself in gazing around the apartment. At length, the proprietor came, his countenance being marked with something of anxiety. The stranger arose, laid aside his cloak, and stood before his host. For a moment he did not speak; but, at last, he said, "You pass, I understand, by the name of Hielder. I know your real name, and I presume you know mine."

"I know you not," said Hielder, sternly.

"Then you shall know me," said the stranger. "My name is Hieldover, the victim of your perfidy, and I am here to avenge my wrongs."

"This is a pretty tale," said Hielder; "and you bear yourself bravely. Perhaps you are one of Robert Kidd's men, and have come here in search of gold; but you have mistaken your errand. I have but to ring the bell, and my servants will execute my will upon you."

"This bullying will not answer your purpose," said Hieldover; "nothing shall turn me from my purpose, which is to extort from you the fortune that you have obtained by the basest perfidy and fraud. You pretend not to know me; I will refresh your memory. Fifteen years since you were made my guardian at Amsterdam, by my father's will. You possessed yourself, by forgery, of my ample fortune. You departed from the country in secrecy, and I was left a beggar. I have since been a wanderer over the earth, and have known toil, and suffering, and sorrow, while you have been revelling in the wealth which was mine. I have traced you through the four quarters of the globe, and had sworn in my heart to follow upon your track like the bloodhound, till I could find you and bring you to justice."

During this speech, the pale countenance of Hielder was frequently flushed with anger. At last, he said, sneeringly, "You have spoken freely—have you done? If so, I will show you the door." Hieldover seemed to be on the point of giving vent to his rage; but he checked himself, and said, "You deny my claim, then? You refuse to do me justice?"

"I have no answer to make," said Hielder, "to an idle braggart."

"Beware, then, of my vengeance,"

said the other, clenching his fist, and looking defiance in the eye of Hielder. He then took his leave.

This scene passed without the knowledge of any individual, except the parties concerned. Yet for several days the master of the house seemed even more gloomy than usual. He spoke little to any one, and remained almost wholly in the seclusion of his library. After a month, however, had passed away, he seemed to be restored to his former condition, and resumed his wonted occupations. He seemed more than ever devoted to his child, although he maintained his accustomed sternness. For a time he would hardly allow the child to be out of his presence, but at length the mother was permitted to resume her walks, attended by her daughter.

One day, she went out in the morning, but did not return at the usual hour. Some anxiety was excited, and the servants were sent forth in search of their mistress and the child. They returned without being able to find her. All was now alarm. Hielder himself went forth, and the people were directed to scour the woods in every direction. They soon brought tidings to their master that the lady was found, but the child was missing. When discovered, she was insensible; but when she came to herself, she stated that while she was walking in the woods, a stranger suddenly sprung upon the child, and bore it away. He fled toward the mountains, and she pursued till she swooned and fell to the ground. Here she remained, in a state of insensibility, till she was taken up by the people who were in search of her.

(To be continued.)

Curran and the Miller's Dog.—"Curran," says Barrington, in his memoirs, "once related, with infinite humor, an adventure between him and a mastiff, when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say, that any person, throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backwards, might frighten the fiercest dog, and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's animal in the neighborhood, who *would never let the boys rob the orchard;* but he found to his sorrow, that he had a dog to deal with, who did not care which end of a boy went first, so that he could get a good bite of it.

"'I pursued the instructions,' said Curran; 'and as I had no eyes save those in front, I fancied the mastiff was in full retreat, but I was painfully mistaken; for, at the very moment I fancied myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and, having got a reasonably good mouthful of it, was fully prepared to take another, before I was rescued.'"

Natural Curiosity.—In Scotland, at the entrance of the river Leven, is a lofty rock, occupied as a castle. On the surface of this, there is a huge figure, formed by nature, which makes an excellent profile of the celebrated Duke of Wellington. It is an object that always attracts the attention of the passengers of the steamboats, as they are passing the castle.

"Be content with what you have." as the rat said to the trap, when he left his tail in it.

Inundation of the Nile.

The River Nile.

The whole northeastern part of Africa consists of a mighty expanse of desert sand, extending for upwards of a thousand miles in each direction. The chains of wild and rocky mountains by which it is traversed, give only a more rugged and dreary character to this immense waste. One vast feature alone breaks this terrible monotony. From the high chains of Abyssinia, and from the still loftier mountains of the moon, that traverse Central Africa, descend numerous and ample streams, which, long before entering Egypt, unite in forming the Nile, a river of the first magnitude.

Although the Nile in its whole progress through this desert does not receive the acession of a single rivulet, it brings so vast an original store as enables it to reach and pour a mighty stream into the Mediterranean. For many hundred miles in the upper part of its course, confined between high and rocky banks, it is merely bordered by a brilliant belt of fertility, the sandy waste stretching indefinitely on both sides; this is Nubia.

After traversing the barrier of the cataracts, it passes through a broader valley between mountains of some height, and on its banks are many shaded or inundated tracts, which yield products of considerable value; this is Upper Egypt. Emerging from these mountains, the Nile enters a flat and extensive plain, where it separates, and by two great and divided streams, with various intersecting branches, enters the Mediterranean; this is Lower Egypt.

In the last part of its course, the Nile is nearly on a level with the district which it intersects, and when swelled by the autumnal rains of Central Africa,

overflows it entirely. The waters begin to rise about the 18th or 19th of June, attain their greatest height in September, and subside as gradually as they rise, and within about an equal space of time. The land thus covered with the fertilizing alluvial deposit, collected during so long a course, becomes the most productive, perhaps, on the face of the globe; and notwithstanding its limited extent, and the mighty wastes on which it borders, has always maintained a numerous population.

Thus it appears that the fertility of Egypt is solely dependent on the Nile, and that, but for this, it would be, like the rest of Africa in this quarter, a sandy and desolate waste.

The Old Man in the Corner.

THE PHILOSOPHER REBUKED.

THERE was once a learned man, or philosopher, who was fond of prying into the works of nature, and every other source of knowledge. At last he became vain of his great stores of information, and was somewhat rash in forming his opinions.

One evening, as this philosopher was conversing with a friend, the discourse turned upon the Bible, and the former declared that he did not believe in it. A somewhat warm dispute ensued, in the course of which the philosopher said that he rejected the Bible, because it contained many doctrines which he could not comprehend; "and *I make it a rule*," said he emphatically, "*never to believe anything which I cannot understand.*"

It happened that there was a little girl in the room, the daughter of the philosopher. She was about eight years old, and though of a lively and playful turn, she was remarkably intelligent and observing. While the father and his friend were engaged in conversation, she was occupied with her toys upon the floor, and seemed absorbed in her sports. Yet she listened to the discourse, and though she did not understand it all, yet she caught the remark of her father which we have noticed above, and treasured it up in her heart. She also noticed the inferences which her father drew from the proposition to which we have alluded.

Without paying the least attention to the little girl, the gentlemen pursued their conversation, and the philosopher declared, that, as he could not understand how the death of Christ could contribute to the salvation of the sinner, he rejected the doctrine of the atonement, as unworthy of belief.

"It appears to me," said his friend, "that if you reject everything which you cannot wholly conceive or comprehend, you must not only reject the Bible, but adopt the views of the atheist, and deny the existence of a God." The philosopher admitted the force of this observation, and declared, that, as he had no sensible, or visible, proof of the existence of the Deity, he disbelieved the existence of such a Being.

Thus far the watchful ear and quick sense of the child caught and comprehended the conversation, and as her mother had given her a religious education, she was not a little startled and surprised at the opinions which her father had uttered.

She said nothing about it, however, at

the time, and two or three weeks passed before she gave any indications of having noticed the conversation. She was one day walking with her father, when they chanced to discover a single violet—the first they had seen, for it was the beginning of spring. She stooped down to pick it, but paused a moment, and looking her father in the face, inquired, "What makes this little flower grow, father?"

"The heat and moisture and the principle of vegetable life," was the reply.

"But how does it grow?" said she. "Can heat and water and seeds make a flower?"

"It is the course of nature, my child," said the philosopher.

"But I want to know," said she, "what this course of nature is? I want to know how it operates? Is nature alive? Has it power to make flowers? and by what means does it work?"

"I cannot tell you, child," was the answer. "We do not understand these things,—we only know the fact that such things are."

"Well, don't you believe that the flower grows, father?" said the child.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I heard you tell Mr. B., the other day, that you never believed anything you could not understand."

The philosopher here turned the conversation, and they walked on.

A few days after this the child was taken sick of a fever. As she lay upon her bed, she could distinctly feel the beatings of her heart, which shook her whole frame. Her father was by the bedside. Though suffering from disease, the mind of the little girl was perfectly clear.

"What makes the heart beat?" said she to her father.

"It is the principle of life," said he.

"And what is this principle of life?" said the child.

"I cannot explain it to you," said the philosopher; "we do not comprehend it; we only know that there is such a thing, and that by its impulse the heart beats and the blood circulates."

"Put your hand on my breast," said the child. The father did as requested.

"Does not my heart beat, father?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And yet you cannot comprehend how this is. You said we must believe nothing which we cannot explain. Yet I know that my heart beats, though you cannot tell me how, or why. Dear father, may I not believe in a God, though I cannot comprehend his nature or existence; and may I not believe in the Bible, and its wonderful doctrines, even though they may be beyond my feeble reason?"

The philosopher stood rebuked, but again he turned the conversation.

The fever which had attacked the little girl proceeded in its rapid course, and in a few days she drew near her end. As her spirit was about to depart, she called, in a faint whisper, for her father. He placed his ear near to her lips, and caught her last words; "Father, may I not believe that Christ died for sinners? may I not believe, though I cannot fully comprehend, the doctrine of the atonement?"

The philosopher wept, and answered, "Believe, my child; you have conquered my unbelief!"

The Hunting Leopard.

This handsome animal of the Cat family,—sometimes called the *Ounce*, and also the *Chetah*,—is of the size of a large dog, and has a very long tail. It is of a pale yellow above and white beneath,—the body being marked with irregular black spots. It is of a slender make, and its agility is surprising. It is less ferocious than the tiger, panther and true leopard; and having blunted claws, like a dog, is used, in the southern parts of Asia, for hunting the antelope and other game. It is a native, also, of Africa, but it has never been trained for this purpose.

The chetah is chiefly used in hunting by the nobles of India. The mode of proceeding is thus described. The animals are carried to the field in low chariots, being tied and hooded. This is done in order to deprive them of the power and temptation to anticipate the word of command by leaping forth before the appointed time. When they are thus brought within view of a herd of antelopes, which generally consists of five or six females and a male, they are unchained, and their hoods are removed, their keeper directing their attention to the prey, which, as they do not hunt by smell, it is necessary that they should constantly have in sight.

When this is done, the wily animal does not at once start forward towards the object of his pursuit, but, seemingly aware that he would have no chance of overtaking an antelope in the fleetness of the race, in which the latter is beyond measure his superior, winds cautiously along the ground, concealing himself as much as possible from sight, and, when he has in this covert manner nearly reached the unsuspecting herd, breaks forth upon them unawares, and, after five or six tremendous bounds, which he executes

with almost incredible velocity, darts at once upon his terrified victim, strangles him in an instant, and takes his fill of blood.

In the mean while the keeper quietly approaches the scene of slaughter, caresses the successful animal, and throws to him pieces of meat to amuse him and keep him quiet while he blinds him with the hood, and replaces him upon the chariot, to which he is again attached by the chain. But if, as is not unfrequently the case, the herd should have taken the alarm, and the chetah should prove unsuccessful in his attack, he never attempts to pursue them, but returns to his master with a mortified and dejected air, to be again let slip at a fresh quarry whenever a fit opportunity occurs.

Conjugal Affection.

CHAPTER II.

[Concluded.]

VICTORIA immediately saw the propriety of the latter suggestion, and on the following day she disguised herself as a Moorish fruit-seller; and with a basket of vegetables on her head, and her little daughter by her side disguised in the same manner, she got admittance to the outward wards of the castle; and while disposing of her fruit to the governor and his dependants, got into conversation with the soldiery, from whom, however, she could obtain none of the information she wanted.

Her whole time was now occupied by day in visiting the prison in the disguise she had assumed; and at night in keeping up the correspondence of so much importance. By this means, at the suggestion of Albert, she supplied him, not only with writing materials, but with a file, a chisel, and a hammer; and had got even a rope in readiness, should it be required for future operation.

Albert had in the first instance thought of breaking through the walls of his dungeon; but alas! they were eighteen feet thick, and no effort that he could make upon them with the slight tools he possessed, was sufficient to separate them. He had, with great caution, taken out two or three stones in the wall of his dungeon, but the interior stones were so firmly wedged, that they defied him. The labor of his task was enormous; and this was increased from the necessity of replacing every stone in its respective niche, so as to escape the vigilant eye of the keepers. So, at last, poor Albert began to despair.

Victoria, however, whose inventions were more fertile than those of her husband, still comforted him. She told him that she would never desist in her exertions while he remained a prisoner, and bade him have hope and trust. He, however, had little reason to hope, for he was told by one of his guards, that on the next day, he was to be examined for the fourth time.

And examined he was. Torn from his dungeon at midnight, he was again brought before the Inquisition. The examiners sat before him, in a room hung with black. Behind the chair of the chief commissioner, who wore a square cap, shone, in all the brilliance of pure white silver, an image of the crucified Redeemer; and beneath it, a skull and cross bones. The marquis was bound, and without being asked a single ques-

tion, was placed at once upon a rack in the corner of the room. A physician stood by his side to watch his agonies, and to stop the torture when beyond human endurance; and the secretary of the fraternity sat ready to record the answers to the questions put to the unhappy man.

Thus tortured to confess crimes which he never committed, the marquis had every bone dislocated; and when nature gave up the contest, and he sunk into stupor, he was removed back to his dungeon. For some days, he remained in the most helpless condition, without being able to move a limb, except in exquisite torture. Yet, after a time, his system recovered its wonted strength, and Albert was again inspired with hope.

Victoria Colonna had pursued the same course of communication previously adopted for several successive days, and receiving no answer to her signs, was at last on the brink of despair. She believed that the wickedness of man had done its worst, and that her husband had escaped by death from the power of the tormentor. Day after day, she watched with anxious longing for some sign of his still being an inhabitant of the earth; but no sign was given to her, and she was on the point of giving up all further exertions, when on one of her nightly walks and watchings round the captive's tower, her ear was delighted with the well-known clatter of a piece of tile. She ran to the spot, and once more recognized the well-known handwriting of Albert—"I still live for Victoria," was the only sentence inscribed by the unhappy prisoner.

The faithful wife now lost not a moment in devising some other plan for her husband's escape. She pondered all the next day, and part of the next night. As soon as it was dark, she again raised her kite by the side of the tower, placed a note under its wing, in which she bade her husband be of good cheer, promising all her assistance, and suggesting his making a breach in the wall with the implements already afforded him. To this, on the following night, Albert replied, stating the utter impracticability of the plan, by reason of the thickness of the wall; but urging her to procure a sufficient quantity of gunpowder, by which the masses of stone might be separated and a breach made.

Victoria seized the hint, and with the rapidity of thought, made her arrangements. By means of the kite, the following night, a stouter line was raised to the aperture, and from this, one still stronger; and by means of the last, the prisoner drew up several other cutting implements—a boring auger, and several parcels of gunpowder. Lastly, a still larger cord was drawn up; and it was then arranged that on the following night, the attempt should be made to blast the massive walls of the tower.

The next day, Victoria was busily employed in arranging the means of escape. She had procured the dress of a friar, both for herself and husband, and wore one over the other; and at midnight, she again took her station below the tower. Again she established the communication between herself and husband; and having raised to himself several other packets of gunpowder, lastly had fastened to the cord the

lighted match. But at the very moment of success, she found a strong arm grasping her, and two ruffian soldiers, with unsheathed weapons, close at her breast. She screamed fearfully. The words—"bind her," startled her still more, for it was the voice of Montalbert, the wretch who had caused the imprisonment of her husband.

"Drag her away," said the count.

Victoria clung to the projecting walls of the castle, having fixed her fingers within a clamping-iron, and hung to it with the tenacity of one who clings to life; while her screams and lamentations filled the air. Albert heard it, and judged of the cause. He applied the match to the mine he had pierced through the stones of the tower. With a tremendous crack and explosion, the ancient walls opened, shook, collapsed, and fell. The tower was shattered to its foundation; and prisoner and dungeon, turret and battlement, fell down in one prodigious ruin, and with an uproar that shook the city.

Montalbert lay dead among the ruins. The faithful Victoria was miraculously saved, and Albert rose from the fallen stones uninjured. He clasped his beloved wife to his heart, and without losing a moment's time, both escaped in the confusion and consternation that followed.

They soon proceeded far from Italy, to a land where imprisonment for conscience sake is unknown, where spiritual domination cannot usurp nature's rights; and where the children of God can walk in security and peace; and that land was England. Here they lived the remainder of their days in all the enjoyment which this country of true liberty always affords to the fugitive and stranger.

A Pointed Blow.—An invalid sent for a physician, the late Dr. Wheelman, and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, aches, &c., he thus summed up with—

"Now, Doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike the cause of my ailment, if it is in your power to reach it."

"It shall be done," said the Doctor, at the same time lifting his cane, and demolishing a decanter of *gin* that stood upon the sideboard!

Inhabitants of an Oyster.—Observations with the microscope have shown that the shell of an oyster is a world occupied by an innumerable quantity of small animals, compared to which the oyster itself is a colossus. The liquid enclosed between the shells of the oyster, contains a multitude of embryos, covered with transparent scales, which swim with ease; a hundred and twenty of these embryos, placed side by side, would not make an inch in breadth.

This liquor contains besides, a great variety of animalculæ, five hundred times less in size, which give out a phosphoric light. Yet these are not the only inhabitants of this dwelling; there are, also, three distinct species of worms.

"I am transported to see you," as the convict at New Holland said to the kangaroo.

St. Peter's Church.

Church of St. Peter's at Rome.

This sublime edifice is by far the most costly and stupendous religious building in the world. It was begun by one of the popes of Rome, Julius II., in 1506. His object was, to have a church that might become the seat and centre of the great Catholic Church throughout the world. The first architect employed was Lazzari, but he died soon after, and the task devolved upon the famous Michael Angelo. It required, indeed, a man of great genius to design and carry forward so stupendous a work. The building was one hundred and fifteen years in progress, and extended through the reigns of no less than eighteen popes. The cost of it was amazing, being equal to one hundred and sixty millions of dollars at the present day. A period of one hundred and fifty years or more was required to complete the colonnade and other ornaments after the body of the structure was finished. Great numbers of people are now constantly at work to keep the enormous mass in repair. The annual expense of this is estimated at thirty thousand dollars.

The clear length of the church within is 615 feet, its utmost breadth 448, its height 464 feet. The greater part of it is of stone, though some portion is of marble. The foundations are immense, and it is said that they contain a greater mass of stone than the building above the ground. In front of the church, and within the colonnade, is a beautiful obelisk, brought from Egypt almost two thousand years ago. On each side of this is a fountain, the waters of which rise to the height of seventy feet and fall in three cascades; the whole forming a cone of falling waters. They continue to fall day and night, and nothing can be more beautiful than the effect produced. They are supplied by ancient Roman aqueducts, from lake Braccano,

which is seventeen miles distant. Every thing is vast in and about this wonderful edifice. The interior is very grand, and strikes the beholder with awe. The figures of the four Evangelists, which adorn the inside of the cupola, are of such enormous size, that the pen in the hand of St. Mark is six feet long. The interior is enriched with a great number of figures of saints and other works of art. In the centre of the church, where the light pours down from the dome, is the tomb of St. Peter, before which one hundred lamps are kept constantly burning.

Some idea of the vastness of this structure may be formed from the fact that great numbers of persons live upon the roof, in buildings which are not seen from below, yet appear almost like the streets of a city!

A Gypsy telling fortunes.

Fortune-Telling.

The desire of looking into futurity—of knowing what is going to happen—appears to be universal in mankind. To a certain extent, we may gratify this feeling, but it is to be done by the exercise of a sound judgment. We may thus generally tell what is coming to pass, in respect to most important transactions of life, so far as is necessary for us.

But many people desire to go farther; to unseal the book of fate, and read what is hidden from mortal sight. Young ladies often desire to know who they shall have for husbands: whether they shall be rich or poor; happy or miserable. And instead of leaving these things to time, and the dispensation of Providence, they must often go to some cheat who pretends to tell fortunes. Thus they lose

their time and their money, and allow themselves to play the part of folly.

Nor are young ladies the only persons who sometimes yield to such idle nonsense. Young men often do the same—and also old men and old women. It is, I believe, a common notion, that certain strange, odd, eccentric, mysterious persons have the power of reading the future and telling what is coming to pass. So common is this shallow superstition, that fortune-tellers, though they require a good deal of money, to read their riddles, often find pretty good encouragement.

These jugglers generally pretend to tell the fortunes of persons by the stars, or by looking at the lines in the palm of the hand, or by the cast of the countenance, or by all these means combined. They frequently consult books with strange figures in them; and sometimes they seem to make profound calculations. But all these are mere arts to impose upon their dupes. The simple fact is, that fortune-telling is, always and under all circumstances, a cheat. One person can see into the future as well as another, as to all that lies beyond the sagacity of mere human judgment. A person who believes, therefore, that any one has the art or gift of fortune-telling, is the victim of superstition, and the dupe of artifice.

In England, Spain and Germany there are a few wandering people called Gypsies. They are of a dark skin, almost like our Indians: they have black hair, black eyes, and altogether a dark and wild aspect. They speak a strange tongue, have strange habits, and are a very peculiar people.

The women of this race very often pretend to be fortune-tellers. They have great address in making their dupes believe in their mysterious power. They frequently gain some information as to the history of a person; then, presenting themselves before him, offer to tell his fortune. Affecting to know nothing of him—never to have seen him before—they proceed to weave the web of fate; taking care to mingle in some real incidents of his life. The person thus is amazed to find the strange Gypsy, who has never seen him before, telling accurately the leading circumstances of his history; and as she seems to read the past by her mysterious art—he thinks, by the same power, she can of course unravel the future!

Travelling in the north-west of America is effected by dog-trains. Three dogs will draw a man and his provisions. The traders travel all over the wilderness with them over unbeaten snow, generally following the course of rivers. The dogs are easily trained to turn, halt, or go, by the word of command. When the traveller wishes his dogs to turn to the left, he says "chuck," and cracks his little whip on the right side of the train; if to the right, he says "gee," and cracks it on the left side. When he wishes them to start or quicken their gait, he says "march," or "*avancez;*" when he wishes to turn short about, he says "*venez ici,*" making a motion with the little whip at the same time.

Ne'er till to-morrow's light delay
What may as well be done to-day.

Ne'er do the thing you'd wish undone
Viewed by to-morrow's midday sun.

The Life of Martin Luther.

(Continued.)

When Luther was fully informed of the operations of Tetzel and his associates, he drew up certain themes or propositions, setting forth his own views of the powers of the church, and denouncing the avarice, impudence and licentiousness of the priests who went about selling indulgences and extorting money, under the pretence of making collections for the church.

Though there was nothing in these themes, but what many Catholics had maintained, they assailed in some points, especially the favorite doctrine of infallibility, the accepted creed of that day. He, however, boldly published them, challenged reply, and defended them in his own pulpit. Multitudes gathered to hear him, and his opinions were rapidly spread over Europe.

Tetzel and his associates were greatly enraged; they formally burnt Luther's theses, and then proceeded to answer them, chiefly by assuming the supreme authority and infallibility of the pope. This injured their cause, and their reply to Luther was publicly burnt by the students of Wittemberg. Such was the beginning of the storm which shook Europe to its foundation, and finally stripped the pope of his spiritual supremacy. Yet, when Leo heard of the dispute at Wittemberg, he only said, "It is a quarrel between monks;—but brother Luther seems to be a man of parts!"

Luther's fame was rapidly extended, but as yet he had no idea of separating from the Church of Rome. In 1518, he wrote a submissive letter to the pope, in which he says, "I throw myself prostrate at your feet, most holy father: call or recall me, condemn or approve, as you please: I shall acknowledge your voice as the voice of Christ, who presides and speaks in your person."

But the pope, who had once thought so lightly of Luther's influence, was ere long seriously alarmed, and at last summoned him to appear at Rome, to be examined, within sixty days. The danger to Luther in doing this was obvious, and his friend the Elector of Saxony obtained permission to have his examination take place at Augsburg. Here Cardinal Cajetan, or Caietano, was commanded to examine him. Thither Luther went, accompanied by his friend Staupnitz. The cardinal required a recantation of what he had written; but this Luther refused. Warned of danger that threatened him, he left Augsburg, and returned to Wittemberg. The pope now issued a bull, declaring that he, as Christ's vicar on earth, had power to deliver from all punishment due for sin, to those who repented and were in a state of grace, whether alive or dead. Luther now appealed from the pope to a general council of the church.

Pope Leo now commissioned a prelate, named Milnitz, to endeavor to bring Luther to a recantation. This dignitary was a man of talent and skill, and in an interview with Luther, he greatly conciliated the feelings of the latter. Milnitz condemned the abuse of the sale of indulgences, threw the blame upon Tetzel and his associates, and finally induced Luther to write another submissive letter to the pope, acknowledging that he had carried his zeal too far, and promising to

observe silence upon the matter in debate, if his adversaries would adhere to the same line of conduct. This letter has subjected Luther to great scandal, as a retraction of his principles; but it must be regarded only as evidence of the profound reverence with which he regarded the institution of the Church of Rome, in whose faith he had been educated, and the difficulty with which his mind burst asunder the fetters which it had thrown around him. The pope himself at this period wrote a kind letter to Luther, and it is probable that the breach might have been healed, had not Luther's enemies again opened the controversy.

Eckius of Ingoldstadt challenged Carolstadt, one of Luther's disciples, to an open discussion at Leipsic. Luther went thither himself, agreeing to take no part in the disputation. The debate attracted the great and the learned, from a vast distance. Among the listeners was the celebrated Melancthon, who was determined by what he here heard to devote himself to the cause of reform.

Eckius was a man of brilliant eloquence, and seemed to have the advantage of his antagonist, after a dispute of six days. It was then agreed, by Eckius' desire, that Luther himself should enter the lists. The debate was continued for several days, and different accounts were given of the result; but Hoffmann, the rector of the University of Leipsic, who had been appointed judge of the disputation, considering it to be so equally balanced, that he refused to pronounce a decision.

Luther went on to write several works, mostly questioning the lofty assumptions of the Church of Rome. He exposed the fatuity of penance, and pilgrimages; the impiety of worshipping saints; and the abuses of the confessional; he condemned the celibacy of priests, and denounced monastic vows. Leo now assembled a congregation of cardinals, before whom Luther's works were laid for adjudication. By their advice, a bull was drawn up, in which forty-one propositions, taken from his books, were denounced as heretical; his writings were condemned to be publicly burnt, and he himself was summoned to appear at Rome, and retract his writings on pain of excommunication. Luther again appealed to a general council of the church; and publicly separated himself from the communion of the Church of Rome, by burning the pope's bull on a pile of wood, without the walls of Wittemberg, in presence of a vast multitude of people. This occurred, December 10th, 1520. Soon after, the pope thundered against him his bull of excommunication.

The situation of the great Reformer was now one to put his moral courage to the severest test. Staupnitz, his early friend, had deserted him, and made peace with the church; Luther had written to Erasmus, of Rotterdam, who had written in behalf of reformation in the church, but that timid and irresolute scholar made him no answer. Even Spalatinus, once his ardent friend, was now seized with fear. Eckius, who had also been his friend, was, as we have seen, in open opposition to him. At the same time, society was violently torn with the questions which Luther had started. While some declared in his favor, the majority, including a vast pre-

ponderance of the rich and powerful, continued, even in Germany, to oppose him. By the rigid Catholics he was looked upon with horror. No terms too harsh could be found to heap upon his name; no scandal so vile could be invented, that it did not find believers; he was withal denounced by the papal bull of excommunication, that formidable and fearful curse, which few minds in that age had the iron hardihood to withstand. He was accused in the view of millions, who would have deemed it a service worthy of heaven to have taken the life of one regarded as a disciple of the Devil. The "arch-fiend" was a common title, bestowed upon him by his enemies. Yet, amid these perils, Luther stood as undaunted as the oak before the tempest; and though the lightning fell and the thunder burst upon and around him, he met it all unscathed.

Luther had, indeed, one powerful and steadfast friend,—Frederick the Elector of Saxony. The pope had endeavored to persuade him to give up the dreaded and hated priest, but in vain. He now sought to accomplish his object by other means. Maximilian, the Emperor of Germany, was dead, and Charles V., King of Spain, in 1518, had been elected in his place. Leo applied to him to make an example of Luther, as an obdurate heretic. Frederick interposed, and persuaded Charles to cause him to be tried by a diet of the empire at Worms. Having obtained the emperor's safe-conduct, Luther set forward upon his journey to that place, for his trial.

His friends trembled for the issue; every heart seemed burthened save his own. Melancthon, now his intimate friend, attended him. Luther, in the pulpit, seemed to breathe only of religion: in society, he was frank, cheerful, and engaging. He cultivated every innocent thing that could make life more agreeable. He went on his way to Worms, which many expected would prove his grave, with perfect equanimity, saying, "If it is God's will that I die, I am prepared; yet I believe that my time has not yet come."

He arrived at Worms on the 16th of April, 1521. On entering the town, he began singing the hymn—"Our God is a strong citadel"—and this became the inspiring song of the Reformation. Numbers of Luther's friends, who were with him, alarmed as they approached the city of Worms, deserted him; but his cheerfulness continued unchanged.

Worms was at that moment the point to which the eyes of all Europe were turned. Thither multitudes had gathered, impelled by an intense desire to see the result of the trial. The questions at issue had evidently entered deeply into the hearts of men; and now the person who had caused this mighty movement was there. And what was he? A simple monk,—a man without station, office, rank or badge; but truth and courage had given him a power which made potentates tremble. They were as the Philistines, and he as Samson, with his arms around the pillars of the temple. With what a feeling of interest did the concourse of people look on Martin Luther that day!

He was conducted, the day after his arrival, to the diet, by the marshal of the empire. There were the cardinals and princes in their badges of office and

insignia of rank. It was an august assembly, in which Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, presided. Luther came in, wearing a simple black gown, with a belt around his waist. He moved with a modest but tranquil step. Melancthon, Spalatinus and other friends were at his side. Luther was now asked if he acknowledged himself to be the author of certain books bearing his name. When they were enumerated, he said he would not deny them. "Are you ready to retract what has been condemned in these books?" was now asked. He requested time for reply;—a day was given him. The enemies of Luther now triumphed, and his friends feared for him. It was apprehended that he would shrink from the fearful ordeal. When he went to the diet, he was cheered by thousands of voices; as he returned, the enthusiasm had passed away.

The next day, Luther again appeared before the diet, and being asked if he meant to retract his writings, he replied mildly, yet firmly, in Latin, that he did not. He besought the assembly to hear with candor and judge him with fairness. He appealed to the youthful emperor, and mildly warned him against rash judgments.

When one of the assembly demanded of him a direct answer to the question whether he would recant or not—he replied that he would retract nothing, unless it could be shown to be inconsistent with the Bible. To the Scriptures he appealed, as the word of God, and when that sustained him, he would yield nothing. "To act against my conscience," said he, "is neither safe nor honest. Here I stand—I cannot do otherwise—may God help me. Amen!" The latter words were pronounced in his native German, with a deep and affecting emphasis.

Although the assembly, as Catholics, disapproved of Luther's views, his noble bearing excited their respect and wonder. The Archbishop of Treves, touched with the sublimity of his conduct, paid him a visit, and sought to win him back to the church. This was, of course, in vain. Luther's friends were now filled with enthusiastic admiration, and his enemies could not withhold their respect. The decision of the diet was of course against him, and the emperor ordered him forthwith to leave Worms. He left it on the 26th of April.

An edict was now issued by the emperor, to go into effect as soon as his safe-conduct to Luther should expire. In this, he was denounced as the "Devil in the shape of a man and the dress of a monk. All the subjects of the empire," continued the bull, "are required to seize upon him, and deliver him up to justice." It may well be believed that dismay now seized upon the friends of Luther. What was their horror, soon after, to hear that as he was travelling with a single attendant towards his house, he was beset in the forests of Thuringia, dragged from his carriage by several men in masks, and hurried away. His companion had escaped to tell the tale. Consternation reigned throughout Germany, and in the town of Wittemberg, sorrow and wailing was in almost every dwelling.

But it was not long before a new work from Luther's pen was announced, and it was of a date subsequent to his alleged murder. Melancthon also received a

letter from him—"Give yourself no uneasiness for me," said he; "both you and your wife may rest assured of my welfare. I am not only supplied with all the necessaries of life, but if I chose I could command the luxuries; but I trust God will preserve me from such snares. I wish not to receive the reward of my labors in this world, but in the world to come."

The explanation of the mystery was this. The elector, foreseeing that, in consequence of the emperor's proclamation, Luther's life would be in danger, had caused him to be waylaid and carried in safety to the old castle of Wartburg, near Eisenach; while a story of his murder was propagated by his fugitive attendant. Luther, being supplied with every convenience, devoted himself to study, yet was required by the elector by no means to permit his retreat to be known. He was situated in an old castle, built upon a lofty eminence which commanded a delightful prospect. Freed from care and anxiety, his mind seemed to soar aloft like the birds around his dwelling. His letters written at this period are full of poetic fancy, and show that his mind sympathized with the lovely scenes around him.

His confinement lasted for ten months. During this brief period, he translated the New Testament into German, besides writing treatises against auricular confession, monastic vows, clerical celibacy, prayers for the dead, &c. His works spread with amazing rapidity, and produced a wonderful effect, particularly in Saxony. Hundreds of monks quitted their convents and married; the Austin friars of Wittemberg abolished mass. The excitement soon ran into excess, and Carolstadt, a disciple of Luther, demolished the images in a church at Wittemberg, and proposed to banish all books from the university, except the Bible. He even affected to obey to the letter the sentence pronounced on Adam, and went to work a portion of each day in the fields. The mild and polished Melancthon caught the infection, and labored in a baker's shop.

Luther in his retirement heard of these follies, which were calculated to ruin his cause, and at the risk of his life immediately departed for Wittemberg. He now preached openly his doctrines, with amazing power and effect. He succeeded in quelling the violence of his fanatical followers. These sermons are patterns of moderation, wisdom and popular eloquence; they show a marked contrast to the violence and scurrility which soil his writings directed against the malignity and duplicity with which he had chiefly to contend.

Luther was now the acknowledged head of the reformation. He continued by preaching and writing to aid the great cause of Protestantism. His productions were stained with coarse invective; but this was the taste of the age, and belongs equally to his opponents. In 1524, he threw off his monastic dress, and condemned monastic institutions. Convents both of men and women were now rapidly suppressed, and the reformation in some cases ran into fanaticism. A sect called Anabaptists ran into the wildest extremes at Munster. They made war upon property and law, and in their madness practised the grossest vices and crimes under the sanction of religion.

Luther was sorely grieved at these things, and did all in his power to correct them, though not with complete success.

In 1525, he married Catherine de Bora, a young nun, who had left her convent a year before, and resided with Melancthon. He was happy in this marriage, and though at the age of forty-two, seems to have entered into it almost with the affections of youth. In 1534, he completed his great work, the German version of the Bible, which is much admired for its elegance, force and precision, and has rendered the Scriptures really popular in Germany.

The remaining years of his life were passed in comparative quiet. In 1546, being at Eisleben, he fell sick on the 17th of February, and seemed at once to be aware of his approaching end. He grew worse in the evening, and died in the midst of his friends, expressing a firm conviction of the truth of that faith, which he had taught. His body was carried to Wittemberg, and buried with great honors.

Luther's works are voluminous, and great favorites in Germany. In company, he was always lively, and abounded in sallies of wit and good humor; he gave advice and assistance wherever it was needed; he interested himself for every indigent person who applied to him, and devoted himself with his whole soul to the pleasures of society. Rough and stormy as are his controversial writings, he was no stranger to the elegant arts. His soul was filled with music, and he often solaced himself by singing and playing upon the flute and lute.

Nor is Luther to be regarded only in the light of a religious reformer. He not only burst the bonds of religious tyranny throughout Christendom, but he created in Germany that impulse towards spiritual philosophy, that thirst for knowledge, that logical exercise of the mind, which have made the Germans the most intellectual people in Europe. He was the friend of education, of mental freedom, of religious light, of civil liberty. He rescued the Bible from the exclusive grasp of the Church of Rome; by a gigantic effort he translated it into his native tongue; he not only made it acceptable to forty millions who spoke his native language, but he made it the common property of the people of all Europe. He was no courtly flatterer—but the friend of the poor and the humble; he was as ready to condemn cupidity and extravagance among his followers, as among those who adhered to the Church of Rome.

The life which Luther led was calculated to develop the sterner parts of his character, and we must admit that his writings display many gross and abusive passages; yet he possessed many gentle and attractive qualities. His love of music amounted to a passion; "Old Hundred," a tune which has guided and elevated the devotion of millions, was his composition, and some of our sweetest hymns were written by him. His familiar letters are full of gentle affections. Even when Tetzel, his special enemy, was deserted by those who had used him, and now, in poverty and desolation, was upon his deathbed, Luther was at his side, pouring into his harassed soul the oil of consolation. One of his last acts, was that of reconciliation, in a noble but

distracted house. When we look through the steel mail of the controversialist, the reformer, and observe traits of character like these, we cannot but lift our thoughts with thanks to Heaven, that human nature—with all its drawbacks—when elevated by religion, has such capacities as these.

To estimate Luther's character, and the work he accomplished, we must bear in mind the circumstances under which he acted. He was educated a Catholic, in a country where the dominion of the Romish Church was complete, as well over the government as the people. All around him, father, mother, friends, society were living in abject submission to the established creed. Doubts were held as the suggestions of the Devil; freedom of thought was infidelity; denial of any received dogma was heresy, and worthy the judgments of the Inquisitor—of punishment here and hereafter. These were the orthodox notions of the age, and Luther was a priest of that church which bound the civilized world to such a system.

What a fearful struggle in his own mind, with his own habits of thought, his associations and convictions, did it involve, for the Reformer first to doubt, and then to repudiate, the faith which thus enthralled him! What courage of soul, to meet the fears that spring up in the bosom; what energy of mind, to rend asunder the chains that fetter the reason, in such a condition! And when he had triumphed over internal difficulties, what a work was still before him! The pope, by the invisible cords of spiritual despotism, held all Europe in subjection. Every monarch was more or less his slave; every prison, like some fearful monster, was ready to open its jaws at his command, and close them upon whomsoever he might designate: the jealous inquisition, with all-seeing eyes, all-hearing ears, spread its net on every hand. All the united powers and prejudices of society—public opinion, laws, institutions, armies, prisons, chains, fire, the rack—were in the hands of the church, and it was against this that one man was called to contend. It was as if a single knight, and he without arms, were called to attack the lordly castle, whose massive walls and towering battlements might look down with disdain upon the assailant.

And yet Luther triumphed. We cannot doubt that he was sustained by a deep conviction of the rectitude of his cause; that a sense of duty raised him above the considerations of personal interest and safety; that he acted as if in the presence of God, and in the hope of a heavenly, not an earthly, recompense. We must not only admit that his abilities were great; his qualities rare and well adapted to his work; that he was a man of peculiar singleness and sincerity of aim; and that he was endowed with the richest graces of religion; but we must admit something more—that truth is mighty; that the abuses of the Church of Rome had risen to such a pitch as to furnish the very elements of revolution; and finally, that the good providence of God shaped events to their great issues in behalf of liberty and light. Can any one explain the revolution achieved by Luther, on any grounds short of these?

Rent-Day.

English Farmers.

This picture represents a scene very common in England, but more rare with us. A farmer is paying the rent of the house and farm he occupies, to their owner. Here the farmer usually owns the land he tills and the house in which he dwells. It is not always so, but land is so cheap with us, that he may generally be the proprietor of enough for the support of a family, together with a tenement sufficient for their comfort.

In England there is hardly such a class of persons as our independent, prudent, intelligent owners of the soil: the farmers are there, for the most part, persons of some wealth, who hire land upon leases of twenty-one years. They are a highly respectable class of persons, seldom laboring themselves, and only overseeing their numerous workmen. The persons they employ are often exceedingly poor, toiling very hard for small wages, with poor fare.

The wife of the farmer in England is generally a stout, rosy-cheeked, handsome woman, very neatly dressed; she oversees the dairy, and the various operations of the household. She is generally very systematic in her affairs; each person has her particular course of duty, and is expected to do it thoroughly.

The English farm-house is generally of brick or stone; it is irregularly built, and seems to have been put up at many different times, according to circumstances and without any regular plan. It looks ancient, dark, respectable and com-

fortable. Within, it is a pattern of neatness, and is full of good furniture. The beds are plump, and the sheets white as snow. Every bed-room is furnished with a carpet, table, bureau, &c.

The table of the English farmer is generally well provided, and when the family is seated around it, the scene is a very pleasant one.

An English Farm-yard.

The barns in England are usually of stone, and often several buildings are crowded together. A good deal of the hay is preserved in stacks. The barn-yard of a thriving English farmer is generally a scene which seems to bespeak wealth and abundance; but it must be remembered that we are speaking of the wealthier class. Some of these cultivate several hundred acres, and it is not uncommon for one farmer to pay an annual rent of from five to ten thousand dollars.

London Menageries.—These are very expensive establishments. The expense of Wombell's collection is 170 dollars a day. The cost of the animals also is very considerable. A fine elephant is worth 4500 dollars; tigers have been sold at 1400 dollars each; a panther is worth 450 dollars, hyenas from 200 to 300; zebras from 700 to 900 dollars; a fine ostrich is worth 900 dollars. A young Indian one-horned rhinoceros cost Cross 5000 dollars; and three giraffes cost the London Zoological Society 3000 dollars, exclusive of expenses.

The word *gazette* was derived from the name of the small Venetian coin, which was the price of the first newspaper.

A Story of the Revolution.

THE following story, related by a mother to her children, a few years since, will show the spirit which existed among the people of New England at that trying period:

"Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Massachusetts, where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

"The training band was instantly called out, and my brother, next older than I, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march the day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston, in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be away seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of winter garments. There were at this time no stores and no articles to be had except such as each family would make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of the body and mind to action. I immediately asked what garment was needful. She replied, 'pantaloons.'

"'O! if that is all,' said I, 'we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes.'

"'Tut,' said my mother, 'the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture.'

"I immediately turned to a younger brother, and bade him take a salt dish and call them to the yard.

"Mother replied, 'Poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half.'

"'I have some small shears at the loom,' said I.

"'But we can't spin and weave it in so short a time.'

"'I am certain we can, mother.'

"'How can you weave it?—there is a long web of linen in the loom.'

"'No matter; I can find an empty loom.' By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps towards the yard. I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and cards, while I went for the wool. I went into the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared, with my loom shears, half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of the fleece. I sent the wool in with my sister. Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining part of her fleece.

"The wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized, and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in, woven, and prepared, cut and made two or three hours before my brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement."

The good old lady closed by saying, "I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country. I was assisting poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother.

"The garment being finished, I retired and wept, till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved."

This brother was, perhaps, one of Gen. Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America?

Lady Jane Grey.

We think our readers can hardly fail to be interested in the story of this amiable, but unfortunate lady. We shall therefore tell it at some length.

Melancholy as was the fate of this illustrious personage, she was fortunate, in one respect. Though placed in a situation to excite envy and prejudice, and though calumny and misrepresentation might be deemed a road to royal favor, no one of her cotemporaries has dared to say ought that was ill of her; and the more attentive is the examination of her history and character, the more deserving will she be found of those praises, which some, in later times, have hinted to have had their origin in a desire to glorify a political and religious martyr.

She was the daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, and Frances Brandon, a granddaughter of Henry VII., and was born at "a very faire, large, and beautiful house," called Bradgate, in 1537.

The intercourse between parents and children was not of that pleasing character, now so universal; good discipline was maintained by fear, rather than love; children, especially daughters, were never admitted to any familiarity with their parents; they were obliged, even in womanhood, to stand at the cupboard side during visits, except when permitted to have a cushion to kneel on; and it was not unusual for ladies of the highest rank, to correct their grown-up daughters, even before company, with the large fans which it was the fashion to carry.

The parents of Lady Jane were even more than usually severe; which with one, who from her birth was distinguished for the gentleness of her disposition, was wholly unnecessary; "for what need," says the quaint Fuller, "of iron instruments to bow wax?" The first care of her parents would doubtless be to instruct her in those matters which were deemed indispensable to a young lady's education. She was taught music, and not only played on several musical instruments, but accompanied them with a voice exquisitely sweet; her execution in needle-work was beautiful; she was skilled in the art of making confectionary, then an important part of lady-like duty; nor was she deficient in a knowledge of surgery and medicine, for the practice of which arts those boisterous times furnished frequent occasion. At a period a little earlier than this, with a knowledge of these things, a young lady's education would have been deemed complete; for reading and writing were thought to be dangerous accomplishments, any further than to be able to spell out the Missal. But the reformation in religion had excited a desire for general knowledge, as well as a spirit of inquiry into religious matters; learning, as well with women as with men, became the fashion; "a grete number of noble women," we are told by a contemporary writer, "were given to the studie of human sciences, and of strange

tongues, and it was a common thinge to see young virgins so nouzled and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set all other vain pastymes at naught for learnynge's sake."

The early promise which lady Jane gave of genius and excellence, induced her parents to bestow even more than ordinary pains in the cultivation of her intellect. The most learned men of the day were chosen to be her preceptors, and under their instruction, she, at a very early age, became well skilled in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Arabic, French, and Italian languages, as well as in her own tongue.

The severity of her parents proved of ultimate benefit to Lady Jane, in a manner which she shall herself relate. The celebrated scholar, Roger Ascham, being about to leave England on a diplomatic mission to Germany, went to take leave of the family at Bradgate, who had been his early patrons. He tells us that on his arrival there, he found that the duke and duchess, with all the ladies and gentlemen of their household, were hunting in the park; but that the Lady Jane was in her chamber. Requesting permission to pay his respects to her, to whom he states himself to have been much beholden, he was admitted. He found her reading the Phædon of Plato, in Greek, with as much delight as some gentlemen of that day would have read a merry tale of Boccacio. Having made every respectful inquiry, according to the custom of the times, he asked the youthful student why she would lose such pastime, as was going on in the park? She replied, "I wisse all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas, good folk! they never felt what true pleasure means." Ascham then asked, "How came you, madam, to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," replied Lady Jane, "and tell you a truth, which, perchance, you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster; for, when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nibs and bobs, and other ways, (which I will not name, for the honor I bear them,) so without measure disordered, that I long for the time that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him; and when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of great trouble, fear, and whole misliking to me; and thus my book bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more." This interview made a lasting impression on Ascham, and we find him referring to it in a letter which he addressed to her from Germany. "I have travelled far; I have visited the greatest cities, and have made the most diligent observations upon the manners of nations, their institutions, laws, religion,

and regulations; but I have found nothing that has raised in me greater admiration than what I found in regard to yourself last summer; to see one so young and lovely, in the noble hall of her family, at the very moment when all her friends were enjoying the field-sports; to find, I repeat, so divine a maid diligently perusing the divine Phædon of Plato; in this more happy, it may be believed, than in her noble and royal lineage."

In addition to her own personal claims, there existed on the part of the reformed clergy a new source of interest. Rumor said that she was the destined wife of the young monarch, Edward VI., and as such they looked upon her as the future supporter of the true interests of Christianity. Perhaps, had the youthful parties been allowed to follow their own inclination, the union might have taken place; they were playmates in their infancy, and there was a great sympathy of tastes, as well as similarity of temper. But the choice of each must be controlled and made subservient to the purposes of ambition. Before Lady Jane was eleven years old, the possession of her hand in marriage became the object of political intrigue. Somerset, the Protector, sought it for his son, hoping, also, to bring about the marriage of the young king with his own daughter. But these schemes, by which he trusted to secure the permanence of his power, proved the cause of his downfall. His brother, Lord Sudley, was equally ambitious, and more artful; and finding that Somerset's plans could not otherwise be counteracted, he became the chief agent in procuring his death. Sudley's triumph was short; he himself fell before more successful rivals, Northumberland and Suffolk, who soon attained to a degree of power, which left nothing to be desired but to give it permanency.

The health of the king was manifestly failing, and his death would be their destruction; for zealous protestants such as they, had nothing to hope from a Roman Catholic sovereign. The order of succession then, as limited by Henry VIII., must be changed. This was a bold measure, but it might be successful; Mary and Elizabeth had both been declared illegitimate by act of parliament, at Henry's own suggestion; it was but to procure a confirmation of this, and Lady Jane Grey stood next to the throne.

To cement the union between these ambitious nobles, a marriage was arranged between the Lady Jane and Lord Guilford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland. There was short time for courtship, and the practice of those acts of gallantry which the fashion of the day required. No sweet madrigal softened the way to the lady's heart; nor had the appointed bridegroom much time for the display, on his breast or in his hat, of the little gold-embroidered and edged handkerchief, with the tassels at each corner and in the middle, which enamored damsels were wont to present to their favorites. The marriage followed close upon the agreement; the king, to show the pleasure which it gave him, was bountiful in his gifts. But even in this his natural love of economy was gratified; for the forfeiture of the effects of the duke and duchess of Somerset had placed at his disposal much rich apparel, not much the worse for

wear, which he now bestowed on the bridal party.

Though the match was one of ambition on the part of the parents, it was well calculated to secure the happiness of the parties, for the Lord Guilford Dudley would seem to have possessed every quality fitted to win a lady's heart, and to keep it. Besides the approval of the king, it met with that of the court and of the public, who, as the bridal procession passed along, were loud in testifying their admiration of the beauty and innocence of the youthful bridegroom and his lovely bride.

The pomp and splendor which attended these nuptials, formed the last beam of joy that shone in the palace of Edward, who grew so weak a few days afterwards, that Northumberland thought it time to carry his project into execution. How he effected his purpose cannot be better stated than in the language of Fuller. "King Edward, tender in years and weak with sickness, was so practised upon by the importunity of others, that, excluding his two sisters, he conveyed the crown to the Ladie Jane, his kinswoman, by that which we may well call the *testament* of King Edward, and the *will* of the Duke of Northumberland. Thus, through the pious intents of this prince, wishing well to the Reformation; the religion of Mary obnoxious to exception; the ambition of Northumberland, who would do what he listed; the simplicity of Suffolk, who would be done with as the other pleased; the dutifulness of the Lady Jane, disposed by her parents; the fearfulness of the judges, not daring to oppose; and the flattery of courtiers most willing to comply, matters were made as sure, as man's policy can make that good which is bad in itself."

(To be continued.)

THE BAMBOO.—This is an eastern production, of various and most important uses. It grows from fifteen to sixty feet high, being from five to fifteen inches in diameter. It grows as much as twenty feet in a few weeks. It flourishes wild in many places, but it is cultivated with great care in China and other places. The soft shoots are cut and eaten like asparagus, and sometimes salted and eaten with rice. The hollow joints afford a liquid, and if not drawn off, a concrete, medical substance. Its seeds are eaten as a delicacy; its large joints are used as buckets; and, in many countries, no other wood is used for building. Ships are framed out of it, and it furnishes masts and yards. Its leaves make fans. It is also used to make bows, and to convey water to a distance. It also forms writing-pens, and is woven into baskets, cages, hats, &c. Bruised into a pulp, it makes fine paper, and is also used for many kinds of furniture.

PRACTICAL ADVANTAGE OF SCIENCE.—The following illustration of the utility of science, in the common occurrences of life, is from the Genessee Farmer:—"A penknife was by accident dropped into a well twenty feet deep. A sunbeam, from a mirror, was directed to the bottom, which rendered the knife visible, and a magnet, fastened to a pole, brought it up again."

GRANDMOTHER'S SCHOLAR.

Grandmother.

Come hither, my poor orphan boy!
Come to your granny's knee;
'T is time that you should learn to read,
And tell your A, B, C.
It is not fit that all the day
Should pass in idleness away.

Boy.

Oh, grandmother! the sun shines bright,
The bird sings in the tree,
The bees are out—*they* never go
To say their A, B, C.
I wish I were a bird to play
Among the leaves, and sing all day.

Grandmother.

My foolish child! the sun shines bright,
To ripen corn and fruit;
The bird has fled full many a mile,
Upon her fond pursuit;
And, for the little bees, there 's not
A flower in their search forgot.

Boy.

But, grandmother, they do not learn
In little books to read,
They tell no crooked letters' names,
And they 're well off, indeed.
I too would fly about all day,
And glad, so I might be as gay.

Grandmother.

Poor boy! they cannot think or speak,
But what they have been taught,
With industry and studious care
They practise as they ought;
Do you remember, last July,
The nest in the hawthorn hard by?

Boy.

Yes, grandmother, so soft and warm,
All twigs and moss without,
With quilted wool and slender straws
Plaited and twined about,
And then inside so smoothly spread,
Oh, 't was a tempting little bed.

Grandmother.

Aye, child, and all that moss and down
Was brought by many a wing,
Twigs from the distant upland wood,
Moss from beside the spring;
Remember, time, and pains, and care,
Brought all those things together there.

For do you think that in the tree
Itself the nest would grow,
So firmly built, and nicely wove,
And lined?—"Oh, granny, no!"—
Then think, how every bird that flies
Must labor ere his roof can rise.

Boy.

But, grandmother—the humming bees,—
Well—on a summer's day,
What can you see, from morn to eve,
So busy as are they?
Into each flower their trunks they dive,
And laden cluster round the hive.

Grandmother.

Learning A B is not so hard
As flying all the day;
And to a bee's industrious life
Your book is only play;
Beside, God gave you speech and thought,
To be improved, and ruled, and taught.

Boy.

Ah, granny, this is very true,
But I should like to know,
If it is good to speak and think,
Why don't the birds do so?
And why did God make them to fly,
And us to walk through wet and dry?

Grandmother.

My child, why did he make the sun
Above our heads to glow?
Why did he bend upon the cloud
His bright and glorious bow?
Why did he make the thunder sound,
And draw the solemn night around?

Why, but because he saw 't was *best?*—
He gave to flower and tree
The power to blossom, bud, and fruit,
And for man's good to be.
But man, he made to praise him still,
And humbly do his Maker's will.

And we do not his laws obey
In wasting time that flies,

Or being idle all day long
Instead of being wise.
Then come, my child, begin, and we
Shall soon outgrow our A B C.

Our Correspondence.

Thanks, gentle friends, for your many favors —but you must not expect me to insert them all here. I read them with great satisfaction, and even when you find a little fault, I am not the less pleased—particularly if you tell me how to do better. But as to printing all your epistles, you must consider that I have Bill Keeler's stories to put in, and the Old Man's in the Corner, and a great many other things. I have, indeed, so many matters crowding into my columns, that I am this month obliged to leave out Dick Boldhero altogether! However, I find that our subscribers like Our Correspondence very well, and therefore I shall put in as much of it as my space will allow.

I am much obliged to A—— R——, who sends me the following

PUZZLE.

I am composed of seven letters.
My 3, 2, 4, is what boatmen do.
My 5, 3, 2, 1, is the most useful of all metals.
My 5, 1, 6, 7, is the smallest division of long measure.
My 6, 7, 5, 1, is a part of the face.
My 1, 2, 4, is the best time to do what is necessary to be done.
My 4, 5, 1, is what those who try for rewards of merit like to do.
My 3, 5, 6, 7, is what many people like to be.
And my whole is a town in Connecticut.

The following is very acceptable.

Syracuse, July 7, 1844.

Mr. Merry,—I hope you will be willing to have a letter from me, as I am going to tell about the salt works of this place.

Syracuse is a large town, with about 8000 inhabitants. A mile from us, is Salina, a village in which are many salt springs. The water is pumped out and conducted by canals to Syracuse, where salt is made from it. The water is stronger than sea water, and yields a great deal more salt.

The salt is made by vats, which expose the water to the sun and evaporate it, or by boiling it. Both methods are adopted. There are a great many of these establishments, and it is supposed that this year they will all make four millions of bushels.

One establishment puts up 1200 bags of 28 pounds each, a day. They require about 1200 yards of cotton cloth, every day, for the bags. You would be very much interested to go into this establishment. There is a long flue, more than seventy feet long, which runs under a great many kettles, in which the water is constantly boiling. The salt is here formed in crystals, white as snow. It is taken out and put in a bin, where it looks like a great long snow-drift.

It is taken from this place, and put in a trough thirty feet long and ten wide, with fire beneath; a sort of harrow is made to work back and forward in this, thus stirring the salt. It is then ground, and carried by machinery to a place where it is put in bags.

It is really a curious place, and if you were there, you would think salt as plenty as snow in winter at Boston.

The salt made at Syracuse is very much liked; some of it is fine and nice for the table. Some is put up in small, neat boxes and sent all over the country.

When you were here the other day, I got a peep at a man they told me was you; but as he had n't a wooden leg, I have some doubts whether it was really you. Perhaps your leg has grown on again, or you have had one put in as good as new—for it is said the Yankees, down east, are very clever at domestic manufactures.

Now, Mr. Merry, if you don't put this into your Magazine, I hope you will at least say that you have received it. I like the Magazine pretty well, but I did n't understand what that picture of the big, jumping bull meant at the beginning of the April number. Perhaps you can tell me. Yours,

J——s L——n.

☞ We are obliged to confess that our friend here has given us a good hint; the animal he mentions was meant for *Taurus*, the Bull, which is the zodiacal sign for April.

Detroit, May 30, 1844.

Mr. Merry,—Will you allow me to tell you that I like your Magazine pretty well—indeed, I may say, very well—but it does not come

regular. I go to the post-office a great many times, when it should come, but I am obliged to go away without it. You know "hope deferred makes the heart sick." So I am often disappointed. Will you do better in this, good Mr. Merry?—and as you tell us many wise things, will you set us an example of punctuality, and oblige your friend,

S——L M——LL.

☞ Thanks to S——. I will talk with the publishers about this.

The Snow-Drop.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM, BY GEO. J. WEBB.

For one or two voices.

Now the spring is com - ing on, Now the ice and snow are
gone, Come, my lit - tle snow-drop root, Will you not be - gin to
shoot? Come, my lit - tle snow-drop root, Will you not be - gin to shoot?

Ah! I see your little head
Peeping on the flower bed,
Looking all so green and gay
On this fine and pleasant day.

For the mild south wind doth blow,
And hath melted all the snow;
And the sun shines out so warm,
You need not fear another storm

So your pretty flowers show,
And your petals white undo;
Then you 'll hang your modest head
Down upon my flower bed.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VIII. SEPTEMBER, 1844. No. 3.

SEPTEMBER has come, and it would seem by the picture, that peaches have come with it. This is indeed a fine season for our little friends who are fond of fruit, such as peaches, pears, and plums. Who is there, indeed, that does not like these nice things? But beware, boys and girls; do not indulge in them to excess. Even the best things in this world may be converted into evils by abuse. Even peaches, which are not only delicious but very wholesome, may still become the occasion of disease, if taken in undue quantities.

Thus you see that moderation is required of us in the midst of our enjoyments. But I do not intend now to preach a sermon. It is September, one of the pleasantest months of the year, and I have a few pleasant words to say about it. It is a season of delicious fruits; it is also a period when the excessive heat of summer is succeeded by the mild and gentle coolness of approaching autumn. The landscape has lost something of its brilliant verdure. The fields and forests are tinged with a sober brown. The leaves of the maple, the

ash, and the oak are exchanging their green hue for brilliant dyes of red, purple, and yellow. Many of the birds are gathering in flocks, and, with much noisy chattering, are preparing to depart to southern climes, where they may spend the winter. The sparrow, the cat-bird, the thrush, and the towee-bunting have already withdrawn into the thickets. The robin has left the orchard, and retired to the forests, and the young crows, trying to caw like their fathers and mothers, are heard in the mountains.

Whoever will take a walk in the woods will see a great many of that splendid bird, which has so many names, glancing from tree to tree, and seeming to hold some very good-natured discourse with his companions. This is the high-hole, high pole, flecker, yellow jay, or golden-winged wood-pecker, whichever you choose to call him.

The gardener is now rooting up the weeds, and the farmer is getting in his second crop of hay, called *rowen*. The markets are now full of melons, and other fruits and vegetables, of many kinds,—potatoes, beets, carrots, cabbages, and tomatoes. Surely, September is a fine time.

All Hallow-e'en.

Among the inhabitants of Scotland, the last day of October is called All Hallow-e'en, or Holy evening. The people formerly had many superstitions and some pleasant customs respecting it. These still linger in the Highlands; and the following story, extracted from an English book, will give some account of the manner in which this evening is still commemorated there.

There are few Highlanders in whom the memory of Hallow-e'en does not awaken some pleasing recollections of the past, and with it are associated some of their happiest days. I propose to explain to my young friends some of the joyous festivities of this season.

Among many families in the Highlands, there were none I loved so well as the Graemes of Glennburton. Four merry girls and one quiet boy circled their hearth on the last day of October, the eventful Hallow-e'en. A crowd of young visitors was also there. The cheerful dance over, our dear and kind friend, Mr Graeme, drank to many happy Hallow-e'ens, in which we noisy youngsters joined most heartily.

The nut basket now appeared. Nell Graeme, the second daughter, a tall girl of seventeen, singled out two nuts and said, "Who shall I burn?" At once, the whole group, who were quite prepared, cried, "Geraldine and Lord Elva." The two nuts were placed in one bright spot in the fire; they burnt for a time most lovingly; but at last Geraldine bounded out of the fire. Oh! naughty girl—she had fairly quarrelled with him whom her young companions had declared to be her sweetheart.

Geraldine now sprang forward, and revenged herself by burning the blushing Nell with her coz. It was very amusing to watch the countenance of each damsel, as her name was given to the nut, and coupled with another. One girl blushed, a second laughed, a third cast down her eyes, and so on. Tired of this, they at length hurried to tea; and

then came the real fun, as that noisy, pretty black-eyed girl, Jessie Graeme, declared.

Now, my young friends, follow me to Mrs. Graeme's kitchen; yes, to the kitchen,—clean, bright, and pure enough for any one to enter; the floor well scoured and sprinkled with sand; the small copper saucepans and tin covers hung round the walls, shining and bright as burnished gold; the mutton-hams and other delicacies in such famous order hanging overhead. It was the abode of plenty and cleanliness; so I thought, as I entered it, and surveyed with delight the preparations for the "company," as Mary the cook said.

A huge tub full of crystal water was in the middle of the floor, and a basket of immense rosy-cheeked apples. The company entered. Plump went three dozen apples into the tub, with a splashing that made the ladies retreat speedily. Mr. Graeme put numerous shillings and sixpences into the apples, and we all ducked to fish them out. Happy those who got an apple; thrice happy those who got money in their apples. Many untoward accidents occurred; Jane had fastened her long curls with a comb, and as she stooped and hunted down a rolling apple, Jessie Graeme, lover of mischief and fun, pulled out the comb; down went the ringlets, to assist poor Jane in her search after the apple.

Jessie laughed heartily, and in her turn danced up to the tub. No sooner had she bent over the water, than Hugh slily pushed her in, and the ill-fated Jessie fell plump into the water. Her brother helped her out, and though strongly tempted to cuff his cheeks for his impudence, she was obliged to march off and change her wet clothing. Tired at length of this diversion, "snap dragon" was called. "Hurrah for snap dragon!" cried Harriet Graeme.

A large flat dish, filled with whisky and raisins, cleared from their stalks, was laid upon the table; gloves and mittens were hastily torn off; pocket handkerchiefs, scarfs, and other combustible parts of the ladies' dresses were put out of the way. There was a rush and a crowd round the dish; Hugh held the match to the spirits, and the blue flame flickered, and the "mountain dew" blazed gloriously. "Begin!" shouted Hugh.

Fifty hands were at once dipped into the snap dragon, and drawn back, carrying streams of the blue and liquid flame. Another plunge! fresh screams, and a river of fire on the table; the dish upset; Harriet's dress on fire; Donald the gardener's hair in a blaze. A hearth-rug nearly smothered Harriet, and a bucket of water cooled Donald completely. There was a universal burst of laughter; even Black Kitty, the cook maid, so called, from her jet black hair, was heard to giggle behind the scullery door; and Donald, now recovered from his singeing and ducking, roared himself into convulsions in the back passage. They now all began to count the raisins; whoever had the largest odd number was the lucky one. Merry Jessie was the lucky one.

The happy party now retired to the drawing-room, saying, that of all games, snap dragon was the most amusing. Up stairs, they found a blazing fire, and supper laid on the table. In the centre

of it stood, most conspicuously, the Hallow-e'en cake, so delicately iced over and ornamented with a wreath and bunch of the last roses. This cake contained a ring, for marriage; a sixpence for wealth; and a thimble, for an old maid. The cake was cut up by Hugh. The youngest of the party took the first piece, and the gentle fairy, Minna Erskine, found the ring. Jessie Graeme darted forward, and seizing a bit of cake, crumbled it to atoms, and found the sixpence. Happy little pair, who, almost screaming with joy, fairly hugged each other with delight.

Dear mamma was declared a confirmed old maid by finding the thimble. The laughter of the young ones at this knew no bounds; but they were soon brought to order by Mr. Graeme, reminding them that it was within a quarter of an hour of midnight, and that "good nights" must be exchanged. The young ones quickly though reluctantly took the hint, and after affectionate kissings and greetings, from our papas and mammas, we all marched off, once more to talk of the events of the evening, and to anticipate and prepare for fresh sports and merriment.

Bonaparte's Wit.—Soon after Napoleon had attained the rank of captain, a soldier one day approached him, and showed him his coat which was in rags, at the same time demanding another in a dissatisfied tone. "A new coat?" replied the young officer; "you do not call to mind that your honorable scars would no longer be visible." This well-timed compliment entirely satisfied the poor soldier.

After Napoleon became emperor, during a parade, a young officer stepped out of the ranks, in extreme agitation, to complain that he had been ill-used, slighted, and passed over, and that he had been five years a lieutenant, without being able to obtain promotion. "Calm yourself," said the emperor; "I was seven years a lieutenant, and yet you see that a man may push himself forward for all that." Everybody laughed, and the young officer, suddenly cooled by these words, returned to his place.

The following description of the gardens at the Tusculan villa, Belvidere, in Italy, is given by a traveller. "Behind the palace," says he, "an aquatic stream dashes precipitately down a succession of terraces, and is tormented below, into a variety of tricks. The whole court seems alive at the turning of the cock. Water attacks you on every side; it is squirted in your face from invisible holes; it darts up in a constellation of *jets d'eau;* it returns in misty showers, which present against the sun a beautiful iris. Water is made to blow the trumpet of a centaur and the pipe of a cyclops; water plays two organs; makes the birds warble and the muses tune their reeds; it sets Pegasus neighing, and all Parnassus on music. I mention this magnificent touch as a specimen of Italian hydraulics. Its sole object is to surprise strangers."

At Thebes, the coffins of mummies are burnt for fire-wood, and the ruins of limestone are burned for lime.

The stranger carrying off Katrina.

Bill and the Boys.

The story of Dirk Heldriver, continued.

In a preceding number we have given an account of the manner in which Katrina was taken from her mother and borne away into the woods. We must now continue the story, as it was related by Bill to his companions.

Nothing could exceed the state of excitement produced upon M. Hielder by the news of the carrying off of his daughter; for a few moments, he seemed to be in a frenzy of rage, muttered the name of Hieldover between his teeth, clenched his fist, and uttered the most terrific imprecations. But in a short time, he conquered his passion, and, ordering six men to attend him, they all set out in pursuit of the offender. They had learned as well as they could from Madam Hielder the direction which the robber had taken, which appeared to be towards the mountains. They soon found the traces of footsteps which led along the bank of a small river that swept down from the heights. They followed these for about two miles, when the ground became rocky and broken, and they could no longer trace them. It seemed certain, however, that the stranger had ascended the mountain, directing his course to a deep and wild dell that lay between two rugged cliffs, that seemed to rear their naked heads to the clouds.

The party drew themselves out in a

lengthened line, and proceeded to search the tangled valley that lay before them. The impatience of Hielder led him in front of the pursuers, and the excited state of his feelings made him almost forget his attendants. It was not long before he saw, or thought he saw, the object of his pursuit. He rushed forward, urging his way between the branches of the trees and the thick mass of underwood, regardless of the obstacles that lay in his path, his garments torn, and his hair streaming in the wind. He was soon separated from his companions, and entirely forgetting them, urged his way through the wilderness.

Again he fancied that he saw the figure of a man, at a considerable distance, bearing a child in his arms. He seemed to be straining up the sides of the mountains, and at a considerable distance. Hielder redoubled his efforts, and in his agony of mind, shouted aloud, filling the hollow of the mountain with his cries. For a long time he continued his pursuit, occasionally catching glimpses of the flying robber and his daughter, or objects that seemed to be such. At length he came to an open space, and on a rocky eminence before him, he imagined that he saw the form of Hieldover, holding out his child in triumphant mockery. Hielder was armed with pistols, and, snatching one of these from his belt, he aimed it at the form of Hieldover, and fired. This was instantly followed by a scream, which seemed to be that of the child. Smitten with horror at the idea that he had killed his daughter, the father sank down on the ground in a state of insensibility.

It was now evening, and M. Hielder, as we have stated, had been for a considerable time separated from his attendants. They had discovered his absence from their line, and for some hours had been in search of him. One of them heard the report of the pistol, and directed his steps towards the spot from which the sound seemed to proceed. In the darkness, however, he passed the body of his master, and continued to push forward. The pursuit was continued till morning, when the party collected together by means of signals, and began to deliberate upon what was to be done.

While they were thus occupied, they saw M. Hielder approaching. They were all struck with amazement at his strange appearance. His clothes were torn in fragments; his hat was gone, and there were traces of blood upon his face. His countenance was pale as ashes, and his eye had the startled and wild expression which belongs to a madman. He said not a word, and when the men addressed him he gave no answer. After a little deliberation, they concluded to return, and two of them, taking their master by the arms, led him homeward. He made no resistance, and, in the course of a few hours, they reached the house.

M. Hielder continued in a state of derangement for nearly two weeks. He was not violent, but his mind seemed constantly occupied with the vision of some object before him, which he earnestly sought to reach. Sometimes in his eagerness, he would spring out of his bed, and endeavor to pursue the phantom, which fled before him and eluded his grasp. At others, he would beckon to it, and again reach out his arms, beseeching it to come to him. He often uttered the

name of Hieldover, and would frequently say, "Give me back my child; give me my daughter, and I will restore all. Be satisfied, Hieldover, with your revenge. Take the money, but give me my child. Is there such cruelty in the heart of man? will you wring the heart that is broken? will you grind in the dust the form that crouches at your foot? Do as you please—kill me, if you will, but restore to me once more my child."

The wife of the poor man was unceasing in her attentions. Day and night she was at his bedside, seeking to allay the fever of his mind, and administering to him such medicines as the physician prescribed. Nor were these kind and skilful ministrations without their due effect. By degrees the symptoms of the patient became alleviated, and, in the space of a few weeks, his reason seemed to be restored. Yet his form was wasted almost to a shadow, and his mind seemed to participate in the exhausted condition of his body. He however gradually rose from this state of depression, and at last seemed once more in the possession of health and vigor.

His countenance, however, was greatly changed. The stern, dark, moody expression which formerly brooded over his countenance, had given place to settled melancholy, tinged with a somewhat startled aspect. His firm nerves, too, had become shaken, and the sudden rustling of the wind, or the sound of an unwonted footstep, made him tremble from head to foot. There was still a haughty feeling in him, which taught him to conquer these humiliating symptoms; but in the struggle between pride and weakness, an effort often took place, which was manifested by the large cold drops standing upon his forehead.

The early history of M. Hielder was unknown to the people around him. They were ignorant of the visit paid him by the stranger, who called himself Hieldover, and which we have already described. They were at a loss, therefore, to account for the events which had recently transpired. Who could have carried off the child? What motive could any one have for such an act? Why was the master of the house wrought up into such a frenzy? Why was he cheated with illusions, and finally driven to a state of madness in the mountains? These were the questions discussed by the gossips around the house; and as no better answer to these inquiries could be found, they were all resolved by the conclusion that the dark and mysterious being who carried off the girl, was the devil himself.

I am sorry to have anything to say about this personage; but a century ago, when these things happened, it was very much the fashion to lay everything to him which could not be otherwise explained. Of course, whoever undertakes to tell a story of that day, is likely to have something to say about him. We need only add, that we shall have as little as possible to do with him on this, as on every other occasion.

The suggestion having been once made that the scenes we have described were the work of a being of the other world, it soon grew into the established opinion of the people attached to Hielder house. Nor were confirmations of this wanting. Several of the servants declared that they had seen, in the even-

ing twilight, a dark figure, with a slouched hat and wrapped in a cloak, moving mysteriously along the avenues around the house. Others insisted that they had seen a strange light dancing in the hollow of the mountain, where M. Hielder had met the strange apparition.

These tales soon reached the ears of their master, and he readily concluded that they might be founded in truth. He determined, therefore, to investigate the subject for himself. In the course of a few evenings, he saw a dusky figure standing in the shadow of the trees at no great distance from the house. He approached it, but it glided from him, and was soon lost in the depths of the forest. He, however, pursued the retreating spectre. He soon saw it again, and it seemed now to pause. He approached it, and could distinctly recognize the tall and majestic figure of Hieldover. At this moment, the latter spoke—"Approach me not, as you value your life; but if you wish to know the fate of your child, visit me to-morrow at this hour. You will find me at home in the mountains." Saying this, the form departed, and was immediately buried in the mazes of the wood.

M. Hielder was thrilled with a kind of horror, but he determined to accept the fearful invitation. At the appointed time, he left the house alone, and set out for the mountains. It was now autumn, and the leaves were beginning to fall from the trees. The night was gloomy, and the wind swept in hollow gusts through the forest. The tops of the trees waved with an uneasy and troubled motion in the gale. There was no human voice to disturb the night, but many strange and ominous sounds came upon the ear of the adventurer, as he now began to ascend the shaggy sides of the highlands. The creaking of the trees, whose branches rubbed against each other, the shrill wailing of the owl, and the continued roar of the wind, served to increase his excitement, though not in any degree to shake his purpose.

Resolutely striding on through the mass of crumpled leaves that covered the ground, he reached, at last, a position that commanded a view of the spot where he had seen his child in the arms of Hieldover. This consisted of a mound of rocks, which rose in the form of a pyramid in the centre of a valley, scooped out of the side of a mountain. The whole scene was covered with trees, except a small space which encircled the mound. This consisted of a grassy belt, through which a small stream passed on either side of the pyramidal rock.

M. Hielder paused a moment to consider what course he should take, when a small flame gleamed upward from the very point where Hieldover was standing with his child, when he discharged the pistol, as we have related. Receiving this as a signal, he plunged down into the valley, crossed the stream, and, with an almost frenzied energy, began to climb the rocky mound. Seizing upon the branches of trees and shrubs, he clambered upward, and soon attained the point from which the light was still gleaming.

(To be continued.)

"I won't be trod upon with impunity," as the steel-trap said to the fox.

John Howard.

This eminent and laborious philanthropist was born in 1727. His father was a London tradesman, who, dying early, left him in possession of a handsome fortune. Having always been fond of travelling, he conceived a desire to visit Lisbon immediately after the great earthquake. He embarked accordingly, but was captured by a French privateer. To this accident the world is probably indebted for the exertions made afterwards by Howard for the relief of prisoners. The sufferings which he endured himself and witnessed in his fellow-captives, made an ineffaceable impression upon his mind.

This was strengthened by his being made sheriff of Bedfordshire, when he had charge of all the prisons in the county. Shocked by the miseries and abuses which he found prevailing in these abodes of crime and misfortune, he set himself diligently to work to inquire into the nature of the evil, and, if possible, to find a remedy. During the year 1773, he visited most of the county

gaols in England, and having obtained information on their management, he laid the result of his inquiries before the House of Commons. In 1774, two acts were passed; one for relieving acquitted prisoners from the payment of fees; the other for preserving the health of the prisoners.

Howard being once actively engaged, became more and more devoted to his benevolent pursuits. He travelled repeatedly over Great Britain, sometimes even extending his journeys to the continent, visiting the most noisome places, and relieving the wants of the most wretched objects. In 1777, he published a quarto volume containing details of prisons in various places, and containing a mass of information really astonishing, when we consider that it was obtained at the constant hazard of his life from infection, and by untiring and unassisted labor.

The importance, both in prisons and hospitals, of preventing the spreading of infectious diseases, produced in Mr. Howard the desire to witness the success of the Lazaretto system in the south of Europe. more especially as a safeguard against the plague. Danger or disgust never turned him from his path, and on this occasion he went without a servant, not thinking it right, for convenience' sake, to expose another person to such a risk.

In 1785, he travelled through France, Italy, and thence to Smyrna, where the plague was raging, in order that he might undergo the quarantine at Venice, to which place he sailed. In 1787, this devoted man returned home and published the result of his foreign travels. Two years after, he renewed his travels on the continent, intending to go to Turkey. He had, however, proceeded no further than the Crimea, when a rapid illness, which he believed to be an infectious fever, caught in prescribing for a lady, put an end to his life, January 20th, 1790. He was buried at Cherson, and the utmost respect was paid to his memory by the Russian government.

Mr. Howard's character was pure and simple; without great talents, but accomplishing much by devoting his whole energies to one good object. He was abstemious in his habits, and capable of going through great fatigue, spending freely both his fortune and constitution in the cause to which his life was devoted. He was twice married, and lived at Cardington, near Bedford. He had one son, who unfortunately became insane.

Lovewell's War.

THERE are few passages in history more remarkable than that which is known by the above title. It displays the daring character of the settlers of New England at the period, as well as the ferocious and crafty spirit of the savages. It is a bloody story; yet it may be well to make our readers acquainted it.

Before the subjugation of Canada by the British, the New England settlements were constantly exposed to the hostilities of the eastern Indians, and a spirit of jealousy and revenge was kept up, not only between the different nations, but also between individuals. The boundaries of the different territories being

loosely defined, left both sides exposed to real or fancied encroachments; so that pretexts for war were always at hand. The French Jesuits had planted themselves among the Indian tribes at an early period; and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, they had two churches among the eastern Indians, the one at Penobscot, and the other at Norridgewock, within the boundaries of the present State of Maine.

At the latter resided the Jesuit Sebastian Rasle, a man of talent, learning and address, who, by accommodating himself to the Indian mode of life, and maintaining a gentle, condescending deportment, had completely won the affection of the savages, and his influence over them was supreme. Knowing the power of superstition over their minds, he took advantage of this, and of their prejudice against the English, to strengthen the interest of the French among them. He even made the offices of devotion serve as incentives to their ferocity, and kept a banner on which was depicted a cross surrounded by bows and arrows, which he was accustomed to hoist on a pole at the door of his church, and gave the Indians absolution, previous to their setting out on a warlike expedition.

The governor of Canada held a constant correspondence with this Jesuit, and received through his hands information of anything that transpired among the tribes in that quarter. From these individuals, the savages received every encouragement to assert their title to lands occupied by the English, and to molest the settlers, by killing their cattle, burning their haystacks, and robbing and insulting them. Many of the inhabitants, alarmed by these demonstrations of hostility, removed from the frontiers in 1720. The garrisons were reinforced, and scouting parties were sent abroad, which checked, for a time, the hostile movements of the Indians, who were compelled, the same year, to give hostages for their good behavior. This last requisition was highly disrelished by the governor of Canada, who renewed his efforts to keep up the quarrel, and secretly promised to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, although, as Great Britain and France were not then at war, he could not openly assist them. The New England governments obtained information of these intrigues; yet, though highly incensed, they judged it best not to rush into hostilities. The main dispute lay between the Indians and the proprietors of the eastern lands, and the public were not directly concerned in it. No blood had as yet been shed within the limits of the English territory.

Rasle was considered to be the principal instigator of the Indians, and it was thought that if he were removed, all would be quiet. A proposal was made to send the sheriff of York county with a posse of a hundred and fifty men, to seize him and bring him to Boston; but this bold stroke was not ventured upon. In the summer of 1721, Rasle, in company with the Count de Castine from Penobscot, and Croisil from Canada, appeared at one of the English garrisons, and presented a letter, written in the name of the several Indian tribes, to Governor Shute of Massachusetts, declaring that "if the English did not remove in three weeks, they would kill them and their cattle, and burn their houses." The

lands in question were comprehended within the limits of the English patents, and the settlers were considered the only legal proprietors. They had been accustomed to obtain regular deeds of sale from the Indians, and pay them a valuable consideration; but some of these titles were of obscure and uncertain original, and the memory of such transactions is soon lost among people who possess no written records. The Indians easily forget the sales made by their ancestors, or imagine that such bargains are not binding upon their posterity.

The Massachusetts government, on receiving this menacing epistle, sent an additional force to the Maine frontier, and being desirous to avoid a rupture, invited the Indians to a conference, from which the French emissaries were to be excluded. This invitation was treated with neglect; and in the succeeding winter, a party under Colonel Westbrooke was ordered to Norridgewock, to seize Rasle. They reached the village undiscovered, but before they could surround his house, he had escaped into the woods, leaving his papers in his strong box, which they brought away without committing any act of violence. Among these papers were his letters of correspondence with the governor of Canada, which afforded positive proof that he was deeply engaged in intrigues to incite the Indians to hostilities. The savages were enraged at this attempt to seize their spiritual father, and resolved upon revenge. In the summer of 1722, they made a descent upon the settlements at Merry Meeting Bay, and captured nine families. Dismissing some of the prisoners, they retained enough to secure the redemption of their hostages in the hands of the English, and sent them off to Canada. Their next attack was on the fort at St. George, on the Ameriscoggin, where they were repulsed with considerable loss. They afterwards surprized some fishing vessels in the eastern harbors; and at length made a furious attack on the town of Brunswick, which they destroyed. These hostilities determined the government of Massachusetts to issue a declaration of war against them, which was published in form at Boston and Portsmouth, on the 25th of July, 1722.

(To be continued.)

Echoes.

Echoes reside, for the most part, in ruined abbeys, in caverns, and in grottoes; they reverberate among mountains, whisper in the areas of antique halls, in the windings of long passages and in the melancholy aisles of arched cathedrals. There is an ancient portico near the temple of Clymenos, in the district of Cythonias, which repeats every given sound three times.

At Woodstock there was one which was said to have returned seventeen syllables during the day, and twenty in the night. In the sepulchre of Metella, the wife of Sylla, an echo repeated five different times, in five different keys; and it is said that on the banks of a river, near Coblentz, an echo recited seventeen times. He who spoke or sung could scarcely be heard, and yet the responses were loud and distinct, clear and various; sometimes appearing to approach, and at other times to come from a great

distance, much after the manner of an Æolian harp.

In the cemetery of the Abercorn family, at Paisley, in the county of Renfrew, there is an echo exceedingly beautiful and romantic. When the door of the chapel is shut, the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. Breathe a single note in music, and the note ascends gradually with a multitude of echoes, till it dies in soft and most bewitching murmurs. If the effect of one instrument is delightful, that of several in concert is captivating, exciting the most tumultuous and rapturous sensations. In this chapel, lulled by ethereal echoes, sleeps Margery, the daughter of Bruce, the wife of Wallace and the mother of Robert, king of Scotland.

A singular echo is heard in a grotto near castle Comber, in Ireland. No reverberation is observed till the listener is within fifteen or sixteen feet of the extremity of the grotto; at which place a most delightful echo enchants the ear. Most travellers have heard of the eagle's nest near Mucross Abbey, on the banks of the lake of Killarney. This celebrated rock sends forth the most fascinating repercussion. Sound a French or bugle horn, and echoes, equal to a hundred instruments, answer to the call! Report a single cannon, and the loudest thunders reverberate from the rock and die in endless peals along the distant mountains.

A nobleman's seat about two miles from Milan produces such a surprising echo as can scarcely be equalled in the world. Mr. Addison observed that upon firing a pistol, he heard the sound returned fifty-six times, though the air was then foggy, and consequently not proper for making an experiment to advantage. At first, the repetitions were very quick, but the intervals were greater in proportion as the sound decayed. This astonishing echo was probably never designed by the architect, but it is occasioned by two parallel walls of a considerable length, between which the sound is reverberated from one to the other till the undulation is quite spent. Some persons assert that the sound of one musical instrument in this place resembles a great number of instruments playing in concert.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER VII.

ALTHOUGH I was gradually recovering from the state of extreme weakness to which I had been reduced, still, I continued so feeble as to render it impossible for me to proceed on my journey. I continued therefore with my kind friends at Maroontown, occasionally taking a short walk about the place. I soon became acquainted with a number of the people. I was very much gratified by the good-natured manner in which everybody treated me. The houses were extremely slight, many of them consisting only of sticks set in the ground, the roof and sides being formed of a thatch of palm leaves. Others were a little more substantial, the walls being framed of mud and stone. The place hardly seemed like the abode of human beings, and when I gazed upon it, I fancied that it was only the village of some ingenious animals, a little elevated in the scale of being above the beavers.

But notwithstanding this rude aspect of their dwellings, the people themselves seemed the most light-hearted and merry set I ever beheld. Every night there was music, and dancing, and laughter, and frolic, and what seemed strange, there was very little of riot or violence. A good feeling seemed to pervade all classes, and if they were poor, ignorant, and in some respects degraded, they seemed at least happy and kind-hearted. There was very little government among them, and though they had magistrates, it was seldom necessary for these to make any great show of authority.

While I was at this place, the old woman, who spoke English, as I have already mentioned, told me a good many tales relating to the history of the place, one of which I will give to my readers.

One of the earliest inhabitants of Maroontown was King Congo. This personage was born on the African coast, and was the eldest son of one of the petty kings in that quarter. He was captured by a party of slavers, brought to Paramaribo, and offered for sale as a slave. He was a good-looking fellow, about twenty years of age, of great strength and daring courage. He was readily purchased by a merchant of the city, and became a servant in his family. Submitting to his fate, he performed the duties required of him with a tolerable grace, though occasionally the remembrance of his birth and former dignity crossed his mind, and for a moment caused his feelings to revolt from the drudgery required of him.

It happened that one day, when he was a little moody from reflections like these, his master demanded of him some service of more than ordinary servility. Congo seemed to hesitate for a moment, and stood looking his master in the face, as if about to question his right thus to command him. The latter, greatly incensed, struck the negro in the face. Congo, surprised and irritated, seized his master by the collar, and was about to dash him to the floor, when suddenly recollecting himself, he unclenched his hand and said, sneeringly, "I scorn to wrestle with one so much weaker than myself; but I will not serve a man who treats me with such indignity."

The rage of the master now knew no bounds. He called aloud for his servants, and as about a dozen of them rushed into the room, he commanded them to seize the offender. But Congo was now thoroughly roused. As the men seemed about to seize him, he retreated to a corner of the room, seized a chair, and, whirling it before him, defied the whole party. These, knowing his prodigious strength, and frightened by his wild and threatening aspect, stood aloof, afraid to grapple with such an enemy. In vain were the threats of the master. Finding it impossible to urge them on, he seized a pair of pistols, and, taking deliberate aim, discharged them both at the offender. One of the balls missed; the other entered the right arm of Congo, and, shattering the bone, the uplifted chair fell to the floor, and the broken limb swung useless by his side.

Finding it in vain to resist farther, the negro yielded, and being strongly bound, was immediately taken to a public establishment, kept for the purpose, and received a hundred lashes upon the naked back. The poor fellow was now shut

up in a small room, almost without light or air, it being the purpose of his master to subdue him by privation and suffering. His arm was dressed, and care was taken that he should not die, for this would have been a serious loss to the pocket of the proprietor.

At length, Congo recovered; but his strength was wasted, and he could only totter about with great effort. He was now released, and his master, not fearing him in his present enfeebled condition, took him once more into his house. Here he was treated with the greatest harshness. He was required to labor beyond his strength, and when he was tardy from exhaustion, he was buffeted either with the hand or foot of his lordly proprietor.

Congo submitted to all this with apparent humility, but a feeling was burning within him which was destined ere long to work out his deliverance.

In a few months his health and strength were completely restored, and though he continued to perform his duties with alacrity, he was meditating some plan by which he might escape from his bondage. In this state of things, it chanced that he was one day passing by the public whipping-house, when, hearing the lashes and screams of the sufferer, he opened the door and went in. He there saw a young woman drawn upward by the wrists, so that her feet were three or four inches from the ground, while the executioner was inflicting upon her back the number of lashes commanded by her master.

For a moment the blood rushed to Congo's brain, and a dizzy feeling came over him; but soon recovering, he rushed up to the whipping-master, wrenched the whip from his hand, threw him upon the ground, and laid the weapon lustily upon his back. He then cut the rope which tied the hands of the suffering girl, and rushed out of the place. Bewildered with his own emotions, he walked along the street, apparently unconscious of his situation; but a loud shout, and a posse of people at his heels, roused him from his revery. Congo turned round, faced his pursuers sternly for a moment, and then, with a swift foot, set out for the country.

For two miles he ran like a deer, but finding that he was pursued by men on horseback, he leaped over the banks of the river Surinam, and plunged into the water. Several of the horsemen came up and discharged their pistols at the fugitive, but he was beyond their reach. He swam across the river; but here a new danger awaited him. An immense alligator lay upon the bank, and, as he approached, sprung upon him. Nothing could have saved Congo at this moment but his strength and courage. As he was approaching the shore, he saw the alligator, and, drawing his knife from his belt, he faced the monster, and, plunging his knife down his open jaws, killed him in an instant.

Delivered from this peril, Congo turned round, shook his fist triumphantly toward his pursuers who lined the opposite bank of the river, and set forward upon his journey toward the woody districts that lay in the distance. These he at last reached, and burying himself in the recesses of the forest, he lived like a wild animal upon the fruits that nature afforded.

A party was soon made up and set forth, for the purpose of capturing the daring negro. They were provided with guns, and attended by several blood-hounds. The latter soon came upon the track of the fugitive, and their deep bellowing at once announced to him his danger, and to the hunters that the game was near at hand. Being armed with a stout bludgeon, Congo departed, and for nearly two days the hounds were unable to overtake him. At last, finding himself excessively fatigued, he paused and determined to await the approach of the dogs, and give them battle. They soon came up, and the leader sprang upon him. With a single whirl of his club, the negro laid the animal prostrate upon the earth.

In an instant, however, three more were before him, ready to bury their fangs in his flesh! With his uplifted weapon, Congo looked the fierce animals steadily in the eye. They paused for a moment; but, overcoming their fear, they sprang upon him. Two of them were soon stretched lifeless upon the ground, but a third seized Congo by the leg, and brought him to the earth. The animal then sprang at his throat, but the nimble knife of the negro despatched him in the very act. Wounded and bloody, the poor fellow arose and dragged himself forward. He was soon too faint to proceed, and fell to the earth.

The hunters now came up, and seeing that their dogs were killed, began to deliberate as to the course they should pursue. Congo, sheltered in the bushes, saw and heard all that passed. They concluded that it was in vain to pursue the fugitive farther, and resolving to rest themselves for a while, determined then to return. Taking off their knapsacks, they laid them down with their guns, and three of the party went in search of water, leaving the fourth behind. This individual sat down upon the ground, and, leaning against a tree, was soon asleep.

It may well be imagined that Congo watched these proceedings with great interest. Waiting till the three men were out of view, he issued from his hiding-place, and carefully crept forward, toward the slumbering hunter. The latter, however, was but partially asleep, and awaked by the rustling of the leaves, saw the negro creeping upon him. Amazement paralyzed him for a moment, then springing to his feet, he seized his gun and fired. The ball missed, and, the instant after, he was grappled in the arms of his formidable enemy. After a momentary struggle, they both fell, and Congo was uppermost.

What was his surprise, in looking in the face of his prisoner, to see his former master. Congo drew his knife from his belt; the blade glittered aloft, and was already descending to inflict a fatal blow, when his purpose changed, and he said, "It was your intention to kill me, and were I in your place I should not have a moment to live. But I will not imitate a white man." Saying this, he took the straps of one of the knapsacks that lay near him, and bound his prisoner firmly on his back to the roots of a tree. Then seizing the four muskets, the ammunition and the knapsacks, he said, with a smile, to the prostrate gentleman, "Good-bye, massa," and departed.

The huntsmen soon returned and released their companion, but finding that their guns were now in the hands of the enemy, they thought it most prudent to make a hasty retreat. While they returned to Paramaribo, to be laughed at for their defeat, Congo, well armed and provisioned, secreted himself in the forest. He was now too formidable to be pursued, and soon meeting some of his countrymen, who, like himself, had become inhabitants of the wilderness, they repaired to the present site of Maroon-town, and began to make a settlement. Here they were speedily joined by other fugitives, and the village, thus commenced, soon became a considerable town. Congo received the title of king, and for many years continued to exercise authority over the settlement.

(To be continued.)

Inquisitive Jack.

CHAPTER VI.

It is time to fulfil our promise in respect to Inquisitive Jack. We have but two or three chapters more to give, in respect to his life and adventures, and here is one of them. We have told how Jack had become acquainted with insects, birds, quadrupeds, and other living things. We have now to give some account of the manner in which he became interested in botany,

which means the science of plants, trees and flowers. Of course, everybody is fond of pretty flowers, roses, and lilacs, and lilies, and peonies, and pinks, and sweet peas, and other pretty blossoms. And everybody must be interested in trees, which furnish us with fruit, and fuel, and shade; and they must be interested in shrubs, which yield us so many berries. But there is something more in the history of these things, than what at first meets the eye; and I am now going to tell you something about them.

Jack happened one day to go down into the cellar, and he there saw a potato which had been left upon the ground, and which had now begun to put forth several shoots. These were perfectly white, and Jack asked himself why the stalks of a potato in the cellar should be white, while the stalks in the open air were green. He watched the potato for several days, and perceived that it was growing quite rapidly. At length, one thing greatly excited his curiosity. The potato itself was lying behind a barrel, and the stalk had grown around this, and was now pointing its head upward toward a low, narrow window, which permitted a little light to enter the cellar. The vine of the potato seemed to be actually directing its course toward this window, as if it really wanted to see the light, and breathe the fresh air.

Greatly excited by these observations, Jack continued to watch the potato from day to day, at the same time musing with himself as to what it could mean. "Has this potato," said he, thoughtfully, "got sense and feeling? does it feel itself to be a prisoner, and want to go out to see the light and breathe the air? Who has taught this plant to bend its way toward the light, and lift up its head and point its leaves toward that which it seems to require?" Not being able to satisfy these inquiries, the boy at last went to his Aunt Betsey, and opened the subject to her. This led to explanations, the substance of which was as follows.

Plants or vegetables are organized substances, which live and grow by the aid of light, air, and moisture. They need to be fed as much as animals, and will as soon die without food, as an insect, bird, or quadruped. Instead of taking in their sustenance by means of a mouth, they suck it up by means of roots. These draw from the soil the particular nutriment that is required in the form of sap, and this is distributed to the branches and leaves of the plant. Heat and moisture are necessary in order to set the sap in motion. Air and light are imbibed by the leaves of the plants. The various colors of plants are drawn from the rays of the sun.

All plants are propagated by seeds. These, however minute, contain all the members of the parent plant—stalk, leaf and flower. These are so nicely folded up as not to be distinguished; but when the plant begins to grow, you can see, with the microscope, the several parts unfolding, one by one, until at last they assume the form of the plant from which they sprung. It is said that the acorn, which is the seed of the oak, contains all the members of the future tree.

Jack was exceedingly delighted with these curious facts, and, according to his custom, he pursued the investigation of the subject by his own observations, by

reading books, and by inquiries of his intelligent and obliging aunt. In the progress of his studies, he learned many other curious facts, some of which we must relate, for they are quite amusing.

Although plants have no sense or thought, yet nature seems to have made provision which supplies all their wants. To prevent chestnuts and walnuts from being devoured before they are ripe, the former are covered with a prickly burr, and the latter with an exceedingly bitter rind. When these are ripe, the outer coating bursts open, and lets out the imprisoned fruit or seed. Similar contrivances are observed in respect to a multitude of other plants.

Some seeds, as those of apples, peaches, plums, pears, cherries, currants, &c., are covered up in a fleshy or pulpy substance, which we call fruit. Here a double purpose is answered. The seeds are nicely taken care of, while mankind, with many other creatures, are provided with an ample store of delicious food. But lest the seed should be destroyed before it is brought to maturity, the fruit is very sour or bitter, until the seeds are quite ripe.

Thus we see that God, who has taken such kind care of animals, by giving them the power and skill to acquire their food and perpetuate their existence, has also taken care even of the life and prosperity of plants. As these depend entirely upon seeds for their propagation, he has provided that these seeds shall be wrapped up, protected, and nursed, almost as carefully as little children. Nor is this all. We might suppose that a seed would fall from the tree, and finding no other soil than that beneath the shadow of its parent, it would shoot up and perish for the want of light, and heat, and air. But as children are able to go from the parent roof and find homes for themselves, so God has provided that seeds shall emigrate from their homes, and, scattering themselves abroad, cover the face of nature with diversified vegetation.

You will be curious to know how this emigration of the seeds is brought about. I will tell you. You have seen the thistle down, in the autumn, rise upon the air and go sailing along to a great distance. That down has got a thistle-seed attached to it, and it is carrying it along to some place where it may rest, and being imbedded by the rain in the soil, it will shoot up into a thistle. Thus you see the little seed is supplied with wings, upon which it flies away from home, and sets up for itself. One thistle will throw off many thousands of these downy seeds, and thus the race is multiplied.

There are many other plants that have winged seeds, which are distributed in the same way. Perhaps you think the rough winds of autumn are unpleasant and mischievous, but remember that they shake myriads of seeds from the plants and trees, and scatter them abroad over the land. Nor is this the only way in which seeds are disseminated. Birds carry the stones of cherries, and the seeds of various kinds of berries, from the place where they are produced, to other distant points.

Quadrupeds disperse the seeds of various grasses and grains, by carrying them from one point to another. The burdock and the cockle seeds attach themselves to the woolly fleece of ani-

mals, and are thus dispersed. Rains carry seeds down the slopes of hills and mountains, and rivers bear them from one region to another.

Some seeds scatter themselves by means of springs in their covering, furnished by the plant itself. If you slightly pinch the ripe seed-case of the pretty flower of the gardens called the balsam, it will burst asunder, and scatter the seed in all directions. The pouch which contains the seeds of the wood-sorrel, also bursts and scatters them around on all sides. The capsules of ferns open with a spring. The seeds of some species of this plant, when viewed through a microscope, upon paper, seem to be endowed with a kind of leaping movement.

These and many other curious particulars Jack learned about plants; but he was not yet able to answer some of the questions which had been suggested by the potato in the cellar. How did this plant know that it wanted light and air? and what made it bend round the barrel, and move forward toward the window? Are plants endowed with feeling and knowledge, which teaches them their wants, and points out the means by which these are to be satisfied? These inquiries were pursued, and Jack at last became acquainted with what is thought by learned men upon these interesting topics.

Animals are endowed with what is called instinct, which is inherent or implanted by God. The purpose of this is to make them act in a manner to secure food, to protect themselves from injury, and in general to promote their happiness. This instinct is sometimes distinct from intelligence, and sometimes mixed with it. In its simplest form, it seems to be as involuntary as the beating of the heart, or the circulation of the blood. Thus a hen sits upon her eggs, but the reason she does not know. She is guided by some power as distinct from her own knowledge, as is the beating of her heart.

Now, we know nothing of this instinct, except that it is a principle implanted by God to promote the benefit of the species to which it belongs; and that, at the same time, it is totally different from that intelligence which springs from knowledge, and leads its possessor to act in a particular manner, from its own reflections. A species of instinct of a lower grade is doubtless imparted to plants. If seeds are cast into the soil in the shade, as they require light, this instinct impels them to creep, bend, and rise, as the case may be, where it may receive the light and air it requires. Such was the conclusion to which our young botanist arrived; and here we must leave him for the present.

Bonaparte's Ways.—The great roads constructed by Napoleon over the Alps, are, that over Cenis, 30 miles long and 18 yards wide; that over Semplon, 36 miles long and 25 yards broad; one partly through galleries hewn in the rocks, 683 feet; that over Genevre, 6,000 feet high; that from Nice to Monaco; and that over St. Gothard, 8,264 feet high. They are altogether the most gigantic efforts of labor since the pyramids of Egypt.

Lady Jane Grey.

(Continued from page 61.)

After her marriage, Lady Jane led a life of almost as great seclusion as before; she pursued her studies and maintained a correspondence in Latin with the most eminent reformers in Germany. She took little heed of the ambitious designs of her parents; nay, it is almost certain that she was purposely kept in entire ignorance of them, and that the first intimation which she had of her destiny, was when the two dukes, attended by other nobles, came to announce to her the death of Edward, approaching her with the respect and ceremony appropriate to a sovereign. The intelligence caused her both surprise and grief. She refused to receive the crown, pleading the superior right of her cousins Mary and Elizabeth, and the little probability that the people would recognize her title. "But," she continued, "if fortune would give me warranties of her favor and her constancies, should I be well advised to take upon me this crown of thorns, which would not fail to torment me, though I were assured not to be strangled with it? My liberty is better than the chain you offer me, with what precious stones soever it be adorned, or of what gold soever framed. I will not exchange my peace for honorable and precious jealousies, for magnificent and glorious fetters; and if you love me in earnest, you will rather wish me a secure and quiet fortune, though mean, than an exalted condition exposed to the world, and followed by some dismal fall."

But the nobles had proceeded too far to be thwarted in their purpose by the scruples or the disinclinations of a young girl. Northumberland commanded and threatened, Suffolk begged and entreated, yet Lady Jane did not yield, notwithstanding the habits of implicit obedience in which she had been educated. A new auxiliary was then brought into the field; Lord Guilford Dudley, dazzled by the brilliant destiny which seemed to await him, was induced to exert his influence; the wife could not withstand his wishes, and surrendered her own judgment to the will of her relations.

The sovereigns of England were wont to pass the first days after their accession at the Tower, in London; and, in compliance with this custom, Lady Jane proceeded thither, accompanied by a brilliant cavalcade of nobility, of both sexes. The streets through which she passed were crowded with people, but it was from curiosity rather than satisfaction; no acclamations of joy saluted her,—an omen which gave great encouragement to the friends of Mary.

That princess, who was in the country at the time of Edward's death, in the mean time was not idle, nor content to yield her birthright without a struggle. As soon as she learned what was passing at London, she summoned the nobles to attend upon her, and wrote to the council, expressing her surprise, that she, the heir to the throne, had yet received no official notice of the death of the late sovereign. Those members of this body, who, for the most part, had yielded their assent to the usurpation, through fear of Northumberland, were now alarmed at the little support which the act received from the people, and were devising means to

escape from the imprisonment, in which, under the honorable name of attendance upon Queen Jane, they were held in the Tower. Their confinement was not of long duration. On the 11th of July, 1553, Jane removed to the Tower, and caused proclamation to be made of her accession, at the usual places in London; the people listening to the herald in silence. On the 19th of the same month, proclamation was made, at the same places, of the accession of Queen Mary; but the attendant circumstances were far different on the occasion; the civic authorities of the city seemed to accept Mary as queen, and with such applause was she received by the people, that, from the commencement, not a word more could be heard for the general acclamations. A contemporary letter-writer says that "the like triumphe was never seen. The number of capps that were thrown up at the proclamation weare not to be tould. The Earl of Pembroke threwe awaye his cap full of angels. The bonfires weare without number; and what with shoutynge and criange off the people, and ringing of belles, theare could no one man hear almost what another sayd; besides banketynge and skippinge the streete for joy."

The news of what was passing in the city produced a rapid change of policy in the Tower. Many of the very counsellors, who the day before had set their hands to resolutions to stand by the Lady Jane, hastened to be present at the proclamation of Queen Mary, and despatched messengers to that princess, humbly soliciting her pardon for their offences. Suffolk, as much dejected as he had before been exalted, proceeded to his daughter's apartments, ordered all the ceremonials of royalty to cease, and admonished her to bear, with what patience she could, a return to private life. She was not at all discomposed; the news, she said, was more welcome than the summons which forced her against her will to such an elevation. "In obedience to you, my lord," continued she, "and to my mother, I acted a violence on myself, and have been guilty of a grievous offence; but the present is my own act, and I willingly resign to correct another's fault, if so great a fault can be corrected by my resignation and sincere acknowledgment." From this interview, Suffolk proceeded to Tower Hill, where he himself proclaimed Mary to be queen; and then going to the council, set his name to an order to Northumberland, who was in command of the troops raised by his partisans, to lay down his arms and submit. That nobleman, upon receipt of the news, had retreated to Cambridge, "with more sad thoughts within him than soldiers about him." He there proclaimed Queen Mary, "the beholders whereof more believing the grief in his eyes, when they let down tears, than the joy professed by his hands, when he threw up his cap."

One of the first acts of the new council, was to issue an order for the separation of Lady Jane from her husband, and the removal of both from the royal apartments to those designed for prisoners of state. The execution of the order was entrusted to Bishop Gardiner. We have no historical record of the manner in which he executed the task, which his zeal for popery made a work of

pleasure; but we can readily believe that Shakspere has truly delineated the scene.

Gardiner. Lieutenant of the Tower, take hence your prisoners;
Be it your care to see them kept apart;
That they hold no commerce with each other.
Guilford. Wilt thou part us?
Gard. I hold no speech with heretics and traitors.
Lieutenant, see my orders are obeyed.
Guilf. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampled cruelty!
O tyrant! but the task becomes thee well;
Thy savage temper joys to do death's office,
To tear the sacred bonds of love asunder,
And part those hands which Heaven itself hath joined.
Duchess. To let us waste the little rest of life
Together, had been mercifu..
Guilf. (*to Lady J.*) Thou standest unmoved;
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow;
Thy eyes, that flowed so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcerned upon the ruin round thee,
As if thou hadst resolved to brave thy fate
And triumph in the midst of desolation.
Lady Jane. And dost thou think, my Guilford, I can see
My father, mother, and e'en thee, my husband,
Torn from my side, without a pang of sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my heart?
Words cannot tell thee what I feel; there is
An agonizing softness busy here
That tugs the strings, that struggles to get loose,
And pour my soul in wailings out before thee.
Guilf. Give way, and let the gushing torrent come. * * *
Lady J. Guilford! no.
The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
Is fled away and gone; joy has forsaken us;
Our hearts have now another part to play;
They must be steeled with some uncommon fortitude,
That fearless we may tread the paths of horrors,
And, in despite of fortune and our foes,
E'en in the hour of death be more than conquerors.
Guilf. O teach me! say, what energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex and tender years
With such unshaken courage?
Lady J. Truth and innocence; * * *
Lieut. My lords, my orders—
Guilf. See! we must—must part!
Lady J. Yet surely we shall meet again.
Guilf. Fain would I cheer my heart with hopes like these,
But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave,
To that last dwelling whither now we haste.
Lady J. 'T is true, by those dark paths our journey leads,
And through the vale of death we pass to life;
But what is there in death to blast our hopes?
Behold the universal works of nature,
Where life still springs from death.
Mark with what hopes upon the furrowed plain
The careful ploughman casts the pregnant grain;
There hid, as in a grave, awhile it lies,
Till the revolving season bids it rise;
Then large increase the buried treasures yield,
And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.

But to return to history. The conduct of Lady Jane in this sudden transition was such as was to be expected from one so humble, gentle, and pious. "She had," says Bishop Burnet, "a mind wonderfully raised above the world; and at the age wherein others are but imbibing the notions of philosophy, she had attained to the practice of the highest precepts of it; for she was neither lifted up with the hope of a crown, nor cast down when she saw her palace made afterwards her prison; but carried herself with an equal temper of mind in those great inequalities of fortune that so suddenly exalted and depressed her." In the words of the quaint Fuller, "she made misery itself amiable by her pious and patient behavior; adversity, her

night clothes, becoming her, as well as her day dressing, by reason of her pious disposition."

On the 19th of November, Lady Jane and her husband were arraigned for high treason. Conscious that a defence would be useless, they each pleaded guilty. The description of the scene, as given by contemporaries, has been well embodied by the poet already quoted. Bishop Gardiner, in reply to the expostulations of one of the council in favor of mercy, is represented as speaking thus:—

"These are romantic, light, vain-glorious dreams.
Have you considered well upon the danger?
How dear to the fond many, and how popular,
These are whom you would spare? Have you forgot
When at the bar, before the seat of judgment,
This Lady Jane, this beauteous traitress, stood,
With what command she charmed the whole assembly?
With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
Fixed on her face, and listening to her pleading:
Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;
Their old hearts melted in them as she spoke,
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
E'en I myself was moved, and for a moment
Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
And questioned if the voice I heard was mortal.
But when her tale was done, what loud applause,
Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall!
At last, when sore constrained, the unwilling lords
Pronounced the fatal sentence on her life;
A peal of groans ran through the crowded court
As every heart was broken, and the doom,
Like that which waits the world, were universal."

It has been supposed that Mary had, at this moment, no sanguinary purposes in view, but merely hoped by the terrors of a scaffold, and in the seclusion of a prison, to recall the youthful pair from the path of heresy. With this view, she caused the most solemn promises of life and fortune to be made to Lady Jane, if she would recant; the most learned divines of the Catholic faith were sent to reason with her, and to endeavor to turn her from that faith which she had held from her cradle; "each striving by art, by flattery, by threatening, by promise of life, or whatever else might move most in the bosom of a weak woman, who should become master of so great a prize; but all their labors were bootless, for she had art to confound their art, wisdom to withstand their flatteries, resolution above their menaces, and such a true knowledge of life, that death was to her no other than a most familiar acquaintance."

Indeed, supported as she was by the almost unanimous voice of the English people, Mary had little cause to fear her innocent rivals. She seems to have felt thus, for many little indulgences were granted to them; though not permitted to see one another, they were allowed such freedom within the walls of the Tower, as was not inconsistent with their safe-keeping.

But whatever hopes they might have entertained were quickly taken away by an unhappy event, which it was impossible for them to foresee, and in which it is not so much as pretended that they were parties. The cruelty and bigotry of Philip of Spain had made his very name detestable in England; when, therefore, the queen announced her de-

termination to marry him, the whole kingdom was thrown into consternation. The most strenuous efforts were made to dissuade her from her purpose; but, these failing, a general insurrection was concerted, having for its object the substitution of the protestant Elizabeth for Mary upon the throne.

Their plans were not yet fully matured, when the arrest of some of those concerned, though for some entirely distinct cause, alarmed Sir Thomas Wyatt, the leader, and drove him into premature rebellion. The queen, when she heard of his rising, sent a herald to command him to dismiss his followers. The herald found the moat about Sir Thomas' house filled with water, and the drawbridge up; at one spot a ford seemed to offer a safe passage. "On the inside thereof walked the proper case of a man well habited, and his face carrying no despair of wisdom therein. The herald asked him, 'whether he might safely go over there?' To whom the other slily replied, 'Yea, yea;' but had not the strength of his horse been more than ordinary, he either had been drowned in the water, or buried in the mud." The herald, on arriving at the house, made loud complaints of the deceit practised upon him; when Sir Thomas summoned all his household to answer the charge. "The herald challengeth the party at the first sight of him. 'Alas!' said Sir Thomas, 'he is a mere natural, as will appear, if you will please to examine him.' 'Why, sirrah,' said the herald, 'did you direct me to come over where it was almost impossible to pass without drowning?' To whom the other answered, 'The ducks came over not long before you, whose legs were shorter than your horse's.' Hereat the herald smiled out his anger, adding withal, 'Sir Thomas, hereafter let your fool wear his motley, that he may deceive no more in this kind.'"

The infatuation of Suffolk sealed his daughter's fate. No sooner did he hear of Wyatt's being in arms than he hastened down into Leicestershire and summoned the people to join him in rebellion; but his own tenants disregarded the call; he was seized by the queen's officers and carried to London. The father's treason was imputed to the daughter, and one of the first acts of the queen and her council, after the suppression of the rebellion, was to order the execution of the sentence which had been hanging over the head of Lady Jane and her husband. Jane heard the annunciation with gladness; she was prepared for death, which she looked upon as the termination of her miseries and her entrance into eternal happiness. But she was not suffered to pass the four days of life which were allowed her, in quiet; her devotions were disturbed by the priests who, by the queen's command, sought, by perpetual disputations, to bring about what they called a timely conversion. But their efforts, though renewed on each day, were unsuccessful; "her faith, being built on the rock of Christ, was by no worldly persuasion or comfort to be either moved or shaken; so that after the expense of time, and the loss of much speech, they left her, a lost and forsaken member; but she prayed for them, and with a most charitable patience endured their worst censures."

It had been the original intention of

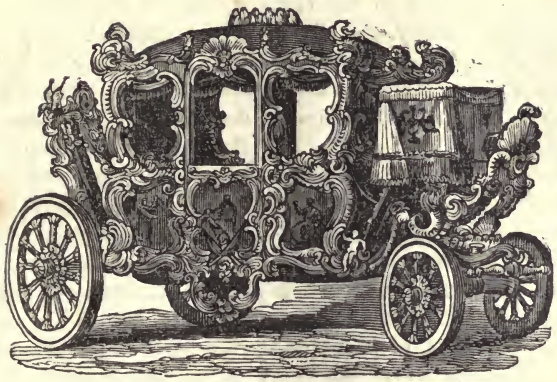
the queen that the youthful couple should suffer together on Tower-hill, but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, and innocence, changed the orders, and gave directions that Lord Guilford should suffer on the Hill, but that Lady Jane should be executed within the walls of the Tower. On the morning of the fatal day, Lord Guilford desired permission to see his wife. The queen granted the permission, but Lady Jane refused to permit the interview; sending him word, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from the constancy which was required of them. She added, that their separation would be but for a moment; and that they would soon rejoin each other in a scene where their affections would forever be united, and where death and disappointment could no longer have access to them to disturb their happiness.

On his way to the gate, Lord Guilford passed directly under the window of his wife, and from thence she took one last parting look in the world, giving him a signal of remembrance; and when he was no more to be seen she sat down with apparent tranquillity, and waited the arrival of her own appointed hour. When she heard the rumbling of the cart which brought back the lifeless remains of her husband, she rose, and walked to the window under which it passed. Her attendants would have prevented her, but she declared that the constancy of his end had given a confirmation to her mind adequate to counterbalance the shock of this sad spectacle; and she is then said to have exclaimed, "O Guilford! Guilford! the antepast is not so bitter that you have tasted, and that I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble; but that is nothing compared to the feast that you and I shall this day partake of in heaven!"

When the officer appeared to summon her to the scaffold, she followed him with the most perfect calmness; there was no change of countenance, nor any evidence of discomposure. She mounted the steps without hesitation, and waited quietly till silence was procured, and then addressed a few simple words to the spectators; avowing her steadfastness in the Protestant faith. The executioner, on his knees, besought her forgiveness, which she sweetly and willingly accorded to him. She then bound the handkerchief over her eyes, and feeling for the block, said, "What shall I do? Where is it!" At these questions one of the persons on the scaffold guided her towards the block, on which she instantly laid her head, and then stretching forth her body, exclaimed,—"Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit!" A pause of one moment ensued, the axe fell,—and the lovely and pious victim to ambition and bigotry rejoined her husband in heaven!

ANA are maxims, anecdotes, and original fragments of eminent men. The French have a multitude of such works. In England there are Walpoliana, Addisonia, Swiftiana, and Knoxiana and Londoniana.

Sir Isaac Newton, on being asked his opinion of poetry, replied, that it was a kind of ingenious nonsense.



Lord Mayor's Show.

The chief officer of the city of London is called the Lord Mayor. He is chosen by the citizens of that metropolis, and on the day in which he assumes his office, he rides about the streets of London in a splendid gilt coach, attended by other coaches, and men dressed up in military hats, with tall feathers. Their coats and pantaloons are almost covered with gold lace. The heads of the horses and the harnesses are decorated with gilt stars and bouquets of ribbons.

The driver of the Lord Mayor's coach looks almost smothered with his big hat, and the immense mass of gilt lace upon the collar of his coat. The Lord Mayor himself is very gaily dressed. I once saw this show, and it appeared to me that the Lord Mayor and all his attendants looked more like images or idols, bedizened with finery, than like human beings.

The Lord Mayor goes to Black Friar's bridge, where he and his attendants enter a splendid barge. They are then rowed to Westminster bridge, where they land and proceed to the Westminster Hall, where the Lord Mayor takes the oath of office. He then returns to his barge, lands at Black Friar's bridge, and reënters his coach. The grand procession is attended by the banners of the city companies, and, after marching about the principal streets, they proceed to Guildhall, where they have a sumptuous dinner.

Wherever the Lord Mayor goes on this occasion, there are crowds of boys and other persons following him. When he is on the river, he is surrounded by a multitude of boats, with flags waving in the air, and when he passes along the streets, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs from the windows.

The people of London seem very much delighted with this exhibition. Indeed, they seem to think that he who gives them the best show is the best mayor.

These spectacles are of very ancient date. Formerly the kings and queens

used to parade the streets of the city, dressed up in gaudy finery, and all the young people admired these things, for it was always a holiday, when such a spectacle took place. In modern times, kings and queens are not so fond of showing themselves. The present queen, Victoria, seems to have partially restored the old custom, for she may be frequently seen travelling about the country. She has the good sense, however, to dress modestly, and like other ladies.

But as the pageantry of kings and queens has grown into disuse, the people of London seem to think more of Lord Mayor's day. In 1837, the Lord Mayor's procession was attended by two gigantic figures on horseback, called Gog and Magog. In 1841, the procession was accompanied by a model of a full-rigged ship; she was manned by boys from the naval school, who performed all the evolutions like thoroughbred sailors. It was placed in a car, drawn by six horses.

The Lord Mayor's coach was built in the year 1757, almost one hundred years ago. It cost about five thousand dollars, and its pannels were decorated with paintings by Cipriani, a celebrated artist of that day. The engraving at the head of this article gives a good idea of this famous vehicle.

Joan of Arc.

CHAPTER I.

THE village of Domremi, near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine, is distinguished as the birth-place of the celebrated Joan of Arc, in the year 1402. Born in a humble sphere of life, her education was limited. Her parents, James D'Arc and Isabella Romé, were poor, and not being able to educate Joan, sent her, when still young, to take the situation of servant in a small inn. Having a robust frame, and an active temper, she employed herself in a manner rather unsuited to her sex, in currying the horses of the people who frequented the inn, and riding them to water. In short, she took pleasure in all the active occupations attending the situation, at the same time that her conduct and manners were entirely free from reproach.

At this time, the situation of France was very interesting and critical, roused the attention, and formed a constant theme for conversation in all parts of the kingdom, and among all ranks of people. The prince having been expelled from his throne, the kingdom was of course in a state of division and anarchy. At the same time, the English army were laying siege to Orleans, whose inhabitants were making the greatest efforts to avert their probable fate. Joan listened with interest to the news, as it was repeated by the changing guests of the inn; all the "rumors of wars" reached her ears, and struck her imagination. She listened with daily increasing interest to the story of the unfortunate dauphin, till her bosom was filled with a sentiment of loyal attachment to his cause. She pondered on the probable means of his deliverance, and dwelt upon the miseries of her country till her mind became disordered and bewildered, and she thought that she was impelled, by supernatural voices, to expel the enemies of her bleeding country. Her mind was filled with vis-

ions, her heart with high hopes, and her habits of life and fearless temper urged her on to the accomplishment of that which her youth and sanguine ardor led her to deem possible.

Filled with these fancies, she could no longer remain in the inactive sphere in which her parents had placed her; she was no longer content, and, packing up her small wardrobe, she returned to her family, and communicated to them her projects and her hopes. Touched by her enthusiasm, her friends accompanied her to Vaucouleurs, where the governor, whose name was Baudricourt, resided. Having obtained admission, she imparted her mission, told him her high hopes, painted to him in glowing colors the visions that had visited her from above, and conjured him to aid her in effecting the great object she had at heart. Above all, she warned him not to treat with neglect or contempt the revelations of God. The governor at first deemed her insane and unworthy of attention, but at length, impressed by her perseverance, and by the representations of a gentleman by the name of Longport, who had conceived a high idea of the character of Joan, he had her conducted to the French court, which was then residing at Chinon.

It is pretended by those addicted to the marvellous, that Joan, having offered in the name of the Supreme Being, to raise the siege of Orleans, to conduct the dauphin to Rheims, and there to anoint him king, she impressed him with a strong sense of her divine authority, by confiding to him a secret which he supposed only known to himself. She is said to have described minutely a sword which was kept in a certain church, and which she had never seen. She also required this instrument to aid her in the victories that she expected and promised to perform. Hope and enthusiasm now combined to animate the drooping spirits of the royalists. Heaven itself appeared to smile on their cause, and declare itself in their favor. The affairs of the king were in too desperate a state to reject any means, however insufficient or romantic, which might flatter the hopes of his adherents, and faith and confidence silenced the cold suggestions of reason.

After many debates in parliament, many scruples among the king and his ministers, and various investigations by the divines of the pretensions of the prophetess, her wishes were complied with, and, mounted on horseback, and armed cap-a-pie, Joan exhibited herself to the admiring populace. Her fine figure, animated face, and the graceful manner in which she managed her pawing steed, added to the popular enthusiasm. Shouts and acclamations rent the air; her former occupations were forgotten; chivalry, religion and sentiment united to captivate the fancy and influence the hearts of the multitude.

All things being now ready, preparations were made to put in execution the plans of the heroine. A large convoy, escorted by ten thousand men, and headed by Joan, were ordered to march to Orleans. Mounted on a white horse, her head crowned with a helmet, she bore in her hand a consecrated banner. In her prophetic character, she insisted that the convoy should enter Orleans by the direct road from the side of Beausse;

but Dunois thought proper to differ from the maid, and conducted his troops on the opposite side of the river, where the enemy were less strongly entrenched. Previous to their march, Joan had addressed a letter to the English generals, exhorting them to leave the country, and not to resist the will of God, whose commission she bore. The officers treated her pretensions with derision and scorn, and ridiculed the desperate situation of the dauphin, who had recourse to so absurd an expedient to improve his condition. The soldiers, however, were affected with superstitious terror by the stories which had reached their camp, and were many of them nearly deprived of courage and confidence.

While the convoy approached the river, the inhabitants of Orleans sent boats to receive the provisions, while Joan protected them with her troops. The English did not venture to attack her, and after accomplishing their purpose, the French returned in safety to Blois. The complete success of this undertaking produced a corresponding effect upon the minds of both parties. Joan made a triumphal entry into Orleans, and was received as one sent from heaven by the enraptured citizens.

The next convoy which was sent to Orleans, entered, as formerly desired by Joan, on the other side of the river. Struck with panic, the besiegers offered no resistance, but allowed the convoy to proceed straight through their redoubts, in silence and consternation. The English general saw himself placed in a most extraordinary and perilous situation; the minds of his troops were unnerved by a fanatic influence, against which valor had no effect, their spirits were depressed, and thus everything conspired in favor of the besieged, and led the way to further triumphs.

Joan, reading at a glance the situation of the English soldiers, and profiting by the ardor inspired by this fortunate train of circumstances, now addressed the garrison, and exhorted them to make a sally upon the enemy. Waving her consecrated banner, she called upon the generals to aid her, and the troops, thus assured of the assistance of Heaven, poured with fury upon the English, whose forces, unnerved by superstition, were cut to pieces, and many of them taken captive. Such was the panic, that Sir John Talbot, who arrived at this time with troops for the relief of the garrison, retired again, not daring to attack the victorious and heaven-led army.

The maid and her followers, excited by success, and not doubting that they could carry everything before them, now proposed to attack the main body of the enemy. Dunois, who had more discretion, though equal zeal, urged them rather to attack the English forts, which lay on the opposite side of the rixer. To this Joan consented; the forts were assailed, and, for a moment, the French were repulsed, but the inspired maid, animating her troops by her voice, her gestures, and her lofty bearing, rallied her recreant troops, led them back to the charge, and was completely victorious. Having received a wound in the neck from an arrow, she retired behind the troops, and extracting the weapon with her own hands, she exclaimed, "It is glory, and not blood, which flows from this wound." After having it slightly

dressed, she returned, placed herself again at the head of her victorious troops, and succeeded in planting her victorious standard on the enemy's ramparts.

(To be continued.)

The musical instrument called the trombone is the *sackbut* of the ancients. It was revived in 1790, after a model found at Pompeii. It produced every semitone by sliding out and in, like a telescopic tube.

Our Correspondence.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the letter of a subscriber from Holliston. The communication of J. Q. is also received. His curiosity in respect to the tale of Dirk Heldriver will be satisfied in the progress of the story. Our little friend, George G——, must have patience. He shall know all about Dick Boldhero in good time. His adventures will carry us through a number of chapters. The following letter sufficiently explains itself:

Point Shirley, August 21st.

Mr. Merry,—Although the weather is very hot in Boston, it is very cool down here. To prove this, I send you answers to two puzzles, which are to be found in your Museum. That for the one in the June number, is B*u*onaparte. The true spelling of this name is Bonaparte. Do you think it right, Mr. Merry, to puzzle your readers with a false spelling?

The answer to the puzzle in the August number is Norwich, a town in Connecticut; and a very pleasant town it is.

Now, Mr. Merry, I have answered the puzzles, and though they were not very deep, yet I should hardly have done this had I been spending the dog-days in Boston. But here I feel as lively as if it were October. I walk along the sea-shore every morning and evening, and sometimes I ramble as far as Chelsea Beach. I love the blue sea, and I think I shall make a voyage upon it as soon as I am old enough.

Yours, J. H.

Cleveland, Ohio, August 4th.

Mr. Robert Merry,—Though we are eight hundred miles from Boston, we get Merry's Museum every month. Sometimes it comes late, and this disappoints me; but I am glad to get it after all. I see that some of your subscribers write you letters; I venture to follow their example, and shall tell you something about Cleveland.

It is quite a pleasant town—at least, I think so, for it is my birth-place. It is situated on a bluff eighty feet high, upon the south side of Lake Erie. The streets are straight, and cross each other at right angles. You can look out upon the lake from many of the streets, and as it is seventy miles wide, on the north side you cannot see the land.

The streets are very level, and many of the houses are handsome. I was once at New Haven, in Connecticut, and I think some of the streets in Cleveland look like some of those in New Haven. We have, however, no mountains, like East and West Rock. Indeed, the country is flat around Cleveland, and, far as the eye can reach, you can see nothing like a mountain.

The river Cayahogo empties into the lake west of the town. At the mouth of this is our harbor, and here you see a great many small vessels. Some of these come from Buffalo, some from Detroit, some from Canada, some from Sandusky, and some from other places. They often carry away four or five thousand barrels of flour in a single day. Fine steamboats come here every day, and at this season we see many people in them from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

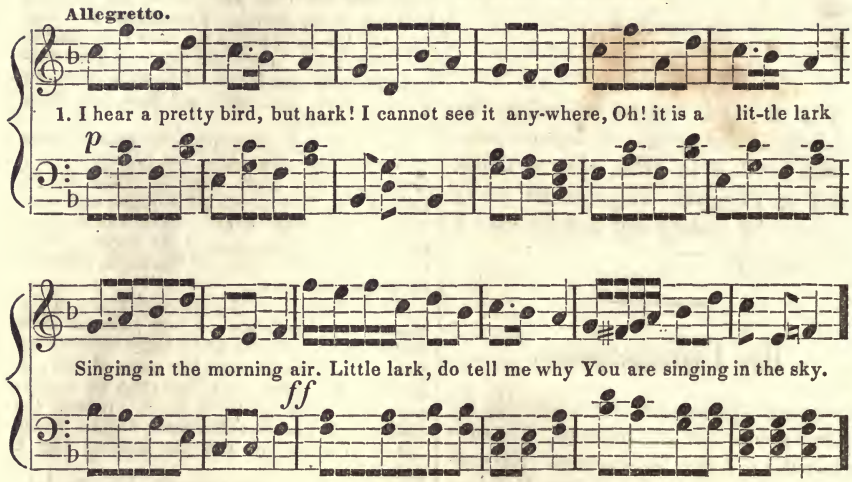
Thus you see, Mr. Merry, though we are so far from Boston, we are not quite out of the world. The steamboats go almost a thousand miles farther north and west than we are, and I am told that some of the emigrants, when asked to what place they are going, say, "to Sun Down."

I have now filled my paper, though I ought to tell you that this is a very cheap place to live in. You can buy a barrel of flour for three dollars; a ton of excellent coal for two dollars and fifty cents; eggs for six cents a dozen; and a wild turkey for twenty-five cents. If any of your friends can't find room enough in Boston, let them come out here, and we will take care of them. A letter of introduction from you will ensure them a welcome.

Yours, S. P——r.

The Lark.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.


Allegretto.
1. I hear a pretty bird, but hark! I cannot see it any-where, Oh! it is a lit-tle lark
p
Singing in the morning air. Little lark, do tell me why You are singing in the sky.
ff

Other little birds at rest
Have not yet begun to sing;
Every one is in its nest,
With its head behind its wing;
Little lark, then tell me why
You're so early in the sky?

You look no bigger than a bee,
In the middle of the blue,
Up above the poplar tree,
I can hardly look at you.
Little lark, do tell me why
You are mounted up so high?

'T is to watch the silver star
Sinking slowly in the skies,
And beyond the mountain far,
See the glorious sun arise.
Little lady, this is why
I am mounted up so high.

'T is to sing a merry song
To the pleasant morning light;
Why stay in my nest so long
When the sun is shining bright?
Little lady, this is why
I sing so early in the sky.

To the little birds below
I do sing a merry tune;
And I let the ploughman know
He must come to labor soon.
Little lady, this is why
I am singing in the sky.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VIII. OCTOBER, 1844. No. 4.

It is October. The "sere and yellow leaf" is in the forest; the birds, one by one, have departed, and stillness begins to settle over the scenes where the ceaseless minstrelsy of the feathered tribes had prevailed. Yet the landscape is still beautiful: the woods have put on their "coat of many colors;" the nuts are beginning to fall, and the squirrels have to dispute with the boys and girls the possession of their first fruits.

Every season has its appropriate work to perform in the great household of nature: the winds of October and November disseminate the seeds which have been matured during the summer. The thistle down is now seen emigrating on its noiseless wing, bearing its little seed to some place where it may "settle." A thousand other seeds are scattered by the winds and the waters, and thus the face of nature is covered with its variegated garments of vegetation.

We cannot do better than to close our notice of October, with an old piece of wit, which, however common, will bear repeating.

ECHO GIVES A LESSON.

It is October; the winds have left the forest and the field; the busy birds have ceased their labors, and have either departed, or sit songless upon the trees. Stillness settles at noon-day over the landscape. Step over into the valley,

and see how your voice will be repeated to the hills. I suppose you to speak in the character of a glutton.

Glutton. My joy is a feast, my wish is wine!

Echo replies,—catching the last sound,—swine!!!

Do you not feel rebuked? But go on with the dialogue.

Glutton. We epicures are happy truly.

Echo. You lie.

Glutton. Will it hurt me if I drink too much?

Echo. Much.

Glutton. Thou mockest me! I 'll not believe it.

Echo. Believe it.

Glutton. Is it drink that brings infirmities?

Echo. It is.

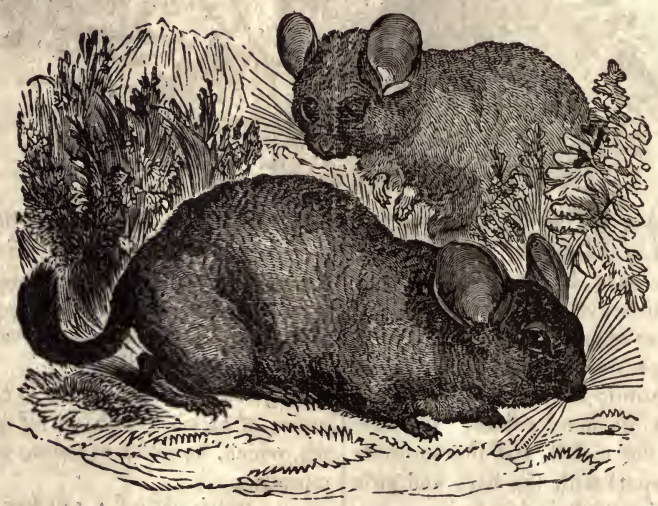
Glutton. Then Temperance I 'll love thee.

Echo. I love thee.

Glutton. If that be true which thou dost tell,
Then Sensuality farewell.

Echo. Farewell!

Such is the lesson, which, according to an old book, Echo read to a glutton, some two hundred years ago. It is worth learning now.



The Chinchilla.

This pretty little animal is six inches long, with small rounded ears, large black eyes, and a tail of moderate length. It is a species of field rat, found in the northern parts of Chili, in South America. It lives in burrows, and feeds upon the roots of bulbous plants. Its fur is in great esteem, being very fine and of an ash gray color. It is very docile in temper, and extremely

timid. If placed in the bosom, it remains as still and quiet as if it were in its own nest. It is very agile, and can leap to the height of several feet, its hind legs being longer than the fore legs. It usually sits upon its haunches, and is able to raise itself up and stand upon its hinder feet. It feeds in a sitting posture, grasping its food in its fore paws, in the same manner as the squirrel.

There is a variety of the chinchilla in Peru, but it is larger in size, and the fur is not so fine as that of the Chilian animal. It is equally good-tempered, and mild in its disposition, and, when domesticated, is very tame and playful.

Great numbers of these animals are caught, by boys with dogs, and sold to traders, who take them to Santiago. The extensive use of the fur has occasioned great destruction of them. The ancient Peruvians made coverlets for beds of this fur.

A Spanish writer, in 1591, thus mentions this animal: "The chinchilly is a kind of small beasts, like squirrels; they have a wonderful smooth and soft skin, which the people wear as a healthful thing to cover those parts which have need of a moderate heat."

A seaman, in 1593, also describes them: "In Peru, they have little beastes, like unto a squirrel, but that hee is gray; his skinne is the most delicate, soft, and curious furre that I have seene, and of much estimation as is reason; few of them go into Spain, because difficult to be come by, for that the princes and nobles laie waite for them. They call this beast Chinchilla, and of them they have great abundance."

The Branch of Elder.

A FABLE.

A HUNTER was wandering along over the fields with his son, and a deep brook flowed between them. The boy wished to go over to his father, but was unable, for the brook was very wide. Immediately he cut a branch from a bush, placed it in the brook, leaned fearlessly upon it, and with all his force gave a sudden spring. But behold! it was the branch of an elder-tree, and as the boy was swinging over the brook, the staff broke in the middle, he fell into deep water, a splash was heard, and the tide closed over him.

A shepherd saw what had happened, from a distance, and raising an alarm, ran towards the brook. But the boy blew the water from him, and swam, laughing, to the shore.

Then the shepherd said to the hunter, It appears that your son has been well instructed, but one thing you have forgotten. Why have you not taught him to examine within, before he opens his heart to confidence? Had he discovered the weak pith that was concealed, he would not have trusted the deceiving bark!

Friend, answered the hunter, I have sharpened his eye, and improved his strength, and I can now trust him to experience. Time must teach him to be suspicious. But he will persevere in the discovery, for his eye is clear, and his strength is practised.

THE OAK TREE does not attain its full growth until it is two hundred years old.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was more than two months after my arrival at Maroontown, before I was in a condition to depart. Finding that I should not be able to return to Paramaribo in season to go back to Connecticut with my vessel, I sent word to the captain, requesting him to see my mother and sister, and tell them what detained me.

When I had sufficiently recovered to travel, I set out from Maroontown, having taken leave of my kind friends there. The negro who had rescued me, together with his family, had done everything in their power to make me comfortable and happy. The neighbors too had shown the greatest interest in my behalf; they were constantly sending me every sort of delicacy, such as small game and the choicest fruits. Never have I met with a people so little selfish, and to whom hospitality seemed to be so natural. Some of them really shed tears as I departed, and even offered to accompany me on my journey. I accepted the latter proposition in part, and accordingly a young man set out to be my guide for the first day.

I had heard at Maroontown something about the Englishman whom I was going to visit. I learned that he was a coffee planter with a large estate; but I had discovered that his residence, instead of being a hundred miles from Paramaribo, was nearly double that distance. This taught me a good lesson, which I recommend to the attention of my readers; it is this—before setting out upon a journey, be sure to ascertain how far you have to go.

It was now December—a time when the winter had already commenced in New England, but it was very different in Guiana. I found the weather very warm, and my strength was so impaired by my sickness, that the first day I did not proceed more than eight miles. I slept at a small plantation, and the next morning, having taken leave of my guide, I proceeded alone upon my journey. For three days, nothing particular occurred. The country was slightly undulating, and portions of it were exceedingly fertile. Here and there was a plantation, but a large part of the land was covered with forests. On the fourth day after my departure, I met with a curious adventure. There is in this region a species of wild hog called peccary. In some parts, they are numerous, and I had frequently seen them crossing my path in the course of my travels. They seemed not to be very shy, yet, as I approached them, they would usually start off with a kind of grunt, or bark, and hide themselves in the bushes.

On the occasion just referred to, I chanced to see a peccary, with a litter of young ones, lying by the side of my path. When I came near, they sprang up and ran away. I however gave chase, and soon caught one of the little pigs. The fellow instantly set up the most vociferous squealing—upon this, the mother turned back and came upon me with savage ferocity. Her mouth was open, and she uttered a sort of bellowing that was quite frightful. I was not disposed to yield my prize at once, but holding on to the hind legs of the pig with the left

hand, and flourishing my club in the right, I faced the infuriated dam. She hesitated a little, but kept up her cry. In a few minutes, I saw issuing from the adjacent thickets several other peccaries, apparently coming to the rescue. They immediately advanced, and I was soon surrounded with more than forty of these raging beasts.

Affairs were now getting serious, and I thought it best to release the little prisoner, hoping that this would pacify the tumult. But the tempest was not so easily appeased. The bristly mob still encircled me, grunting, squealing, barking, and bellowing, while, at the same time, their tusks were displayed, ready to rend me in pieces. I was obliged to keep wheeling round, brandishing my club, occasionally giving an obtrusive snout a pretty hearty thump by way of caution. The storm, however, seemed to thicken, and it was obvious that the whole troop would soon rush upon me. In this extremity, discretion seemed the better part of valor, and concluding that I had better risk my honor than my life, I took advantage of an open space, sprang through the circle, and leaped into the branches of a tree that was near by.

The disappointed assailants pursued me, and encircling the tree, vented their rage in grunts and groans. Never did I see such a hubbub. Sitting upon the limbs of the tree in perfect safety, I looked down and laughed very heartily at the scene. There was one boar who seemed particularly anxious to signalize himself. He had enormous long tusks, and in his fury, he frothed at the mouth, and kept up a great outcry. He was probably the captain of the troop, for he generally led the way, and a party of a dozen supporters were always at his heels.

I could not forbear the pleasure of stirring up this Hector of the field with an occasional poke across the back with my shillaleh. It was amusing to see his indignation, blent with his courage. He rose upon his hind legs, and looked defiance with all his might. There was something about him which seemed to say—"Come down here, you coward; come down, and we 'll give you a peeling." I did not, however, accept the challenge, though I would have been willing to have tried my hand with him in single combat. Forty to one was rather too many, and so I remained in my castle.

Rage, like everything else, must have its end; so, in the course of half an hour, the chivalry of these pigs began to abate. Two or three of them slipped off into the bushes, and their example was soon followed by others. In the course of half an hour, they were all dispersed except the commander-in-chief, and even he, at last, took his departure, having expressed his contempt and defiance in a few significant grunts. I waited till the whole troop had vanished. I then cautiously descended, and proceeded with a light step upon my way. I looked back several times, and scrutinized the thickets that lay along my path. I travelled pretty rapidly for three or four miles, and I may as well confess that I breathed much more freely when I found I had distanced the enemy. It may seem ridiculous that one should be seriously frightened at such an attack, yet the scene dwelt for some time in my memory, and for several nights, my dreams were embellished with

images drawn from the swinish mob that had assailed me in the woods.

I now continued my journey, and at the end of eight days, I reached the place of my destination. I found the person whom I sought to be a fat, burly Englishman, named Hartley, possessing about a hundred negroes, all of whom were engaged in the cultivation of coffee. When I told him my errand, he looked at me with surprise, and seemed at first to be in doubt whether he should answer my inquiries. At last, having satisfied himself that I had no sinister object in view, he told me the story which shall be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

"Your uncle," said Mr. Hartley, "was directed to Surinam rather by chance than choice. He fled from St. Domingo during the troubles there. The vessel in which he came was the only one which offered him an immediate chance of escape, and as his life was in danger, he went on board of her. When he reached Paramaribo, he had considerable property, and thinking that the place offered him fair prospects, he invested his money in ships, and established himself as a merchant. He was very enterprising, and for a time, successful. His manners were pleasing, and he won the good will of every body around him. He paid his addresses to the daughter of a rich planter, and soon married her.

"He thus became allied to one of the first families in Surinam. This circumstance, added to others of a favorable character, soon gave him an eligible standing in society. But suddenly a blight came over his prospects, and his descent was even more rapid than his elevation.

"After he had been at Paramaribo about three years, he deemed it necessary to go to Amsterdam. Having adjusted his business there, he took passage in one of his own ships, to return. She was said to be richly laden, and, according to his statement, had merchandize on board to the amount of more than two hundred thousand dollars. Previous to her departure, he sent to Surinam, and had insurance effected there to the amount of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars upon the ship and cargo. He returned to Paramaribo, stating that his vessel was wrecked upon one of the West India Islands in a gale, and that the ship and cargo were entirely lost; he, with the captain and two hands only, being saved by swimming to the shore.

"Under these circumstances, he claimed the insurance; but this was refused by the company. Your uncle brought an action against them; but an affidavit was produced in court, signed by the captain and the two hands, declaring that the ship was run on shore by your uncle's orders; his purpose being to destroy the vessel and then claim the insurance, which was said to be twice the amount of the real cost. The astonishment that prevailed through the city of Paramaribo at these disclosures cannot be described. Your uncle breasted the shock with great courage, declared his innocence, and asked only for time and opportunity to clear up the whole transaction; but the judgment of the court was against him, and public opinion went with it. His popularity vanished at once; his friends deserted him, and his

creditors coming upon him, he was unable to pay them, and was consequently thrown into prison.

"Here he remained for two years, during which period his wife died, leaving a daughter, who has since remained with her grandfather, M. Scager, and is now grown up to be a beautiful black-eyed girl."

At this point of Mr. Hartley's story, my mind turned back to the place where I spent the first night after my departure from Paramaribo, and it seemed to me probable that the girl whom I had seen there was my cousin. I therefore interrupted the narrative, and said, "Allow me to inquire, sir, where the girl you speak of now lives." "With her grandfather," was the reply, "about ten miles from Paramaribo." "Then I have seen her," said I. "Indeed," said the Englishman, "and how did that happen?"

I then related my adventures at the plantation, giving a brief account of my fright at the bat, the hospitality with which I was treated, and the interest that had been excited in the black-eyed girl on learning my name. When I had done, Mr. Hartley proceeded as follows:

"It is a strange accident that should have brought you into an acquaintance with your cousin Mirabel. However, to proceed with your uncle's story. As he continued in prison, no opportunity was afforded for him even to make an attempt to clear up his character. His name, therefore, passed into contempt and infamy. M. Scager, who was a proud and haughty man, was sorely mortified at the disgrace which had fallen upon his family, through the connection, and would permit no one even to speak of his son-in-law.

"Time passed on, and the subject was nearly forgotten. Your uncle seemed as completely lost to the world as if he had been dead and buried; but at length a considerable excitement was produced by the rumor that he had escaped from prison. On inquiry, it was found that he was gone, but no one could tell how he had effected his liberation, nor whither he had fled. This occurred about a dozen years ago. It excited no little curiosity at the time, and various rumors were afloat respecting it.

"There were a few persons who had always entertained the belief that your uncle was the victim of a foul conspiracy between the insurance company and the captain of the ship; that the loss of the vessel was unavoidable; and that, in order to save the immense sum for which insurance had been effected, the captain had been bribed to make oath to a false statement. But these rumors gradually subsided, and for the space of nearly a dozen years, your uncle's name was hardly mentioned.

"But about a twelve-month ago there was occasion for new surprise. I had known your uncle intimately, for during his residence in Paramaribo, I also lived there. I had the greatest confidence in him, and loved him as if he had been my brother. I never fully credited the charges that were brought against him, and therefore made some efforts in his behalf during his imprisonment, but it became necessary for me to establish myself here, and I was able to render him no effectual assistance. I had no communication from him after I left Paramaribo, and had no better means of judging whither he had gone than any other individual. His escape, however, seemed to

be an argument against him, and as nothing was heard from him, my mind gradually yielded to the conviction that he had been guilty of the crime with which he was charged.

"But about a year ago, I was astonished as well as delighted to receive from Amsterdam a remittance amounting to sixty thousand dollars, with directions to pay your uncle's creditors the full amount due to them, both principal and interest. No explanations whatever were given; no clue was afforded as to the source from which the money came. I proceeded to distribute it according to the directions, and paid every one of the persons to whom your uncle was indebted, and had still a balance of about two thousand dollars in my hands. I have written to the persons at Amsterdam, through whom the money came to me, making inquiries as to your uncle, and asking instructions respecting the surplus that remains, and have had only the naked reply, that no knowledge whatever of your uncle is in possession of the parties, and that they have no directions but those given me in the first letter.

"I have not been able to obtain any precise information respecting your uncle. Upon the payment of his debts, an entire revolution of public opinion took place at Paramaribo, in regard to him. The belief became general that he was what he seemed to be, a high-minded and honorable man, and that he had suffered from a base conspiracy. The uneasiness displayed by a certain lawyer who had been connected with the insurance company, served to confirm these opinions.

"There was also another circumstance which contributed to the same result, and this was, that the captain had never returned to Paramaribo, although he had a wife and family there; and it was reported that he had turned out a desperate character, and had been engaged in several piratical expeditions."

It may be well believed that I listened to this recital with the most intense interest. Scarcely was it finished, when my determination was formed to set about a search for my uncle. I soon communicated these views to Mr. Hartley. At first he objected, urging my youth, the utter want of a clue by which he could be traced, and my destitution of means for sustaining the expense of the undertaking, as conclusive arguments against it.

He considered the project indeed to be the hair-brained dream of a sanguine boy; but as I persisted in my resolution, and suggested my plan of operation, he began to listen, and in the end, gave me his hearty support and efficient aid. He supplied me with letters to several persons in Paramaribo, who might aid me in my researches, furnished me with money for my immediate expenses, and gave me a letter of credit for what I might farther need. Being thus provided, I soon set out for Paramaribo, with high hopes of success in my proposed search.

(To be continued.)

The cow will eat 276 plants, and reject 218; the goat eats 449, and rejects 126; the sheep, 387 and 341; the horse, 262 and 212; the hog, 72 and 171.

Joan of Arc.

(Continued from page 95.)

The English, driven by these successes from their entrenchments, lost, with their spirit of confidence, more than six thousand men. Joan was once more received by the city as a delivering angel; skepticism itself yielded to these prodigies; the French, as if inspired by a celestial energy, passed from despair to a sanguine enthusiasm, before which obstacles melted away as mists in the sun's ray.

The English generals, surprised and dismayed, sought to combat fanaticism with its own weapons, by attributing their discomfiture to the ascendancy of malignant demons, of whom they gravely declared the maid to be the implement. To discover and weigh the operation of motives on the human mind, was an effort too arduous for an unenlightened age. The doctrine of demons did little towards raising the drooping spirits of the besiegers, who sagely concluded a contest with superior powers, whether of light or darkness, to be unequal and hopeless. Unable to maintain his ground with a panic-struck army, Suffolk prudently raised the siege, May 8th, 1429, and retreated.

The French, determined to pursue their advantage, allowed the enemy no time to rally; a body of six thousand men were deputed by the Dauphin to attack the English at Jergean, where a detachment had retired with Suffolk. The place was obstinately defended during a siege of ten days. Joan, in leading the attack, descended rapidly into the fosse, where she received a blow on the head from a stone, which stunned her and threw her down; but quickly recovering herself, the assault was carried, and Suffolk was compelled to yield himself a prisoner. The remains of the English army, solicitous only to effect a retreat, sought for a place of safety; while the vanguard of the French, attacking their rear, at the village of Patay, they were wholly routed; two thousand men fell in the action, and two of their generals were taken prisoners. The conduct of the troops, the military operations, and even the decisions of the council, were poetically attributed to Joan, to whose sagacity and promptitude, in availing herself of the suggestions of more experienced commanders, no mean praise is due.

Having performed a part of her mission in raising the siege of Orleans, the crowning of Charles at Rheims only remained to be effected, on which enterprise she now insisted. Rheims, situated in a distant part of the kingdom, was still in the hands of the enemy, whose garrisons occupied the road which led to it; the idea of passing them would, a few weeks before, have been deemed rash and impracticable; but the spirit which now animated the French made them invincible.

To avail himself of the enthusiasm of his troops, and the consternation of the English, for which the belief of a supernatural agency afforded but a delicate and critical support, was undoubtedly the interest of Charles; persuaded by his friends that the safety of the state depended on his person, he had hitherto restrained his military ardor; he now placed himself at the head of his troops, and under the auspices of Heaven and

fortune, inspired new zeal into his adherents. At the head of twelve thousand men he began his career. Troye opened to him its gates; Chalons followed the example, while, before his approach, Rheims sent him a deputation with its keys; every obstacle thus overcome, the ceremony of the coronation was performed, July 17th, with the holy oil, brought from heaven by a pigeon to Clovis, on the first establishment of the French monarchy.

The maid, clothed in armor, and displaying her sacred and victorious banner, took her place, on this occasion, by the side of the king; while the people hailed this combination of miracles with shouts and acclamations, Joan, after the ceremony was completed, throwing herself at the feet of the monarch, embraced his knees, and, shedding tears of tenderness and joy, congratulated him and herself on the success of her mission.

The mystical inauguration of Charles shed over him a kind of glory, and gave him in the eyes of the nation new and divine rights; triumph and success, the best proofs of inspiration, by flattering the inclination of the people, gave support and stability to their faith; no one presumed to doubt that, in all that had passed, the finger of Heaven was evident and clear.

Lyons, Soissons, Chateau-Thierre, Provins, with various other towns and fortresses, submitted to the summons of the king and that of the prophetic maid; while the whole country disposed itself to testify its loyalty and zeal. A medal was struck in honor of the heroine, bearing on one side her portrait; on the other, a hand grasping a sword, with this motto, "*Consilio confirmata Dei*,"—"*Sustained by the hand of God.*"

The Duke of Bedford, firm, vigilant, and resolute, still preserved his footing in France, where he employed every resource which circumstances had yet left to him; his garrisons were held in postures of defence, and a watchful eye kept over the French; while the Parisians were, by alternate severity and caresses, yet retained in the English interest. An alliance with the Duke of Burgundy, the most important to their sinking credit, was, at the same time renewed and strengthened. The supplies of money from the British parliament were tardy and scanty; while the impression produced on the minds of the troops of the wonderful power and resources of the maid, occasioned daily desertions in the army.

In this perilous state of their affairs, their spirits were revived by the arrival of Cardinal Winchester, who landed at Calais, with a body of five thousand men, which had been levied originally for a crusade. The Cardinal suffered himself to be prevailed upon by the Duke of Bedford to lend him these troops, for the purpose of opposing the French king, who with his forces was advancing towards Paris.

Charles, having left Rheims, and taken St. Denis and Lagni, proceeded to the capital, to which he laid siege. The barriers of the port of St. Honoré were forced, when Joan, flushed with military ardor, and animated by success, in attempting to pass the fosse, received a wound in her thigh. Pressing forward, regardless of the blood which streamed through her armor, she was at length

perceived by the Duke of Alençon, who observing her situation, carried her forcibly back to the camp. The king was, however, compelled, by want of provisions, to raise the siege, and to retreat from before Paris with his troops.

The mission of the maid having been thus accomplished, she expressed a wish to be allowed to retire; but this request was overruled. Charles, still solicitous to retain her in his service, conferred, as a testimony of his gratitude, nobility upon her family and their posterity, both in the male and female line. Armorial bearings were accordingly assigned to her, and her name was changed from Arc to Lys. Domremi, the city which gave her birth, received at the same time a perpetual exemption from subsidies and taxes.

The Duke of Bedford, prudently declining a present engagement with a victorious foe, chose his posts with wisdom and caution, attended the French in all their movements, covered the towns and garrisons which remained in his possession, and attentively watched the steps of the enemy. The French army, consisting mostly of volunteers, were soon after disbanded. The king, having made himself master of various towns in the neighborhood of Paris, retired to Bourges, the place of his ordinary residence.

The Duke of Bedford, with the hope of reviving the courage of the troops, proposed that the young king of England should pass over to France, be crowned at Paris, and receive from his vassals a new oath of allegiance. This ceremony, however, politically planned, afforded but a spiritless spectacle, when compared with the coronation at Rheims. But an event soon after took place, which gave a different aspect to affairs, while it reflected upon both nations lasting dishonor.

The English, supported by the Duke of Burgundy, laid siege to the town of Compeigne, into which Joan threw herself. The garrison, who, with her assistance, believed themselves invincible, received her with transports of joy. On the day following her arrival, May 24th, 1430, she headed a sally made on the quarters of John de Luxemberg. Having thrice driven the enemy from their intrenchments, and finding their numbers increasing every moment, she prudently ordered a retreat. But the pursuers pressing hard upon her, she turned upon them and forced them to recoil. The besieged, protected in the rear by Joan, had in the mean time gained the city in safety, the gates of which were instantly closed. Joan, thus deserted and alone, perceiving herself excluded, surrounded by the enemy, suspecting treachery, and rendered desperate, exerted herself with a courage, deserving a better fate. Her horse at length falling under her, she was compelled, after performing prodigies of valor, to surrender to the enemy. The Burgundians, into whose hands she had fallen, carried their prisoner to Luxemburg, where, for ten thousand livres, they basely sold her to the English. It is believed that the French officers, jealous of the glory of the maid, had designedly exposed her to this fatal catastrophe. Such is human gratitude and the fate of merit, and such the recompense awarded to the benefactors of their species.

The savage triumph of her enemies on her capture, was the unequivocal eulogium of the heroine. *Te Deum*, a ser-

vice so often profaned, was celebrated at Paris on the event. The courage of the English, blasted by the successes of Joan, began, on her imprisonment, to revive. The Duke of Bedford, instigated by a policy alike barbarous and disgraceful, commenced a prosecution against his magnanimous captive, who, by the circumstances of her defeat, the gallantry of her conduct, and her irreproachable life, was justly entitled to the privileges of a prisoner of war. Her youth, her sex, whose appropriate decorum she had strictly observed, her extraordinary qualities, added to the services she had performed for her country, gave her novel and singular claims, to which fanaticism alone could have remained insensible. Under the sanction of religion, justice was outraged and humanity violated.

A petition against the maid was presented by the Bishop of Beauvais, who was devoted to the cause of the English, under the pretence that she was taken within the bounds of his diocese, he requested that she might be delivered over to the ecclesiastical court, to be tried for sorcery, impiety, and magic. The University of Paris covered itself with infamy, by joining in this petition. The title of *Inquisitor of the Faith* was assumed on the occasion by the Bishop of Beauvais.

The court was held at Rouen, where the young king of England then resided, and where Joan, loaded with irons, and clothed in her military apparel, was produced before this prejudiced tribunal. She had previously endeavored to procure her liberty by leaping from the top of the tower in which she was confined; but, stunned by the fall, had been discovered by the sentinel, and retaken. An accusation of intending suicide, was, on this justifiable attempt, added to the offences with which the prisoner was charged. Having requested of her judges to be eased from her chains, she was reproached with her design of escaping. She boldly avowed and justified the fact, declaring at the same time, that if she hesitated to repeat her attempt, it was only from despair of success. Throughout her trial, she discovered equal firmness and courage. Being interrogated respecting the affairs of the court of France, she refused to reply to the questions made to her, alleging that where the secrets of the king were concerned, she owed no obedience to the ecclesiastical powers.

Nearly four months she was continually harassed by questions and persecutions the most ridiculous and absurd. Her enemies termed her a "sorceress and a heretic." The assembled university, having pronounced her a schismatic, proceeded to threaten her with the stake. She was repeatedly examined respecting her visions, revelations, and intercourse with departed saints, and required to submit to the church the truth of her inspirations. "To God," she replied, "the fountain of truth, I am willing to submit them." By this answer, she drew upon herself the charge of denying the authority of the church. She appealed from her judges to the Pope, but her appeal was fruitless.

It was demanded whether she had not put her trust in a standard consecrated by magical incantations? Whether, at the coronation of Charles, she had not still displayed this mysterious standard?

"Her trust," she replied, "was in the image of the Almighty impressed on the banner, and that she, who had shared the danger of the field, was entitled to partake of the glory at Rheims." Accused of violating the decorums of her sex, by assuming the habits and command over men, she boldly avowed and justified the purpose of this violation—"the defeat of the enemies of her country, and their expulsion from the kingdom." During these examinations, she betrayed no weakness, nor gave to her persecutors any advantage; she disgraced not, when in the power of her determined adversaries, the heroism she had displayed in the field.

Every species of imposition and baseness was practised upon her; she was required to abjure the masculine habit, and a paper for this purpose was tendered her to sign, to which a promise was subjoined never more to bear arms. Having complied with this proposition, a new deed was substituted in its place, in which she was made to criminate herself by the most odious and false imputations. The malice of her enemies, aggravated by superstition, led them to accuse her of various crimes, particularly of a compact made with infernal spirits. After having received judgment, she was delivered over for sentence to the secular arm.

Harassed by injustice, exhausted by suffering, and subdued by cruelty, the spirit of Joan at length gave way; browbeaten by men of superior rank, condemned by those whose injunctions she had been accustomed to regard as sacred, basely deserted by the monarch she had served, sustained no longer by applause and success, her enthusiasm began to subside; the dreams of inspiration were superseded by the feelings of nature, while before the terrors of impending death, the visions of a distempered fancy faded away. Recanting, she acknowledged that she had been misled by illusions; which she solemnly engaged henceforward to renounce, and prayed to be reconciled to the bosom of the church. In consequence of this humiliation, her sentence was mitigated to perpetual imprisonment.

No steps were taken by Charles to rescue from destruction the deliverer of himself and the saviour of his dominions; nor, while he held in his hands, as prisoners of war, English of the first distinction, were any proposals offered to exchange them for the heroic Joan:—a memorable example of the gratitude of princes.

Political vengeance might here have ceased; but the malignity of the adversaries of the unfortunate Joan, was not yet fully glutted—barbarous and insatiable, they thirsted for her blood! Having consented to abjure the masculine habit, and to assume the habits and attire of her sex, it was determined to tempt her to a violation of her engagement. For that purpose a suit of men's apparel was placed in her room, and spies were appointed to observe her conduct. Whether the sight of a dress associated with so many flattering, so many glorious ideas, induced her to re-assume it, or whether, as has been alleged, her own clothes were removed while she slept, and were designedly withheld from her, is of little moment; certain it is, that she was tempted in the solitude of her prison, to array herself in the for-

bidden garb. Seized by her treacherous enemies in this situation, and declared guilty of a relapse into heresy, she was excommunicated, and all pardon, and all mercy refused to her. Crowned with a paper, on which was inscribed the terms "apostate, heretic, and idolatress," and guarded by armed soldiers, she was soon after delivered over to the stake, which had been erected for the purpose in the market-place of Rouen.

On the right hand of the scaffold, on which she was exposed to the savage fury of the people, were stationed the clergy, and on the left, the secular officers. In this situation, she was with solemn mockery, interrogated on the principles of her faith; principles, which in no respect appeared to differ from those of her merciless persecutors. A discourse was pronounced by Nicholas Midi, towards the conclusion of the ceremony, in which the poor culprit was informed that "the meek and merciful ministers of the Gospel had, for the execution of their sentence, consigned her over to the secular powers."

The bailli of Rouen, less firm than the preacher, could only say, "Let it be." The tears of Joan even softened the executioner, while the theologians, incapable of the weakness of humanity, remained firm and unmoved. "*Dieu soit bene!*" —"Blessed be God!" exclaimed the sufferer, as she placed herself upon the pile. Her body was quickly consumed, and her ashes were scattered to the winds. Thus perished this admirable woman, June 14, 1431, to whom "the more liberal and generous superstition of the ancients would have erected altars." Thus were the services rendered by Joan to her ungrateful prince and country ultimately rewarded.

The following character of the maid of Orleans, from Fuller, is to be found in the preface to Mr. Southey's Joan of Arc. "People found out a nest of miracles in her education, that so lion-like a spirit should be bred among sheep like David. Even after she went in man's clothing, being armed cap-a-pie, and mounted on a brave steed; and which was a wonder, when she was on horseback, none was more bold and daring; when alighted, none more tame and meek; so that one could scarce see her for herself, she was so changed and altered, as if her spirits dismounted with her body."

Some years after her decease, Joan was, by a bull of Pope Calixtus III., declared a martyr to her religion, her country, and her king. She is made by Chapelain the subject of a French epic poem, entitled *La Pucelle*.

A Blacksmith's Shop in the West.—Some years ago a man was travelling in the western country, when one of his horse's shoes being loose, he inquired of a person he met in the woods, if there was a blacksmith in those parts. "Yes, stranger," was the reply. "Will you direct me to his shop?" said the traveller. "You are in it now!" said the other. "In it now!" said the stranger; "but my friend—without joking—where shall I find the blacksmith?" "Four miles off," was the reply. "I do not understand you," said the horseman. "Well, stranger," said the woodsman, "I will tell you all about it. The blacksmith's shop is all out of doors, but his anvil is at the cross road, four miles ahead."

The American Panther.

This animal has as many names as any other felon that ever figured in history. He is called the "American Lion," the "American Panther," the "Puma," the "Cougar," the "Catamount," and the "Painter." The real fact is, that he is a creature peculiar to this continent, and is neither a lion, nor a panther, nor anything indeed, but himself—an independent member of the great family of cats, roaming over the woods of both North and South America, and always doing business on his own hook. He is a creature of great strength, being able to carry off a sheep or deer at a gallop; but he prefers rather to live by his wit than his power. He always creeps upon his victim with a sly and noiseless step, and when at a proper distance, rushes upon it with a bound, and grapples it with his formidable claws and teeth.

The panther was once common in New England, but he does not like meeting-houses and taverns, so he has emigrated westward. The traveller in the western wilds will often hear a noise that seems like the wailing of a child; but after a little examination, he will find it to proceed from a reddish gray animal in the top of a tree, looking down at him with anxious eyes, and seeming to say, "If it's all the same to you, I should like to make a supper of you or your horse."

A great many adventures have taken place with this creature in the woods. Here are some of the stories told of it.

"Two hunters, accompanied by two dogs, went out in quest of game near the Catskill mountains. At the foot of a large hill, they agreed to go round it in opposite directions, and when either discharged his rifle, the other was to hasten towards him to aid in securing the game. Soon after parting, the report of a rifle was heard by one of them, who, hastening towards the spot, after

some search, found nothing but the dog, dreadfully lacerated and dead. He now became much alarmed for the fate of his companion, and while anxiously looking around, was horror-struck by the harsh growl of a Cougar, which he perceived on a large limb of a tree, crouching upon the body of his friend, and apparently meditating an attack on himself. Instantly he levelled his rifle at the beast, and was so fortunate as to wound it mortally, when it fell to the ground along with the body of his slaughtered companion. His dog then rushed upon the wounded Cougar, which with one blow of its paw laid the poor animal dead by its side. The surviving hunter now left the spot, and quickly returned with several other persons, when they found the lifeless Cougar extended near the dead bodies of the hunter and the faithful dogs."

"About the close of the last war, a merchant of Piqua, named Herse, received a considerable sum of money in small bills, which made it appear of still greater magnitude to several suspicious looking persons who were present when it was received. Mr. Herse, being unarmed, was apprehensive that an attempt would be made to rob him at the camping ground, and expressed his apprehensions to a single fellow-traveller, who was also unprovided with arms. In consequence, they resolved not to go to the camping ground, but to pass the night in the woods without fire; there, turning their horses loose, they lay down in their blankets on the leaves. In the night they were aroused by hearing the horses snort as they are apt to do on the approach of Indians, and shortly after they were heard to make several bounds through the woods, as if some one had unsuccessfully attempted to catch them.

"After some time had elapsed, they both distinctly heard what they supposed to be a man crawling towards them on his hands and feet, as they could hear first one hand cautiously extended and pressed very gently on the leaves to avoid making a noise, then the other, and finally the other limbs in like manner and with equal care. When they believed that this felonious visiter was within about ten feet of them, they touched each other, sprang up simultaneously, and rushed to some distance through the woods, where they crouched and remained without further disturbance. A short time after they heard the horses snorting and bounding furiously through the woods, but they did not venture to arise until broad daylight, being still ignorant of the character of their enemy.

"When sufficiently light to see, by climbing a sapling they discovered the horses at a considerable distance on the prairie. On approaching them, it was at once evident that their disturber had been nothing less than a Cougar. It had sprung upon the horses, and so lacerated with its claws and teeth their flanks and buttocks, that with the greatest difficulty were they able to drive the poor creatures before them to Shane's. Several other instances of annoyance to travellers had happened at the same place, and Shane believed by the same Cougar."

Notwithstanding the ferocious disposition and bad reputation of the panther in his wild and natural state, he can be

taught better manners, and it is by no means uncommon to see them around the houses in South America, quite gentle and well-behaved—a fact which strikingly displays the power of education. I have known boys almost as wild as panthers, rendered tame and dutiful by a little birch and a great deal of kindness. Recommending this moral to schoolmasters, parents, and guardians, we bid good-bye to the panther, only adding that the history of great rascals may sometimes teach us a good lesson.

Lovewell's War.

(Continued from page 76.)

Troops were raised and enlisted for two years' service, and the government had no scruples in offering a bounty of forty pounds sterling for every Indian scalp. This war obtained the name of "Lovewell's War," from Captain John Lovewell, of Dunstable, in New Hampshire, who was the most prominent commander in the enterprise against the enemy, and was killed in a severe engagement. Various incursions were made upon the settlements by the Indians during the year 1723, and several of the inhabitants were killed and carried into captivity. On the 10th of June, 1724, a farmer and his son, being at work on Oyster River, planting corn, went to a brook to drink, and discovered three Indian packs. They immediately ran to give information to a company of volunteers, which had lately been raised in the neighborhood, for the defence of the frontier. The company marched towards the spot, but were fired upon from an ambush, and the farmer and his son, who acted as guides, were both killed. The company then fired and killed one of the Indians, and wounded two others who made their escape, though they were pursued and tracked by their blood to a considerable distance. The slain Indian was a person of distinction, and wore a species of coronet, made of fur, dyed scarlet, with an appendage of four small bells, by the sound of which the others might follow him through the thickets. His hair, contrary to what is almost universal among the natives, was remarkably soft and fine; and he had about him a devotional book, and a muster-roll of one hundred and eighty Indians. From these various circumstances, it was supposed that he was a natural son of the Jesuit, Rasle, by an Indian woman, who served him as a domestic.

Garrison-houses were built among the frontier settlements, to which the inhabitants were warned to repair in time of danger. At Dover there were many families of Quakers, who, doubting the lawfulness of war, could not be persuaded to use any means for their defence, although the Indians never spared them on that account. One of these, John Hanson, lived remote from the garrison, and refused to take shelter in it with his family, although he had a large number of children. A party of thirteen Indians, called French Mohawks, had marked his house for their prey, and lay several days in ambush, waiting for an opportunity to attack it. On the 27th of June, while Hanson and his eldest daughter were gone to attend the weekly meeting, and his two eldest sons were at work in a meadow at some distance, the Indians

entered the house, killed and scalped two small children, and took his wife, with her infant of fourteen days old, her nurse, two daughters, and a son, and, after rifling the house, carried them off. This was done so suddenly and secretly, that the first person who discovered it was the eldest daughter, on her return from the meeting. Seeing the two children dead at the door, she uttered a shriek of distress, which was distinctly heard by her mother, then in the hands of the enemy among the bushes, and by her brothers in the meadow. The people, being soon alarmed, went in pursuit of the enemy; but the Indians, cautiously avoiding all beaten paths, went off with their captives undiscovered. The mother, though of a tender constitution, had a firm and vigorous mind, and passed through the various hardships of an Indian captivity with much resolution and patience. When her milk failed, she supported her infant with water warmed in her mouth, till the squaws taught her to beat the kernel of walnuts and boil it with bruised corn, which proved a nourishing food for the babe. The prisoners were all sold to the French in Canada. Hanson redeemed them the following year, one daughter remaining behind.

These and other outrages of the enemy caused the government of Massachusetts to resolve on an expedition against the Indian town of Norridgewock. Two hundred men, under Captains Moulton and Harmon, marched from York in August. They left forty of their men at Teconic Falls, on the Kennebec, and, dividing the remainder into two bodies, one of them, under Harmon, took a circuitous route, hoping to surprise some of the enemy in their cornfields, while the other, under Moulton, marched directly for the village of Norridgewock, which, being surrounded by trees, could not be seen till they were close upon it. All the Indians were in their wigwams, and the English advanced cautiously and in perfect silence. When they had approached very near, an Indian came out of his wigwam, and, discovering the English, set up the war-whoop, ran in, and seized his gun. In a few minutes the warriors were all in arms, and advanced to meet them. Moulton gave orders not to fire till the Indians had made their first discharge. This was done, and, as he expected, they overshot the English, who then immediately fired with great execution. After another volley had been exchanged, the savages fled with precipitation to the river. They were pursued and slaughtered in every quarter, and their wigwams set on fire. Moulton wished to take Rasle alive, and gave strict orders that no one should kill him. But the Jesuit having shut himself up in his house, from which he continued to fire upon the English, one of them burst into it, and shot him through the head. They then set fire to the church, which was a handsome structure, and brought away the plate and furniture of the altar, with the devotional banner, as trophies of their victory. Eighty of the Indians were killed in this attack, and three English captives rescued.

The fate of Norridgewock struck great terror into the savages, and they no longer thought themselves safe at any of their former places of abode, but occupied them as resting-places only, when they were scouting or hunting. This successful undertaking, and the

large premium offered for scalps, brought several volunteer companies into the field. In December, Captain Lovewell, with thirty men, made an excursion to the north of Lake Winnipiseogee. They discovered an Indian wigwam, in which were a man and a boy. They killed and scalped the man, and brought the boy alive to Boston, where they received the reward promised by the government, and a considerable gratuity besides. This company was soon increased to seventy, and Lovewell marched again, early in 1725, toward the head of Salmon-Fall River. Their provision falling short, thirty of them, selected by lot, were dismissed, and returned home. The remaining forty continued their march till the 20th of February, when they discovered a track, which they followed till they saw a smoke, just before sunset; from this they judged that the enemy were encamped for the night. They kept themselves concealed till after midnight, when they cautiously advanced, and discovered ten Indians asleep round a fire, by the side of a frozen pond. Lovewell now determined to make sure work, and, stationing his men conveniently, ordered five of them to fire in rapid succession, and the remainder to reserve their shot. He gave the signal by discharging his own gun, which killed two Indians; and the men, firing according to order, despatched five more on the spot. The remaining three started up from their sleep, but two of them were immediately shot dead by the reserve, and the other was wounded. He attempted to escape across the pond, but was seized by a dog, who held him fast until the English came up and dispatched him. Thus, in the space of a few minutes, the whole party was destroyed, and an attempt against the frontiers of New Hampshire prevented;—for these Indians were marching from Canada, well furnished with new guns and plenty of ammunition for that object; they had also a number of spare blankets, moccasons, and snow-shoes, for the use of the prisoners whom they expected to take. The pond near which these events transpired is now known as Lovewell's Pond. The company, with their ten scalps stretched on hoops, in the Indian fashion, marched to Boston in great triumph, and received their bounty out of the public treasury. The English spoke of this enterprise with great exultation, and pronounced it a capital exploit. In the light of the present day, the barbarity of giving a premium for scalps would be justly censured.

This brilliant success, as it was then termed, encouraged Lovewell to his last and fatal undertaking. Early in March, he again took the field, intending to attack the Indian villages of Piguacket, on the upper part of the Saco, where a formidable tribe anciently had a settled habitation, though at this period they only paid occasional visits there. His company consisted of forty-six men, including a chaplain and a surgeon. Two of them became lame, and returned. Another falling sick, they halted, and built a stockade fort on the west side of Great Ossipee Lake, partly for the accommodation of the sick man, and partly for a stronghold in case of any reverse. Here the surgeon was left with the invalid and eight of the company for a guard. Lovewell, with his thirty-four men, advanced to the north-

ward about twenty-two miles, and encamped on the shore of a pond in the evening of the 7th of May. Early the next morning, while the men were at prayer, they heard the report of a gun, and discovered an Indian about a mile distant, standing on a point of land jutting out into the water. They had been alarmed during the night by noises round their camp, which they imagined were made by Indians, and now suspected that the one whom they saw was placed there to decoy them, and that a body of the enemy was in their front. A council of war was held, and they decided to go forward, and, by marching round the pond, to gain the spot where the Indian stood. That they might be ready for action, they disencumbered themselves of their packs, and left them, without any guard, in a pine plain, where the trees were too thinly set to hide them.

Lovewell, on his march, had crossed a carrying-place, by which two parties of Indians, consisting of forty-one warriors, commanded by the noted chiefs Paugus and Wahwa, who had been on a scout down the Saco, were returning to the lower village of Piguacket, about a mile and a half from the pond. Having fallen on Lovewell's track, they followed it, and came at last to the baggage, which they carried off. On counting the packs, they found the number of the English to be less than that of their own force. They therefore placed themselves in ambush to attack them on their return. The Indian who had stood on the point, and was turning to the village by another path, met the English and received their fire, which he returned, and wounded Lovewell and another person with small shot. By a second fire the Indian was killed, and they took his scalp. Seeing no other enemy, the company returned toward their packs, and, while they were searching for them, the Indians sprang from their ambush and ran towards them with a horrid yell. A smart firing commenced on both sides, and Lovewell was speedily slain, with eight others. Several of the Indians fell, but, being superior in numbers, they were by no means daunted, and endeavored to surround the English, who, perceiving their design, retreated, hoping to gain a shelter behind a point of rocks and some large pine-trees on the shore of the pond. Here they took their station, having on their right the mouth of a brook, and on their left the rocky point,—their front being partly covered by a deep bog, with the pond in the rear.

The battle now recommenced. The Indians poured in their fire from front and flank, and had so much the advantage of position, that, by a little skill, they might have shot down every man of the English, or compelled them to surrender at discretion, as they were totally unable to extricate themselves, and were entirely destitute of provisions. Under the conduct of Lieutenant Wyman, the latter kept up their fire, and maintained a resolute countenance the remainder of the day,—the action having begun a little after ten in the morning. The chaplain and three others were mortally wounded. The Indians invited them to surrender by holding up ropes to them, and endeavored to intimidate them by hideous yells; but they determined to die rather than to yield, and, by their well-directed fire, the num-

ber of the savages was reduced, and their cries became fainter, till, just before night, they quitted their advantageous ground, carrying off their killed and wounded, and leaving the dead bodies of Lovewell and his men unscalped. The shattered remnants of this brave company, on coming together, found three of their number unable to move from the spot, eleven wounded, but able to march, and nine unhurt. It was melancholy to leave their dying companions behind, but there was no possibility of removing them. One of these, Ensign Robbins, desired them to lay his gun beside him loaded, that, if the Indians should return before his death, he might be able to kill one more.

After the rising of the moon, those who were able quitted the fatal spot, and directed their march toward the fort where the surgeon and guard had been left. To their great surprise, they found it abandoned. In the beginning of the action, one man had deserted and fled to the fort, where, in the style of Job's messengers, he informed them of Lovewell's death and the defeat of the whole company, upon which they made the best of their way home, leaving a quantity of provisions, which proved a seasonable relief to the retreating survivors. From this place they endeavored to get home. Lieutenant Farwell, and the chaplain, who had the journal of the march in his pocket, and one other, perished in the woods, for want of a dressing for their wounds. The others, after enduring the most severe hardships, reached the settlements, one after another. There were no white residents within fifty miles of the scene of the battle.

A party from the New Hampshire frontier was ordered out to bury the dead. Fourteen bodies were found, which were interred, and their names carved on the trees. Three Indian graves were discovered and opened; one of them contained the body of the warrior-chief, Paugus. Tracks of blood were traced to a great distance from the scene of action, but the exact loss of the enemy never was known. After this battle, the Indians abandoned the neighborhood of Piguacket, and did not return till the war was over.

A doggerel ballad, on the subject of "Lovewell's Fight," made its appearance the same year that these events happened, and was for a long time very popular in New England. As the reader may wish to see a specimen of it, we quote the opening stanza, which is as follows:—

"Of worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his king.
He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian's pride."

We add the sixteenth stanza, as it notices a striking circumstance.

"Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die.
They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped, when bullets round him flew."

The following winter, four chiefs came to Boston to ratify the treaty which followed these hostilities. The government of the colonies prohibited all pri-

vate traffic with the Indians, as it had been the cause of many troubles. Truck-houses were established in convenient places, at which they were supplied with all the necessaries of life on advantageous terms. Though the government was a loser by the trade, this was deemed the most economical method of preserving peace, and it seems fully to have accomplished its purpose.

The natives throughout the New England provinces, now thinned and weakened, while the English had gained strength and extended their settlements in every direction, made no more serious attempts upon the peace of the country. In the French wars, even down to the period just preceding the Revolution, it is true that incursions were occasionally made, but they produced no lasting results.

There are few Indians now remaining in the New England States. A small number of Mohegans still reside in the vicinity of Norwich, Connecticut, where they have a neat little church, and a missionary has labored among them with some success. A few Penobscot Indians, too, are found in Maine, and here and there, in other places, may be met one or more of the descendants of the aborigines; but they are like the last scattered leaves of autumn,—withered, decaying, and frozen by the wintry blasts; spring finds them not again.

Professor Olmsted says, that a pound of water, falling over Niagara falls, acquires the force of 6000 pounds!

The Lion Fight.

A GERMAN FABLE.

The royal spouse of a powerful ruler of the East, came to him one day, weeping with indignation, to seek revenge against a delinquent and offender of her majesty. Behold, said she, the criminal brought me an ornament of precious stones, but the jewel proved to be false. He is already atoning for his deceit in a gloomy cell, but he shall pay for his wickedness with his life, I swear it by myself! I demand, O king, that you condemn him to a contest with a lion.

Oh, let us not judge in passion, replied the monarch. For how can indignation decree justice? It becomes a prince of the nation to be free from anger. Is he not the representative and vicegerent of the Highest?

Does not God express his anger in the tempest? inquired the queen.

No, replied the king; he displays his benevolence even in the tempest. Ah, my beloved, man is too apt to form his idea of the Eternal from himself.

But the queen's anger increased, and she said, God also hates and punishes the delinquent, and he has not given the sword to kings without a purpose. I only ask that justice be done the criminal. His death has been announced to him. There is no alternative!

Well, said the king, be it so! To-morrow!

When, on the following day, the hour arrived, and the drums proclaimed the bloody spectacle: the queen arose with a splendid train, and rejoiced in her heart at the triumph of her indignation.

For revenge is like a cooling cordial to the burning mind.

The herald opened the lists, the delinquent stood there trembling, and the drums beat again.

But behold, instead of a lion, came a white harmless lamb, and familiarly approached the trembling man. The drums ceased, and the sweet music of harps and flutes was heard; and the lamb cringed at the feet of the victim, and looked mildly in his face.

Then the eyes of the queen rested on her spouse, and she blushed. But the king said, That look, my beloved, is an evidence to me, that I have exercised the right of retaliation. He who deceived you is deceived in return, and to you will be given the noble instead of the base! The blush on your cheeks, which appears to me more beautiful than the royal purple that adorns you, is also my reward. For your countenance assures me that I have acted like the representative and vicegerent of the Highest!

Then the drums announced the termination of the spectacle, and the people cried, All hail. our king and queen!

Bear and Child.

Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity and generosity of which we have the following remarkable instance. During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold, in a barn in which he had been put by a woman with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting on the danger he incurred in exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it.

Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by pressing him to his breast, until the next morning, when he suffered him to depart and ramble about the city. The boy returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat, and it added not a little to his joy to perceive that the bear regularly reserved a part of his food for him.

A number of days passed in this manner without the servants knowing anything of the circumstance. At length, one day, when one of them came to bring the bear his supper rather later than usual, he was astonished to see the child quietly asleep, clasped in the paws of the bear. The animal rolled its eyes in a furious manner, and seemed desirous that he should make as little noise as possible, for fear of waking his favorite. The bear, though ravenous, did not appear in the least moved by the food which was placed before him.

The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold; who, with some of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied of the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld with astonishment that the bear never stirred so long as his guest showed any inclination to sleep. At break of day, the child awoke, and was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he should be punished for his rashness, begged pardon. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavored to prevail on him to eat what had been brought him the evening before, which he did at

the request of the spectators who conducted him to the prince.

Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, Leopold ordered that the little Savoyard should be taken care of; but unhappily the child died a short time after.

The Last Flower of the Season.

MARION and her father were walking in the fields. It was November, and the sharp frosts had cut down the flowers. Even the asters were withered and perished. But the little girl came at last to a single blossom that had survived. It was a small and humble flower, and it grew upon a barren spot. But it had found shelter between the stones, and its very obscurity had been the means of its protection. The gaudier blossoms around,—those that flourished in the richer soil and in more elevated stations—had fallen before the breath of approaching winter. Marion stooped and plucked the little blossom that seemed to shine like a gem amid the desolation around, and her father made this reflection. "See, Marion, how this blossom has withstood the frost which has swept down its more stately companions. It was humble, and therefore content with a lowly station. This humility has saved it from destruction. It is with us, my child, as with the flowers. The humble and obscure positions of life are often not only the most quiet, but also the most safe from the temptations, sins, and sorrows, which sweep down those who seek and obtain more ambitious situations.

The Cunning Bear.

A FABLE.

Among the bears that lived in the woods, there was one that thought himself very wise. He was, in fact, very selfish, and cared for nobody but himself. I am now going to tell you a story, which will show you how the cunning beast overreached and ruined himself.

In the country of the bears of which I am speaking, there were a good many Indians. These had set a trap so contrived that if a bear should attempt to get the bait, a heavy stone would fall upon his back and crush him.

The bait consisted of a nice leg of venison, and as one of the bears came that way, its delicious flavor attracted his attention. He approached cautiously, and perceived that the meat was only the bait of a trap. He went and told what he had discovered to some of his companions, and quite a company of bears assembled to take the subject into consideration.

Among the rest was our cunning bear. He listened to the various observations of his friends, and finally, assuming a grave and honest look, he rose upon his hind legs, stretched forth his right paw, and spoke as follows:

"My dear friends, allow me to address you: this piece of meat is placed here to tempt you into the trap; be not deceived, and risk not your lives for a momentary gratification. What folly would it be for you, or any other bear, to purchase pleasure at so high a price. Listen to the words of wisdom: let us all depart, and disappoint the schemes of our deceitful enemies!"

This counsel seemed very wise, and being uttered with a benignant counte-

nance and an air of great sincerity, made a deep impression. Accordingly, the whole troop dispersed, and went their several ways into the wood.

But the cunning bear had spoken for others rather than himself. No sooner was the coast clear, than he turned a short corner, and went slily back to the leg of venison. "Now," said he, "that I have got rid of my neighbors, I 'll have a feast all to myself. I 'm not afraid of the trap. I 've cheated these Indians many a time. I know how to slip off the meat without springing the trap. What fools there are in the world! These savages catch the deer, and these silly bears leave it for the wise ones. I know a thing or two. Fools kill, and the wise ones eat, the venison."

With these reflections, our hero stepped slily into the mouth of the trap. He put up his nose very gently, and fixed his teeth in the haunch of venison. He then gave it a gentle pull, and it was nearly free, when the trap sprung, and the enormous stone came down upon Bruin's back with a tremendous crash!

The poor beast struggled, and groaned, and growled terribly, but all in vain. At last he expired, making this reflection, "After all, I do not see that we cunning people are any better off than anybody else. Soon or late we overreach ourselves, and perish with the miserable consciousness that we deserve our doom."

Recent experiments have shown the velocity of electricity to be 576,000 miles in a second. At this rate it would perform the circuit of the earth *three times in the twinkling of an eye!*

The Tiger's Cave.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF QUITO.

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The thunder began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning; flash following flash—above, around, beneath,—everywhere a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in the cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty and some danger at last got into it.

When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge, was so extremely dark, that, if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it, even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our inconsiderate

young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about on their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, whence the sound proceeded.

They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms, an animal singularly marked, about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green color; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "We have come into the den of a ——." He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "A tiger, a tiger!" and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of imminent danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption, if he reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay.

There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by his glowing eyes, which he rolled glaring with fury upon us. His frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous heart-piercing growl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command they both drew their triggers at the same moment; but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance, but finding himself unhurt, immediately turned back, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet.

"All is now over," said Wharton; "we have only now to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with

these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved, and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket and hastened to the further end of the cave, I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning; the tiger, which had heard it also became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards, before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and impetuous manner; then stood still, and stretching out his neck towards the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl.

Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity, to discharge several arrows from the tree; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree and tore it with his claws as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down, as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them, and, before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them, than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; the songs of the birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw, through the aperture, how all nature was reviving, after the wild war of elements, which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength; and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops.

All at once, another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears; for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed everything of horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers.

Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward, with the intention of penetrating our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her.

When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howlings died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased.

Our Indians descended from their tree, and called upon us to seize the only possibility of yet saving ourselves, by instant flight, for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet into the cave, with which they were no doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance, and, following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees, with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side.

Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself passed over the chasm in safety, but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff, except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge, to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock.

He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's

pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment in the air, above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance; she fell into the gulf, and, before she reached the bottom, was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks.

Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost.

But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and, with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right hand he wrenched and violently turned the sword, that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the but-end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold and fell back into the abyss.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

The Ingenious Cricket.

In the mountains of Malacca there is a species of cricket, which makes a loud noise with its wings at certain seasons, probably to attract its mate. Not content with the simple sound which it can produce by a natural action, it is said to resort to an exceedingly curious acoustic contrivance to increase it. In the sides of a hole which it forms in the earth, large enough to contain its body, it hollows out seven small tunnels, which, diverging from that common centre, and penetrating towards the surface of the ground, at length open above in a circle of a palm's breadth in diameter. These cylindrical apertures, being made quite smooth within, expand towards the top, where each may be half an inch wide, like so many minute speaking-trumpets. The insect then taking its stand in the central cavity which communicates with these, and there exercising its fairy minstrelsy, the sound passes through each tube; and, whatever be the use of this peculiar structure, the tiny musician within makes hill-side and thicket ring with the chirping din which he emits from it.—*Bennet and Tyerman.*

The Power of Bees.

The following incident is related in an English paper. One day, a horse belonging to a farmer strayed from his yard into an adjoining garden belonging to a Mrs. Cox, and kicked down a hive of bees, which instantly attacked him with great fierceness. The poor horse kicked and plunged violently, and a man named Blunt, who happened

to be in Mrs. Cox's house, went out to his rescue. He succeeded in getting hold of the horse, but had scarcely done so, when the bees attacked him, covering his head and face, and every exposed part of his body. It was in vain he strove to beat them off. Wet cloths were thrown over him, and other means were resorted to, but it was a long time before the enemy left him. The unfortunate man was conveyed to his house, but died on his way thither, within ten minutes of the attack. The horse died the next evening. The deceased left several children to lament his untimely end.

HYMN.

I know, when I lie down to sleep,
That God is near my bed;
That angels watch by his command
Around my infant head.

I know, when I kneel down to pray,
That still my God is there;
He hears my words, he sees my thoughts,
And will accept my prayer.

I know when I go forth to play,
That God is by my side;
Through every hour, at every step,
He is my guard and guide.

I know his eye sees everything
In earth, and sea and air;
That he, in darkness as in light,
Can see me everywhere.

Then let me guard each thought, each word,
Lest he should chance to find
Evil within a heart that should
Be gentle, meek, and kind.

Our Correspondence.

We have this month to acknowledge the receipt of letters from M. G. D.; J. B., of Princeton; S——, of Cambridge; and W. H. S., of Portsmouth. The following, from the latter place, we insert with pleasure.

Portsmouth, Sept. 3, 1844.

Mr. Merry:

Dear Sir,—I have begun to take your books, and have just received the back numbers, and thus far I feel a great interest in them; and, as you have had but a few *puzzles* in the late numbers, you would oblige me very much if you would publish the following enigma. We are good hands down here for *puzzles*, and would like to get hold of one that would *stick* us. If you can find one of this kind, we wish you to publish it. I send you the following

PUZZLE.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 12, 16 and 19, is part of the body.
My 15, 4, 20, 9, 3 and 17, is in every house.
My 10, 9, 6, 10, 8 and 18, has no particular home.
My 5, 4, 16 and 7, is part of a factory.
My 3, 15, 13 and 4, is a return.
My 5, 16, 11, 6, 4 and 18, is a city in Europe
My 17, 8, 15, 4, 16 and 11, is an animal.
My 7, 8, 20, 15 and 13, comes every spring.
My 2, 8, 10 and is numbered.
My 1, 14, 8 and 17, is to take a part.
My whole is a part of the contents of Merry's Museum. H. R. B.

The following letter will probably elicit the thanks of our readers, as it does ours. We shall certainly comply with the request, in our next number.

Natick, September 25th.

Mr. Merry:

There is a great deal said about Texas in the newspapers, and both whigs and democrats are making a great many speeches about it. I should like, myself, to know more about it than I do; what sort of a country it is—how large—how many people there are—how they live—what the climate and productions are. If you could give us a short account of these things, I think it would be acceptable to your readers. Yours, N. C.

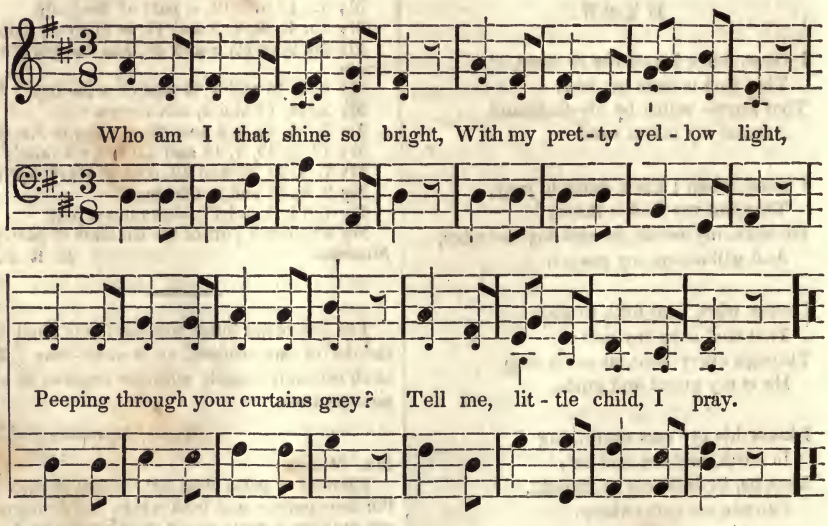
November in London.

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no t'other side the way—
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!

No travelling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no motion—
"No go," by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
November!

The Moon.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM, BY GEORGE J. WEBB.



When the sun is gone I rise.
In the very silent skies;
And a cloud or two doth skim
Round about my silver rim.

All the little stars do seem
Hidden by my brighter beam,
And among them I do ride,
Like a queen in all her pride.

Little child, consider well
Who this simple tale doth tell;
And I think you 'll guess it soon,
For I only am the Moon.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VIII. NOVEMBER, 1844. No. 5.

The trees to the blast have surrendered their leaves,
The beauties of summer have fled;
The warblers departed for sunnier climes,
The herbage is withered and dead.
The chill wintry blast shall resound through the woods,
The skies with rude storms shall be rife;
But spring will return and again clothe the trees,
The landscape will glow with new life.

According to a French novelist, November is the gloomy month, in which "the people of England hang and drown themselves." There is something rather sober in the departure of all those interesting charms that have so attached us to summer and the early autumn, yet we can hardly say that there is anything *gloomy* about it. A pensive, yet pleasing melancholy, is perhaps the predominant feeling in contemplating the changes that take place as the autumn sullenly resigns the year to winter. We have seen the fields stripped of their crops, and the woods of their luxuriant foliage; and now that the great purposes of the season are accomplished, it is not with repining or regret, that we see

exhausted nature about to take a short repose.

We have been delighted with the music of the fields and groves, we have admired the springing plants and expanding flowers; now our enjoyments are about to be somewhat of a different kind, though they may still be closely connected with the mysterious operations of slumbering nature; we may still study her work with scarce less interest than when her utmost energies are put forth to the work of spring and summer seasons. Let the Englishman hang or drown, if his fancy inclines that way; for myself, there is much in the gloom of winter which I could yet wish to enjoy for years to come. There are the hard frosts, which show an autumn morning with every twig and every blade of grass, every vegetable fibre, houses, rocks, and fences, coated with a thick covering of alabaster, like ice, converting shrubs and thick-clustering weeds into most gorgeous chandeliers; there are the winter sunshine and storms, and the winter-evening fireside. There is the promise and hope of the future year; and above all, there is the contemplation of the power and goodness of Him who has furnished the earth in all the beauty and riches of the seasons, for the comfort and happiness of his creatures.

The sun, who seems to have the immediate control of these matters, has for a few weeks been getting rapidly to the south, and the summer and autumn follow him. His declination, by the middle of the month, is the same, and the days are as short, as at the latter part of January: but how different the two seasons. Now, we generally have our Indian summer, and then, perhaps, is the coldest part of winter. When the earth has become so thoroughly heated by the longer days and more perpendicular sun of summer, it requires some time, after the sun has attained its greatest southern declination, for it to cool again to the lowest temperature of winter.

We are no great admirers of the mere poetry and sentimentality of life, but, seeing it is November, suppose we indulge a little in the pensive mood. Let us take one of those pure transparent days which are only to be found at this season, and go to the southern declivity of some gentle swell where we may have the woods in our rear. Now look abroad to the south where the retiring summer seems yet to linger, and the autumn lies slumbering over the landscape. Here is no bold and abrupt coloring, no contrast of dark woods with yellow fields; the different features and tints seem blended into one grand mass, forming an extended and unbroken scene of quiet, calm serenity and loveliness. Over head is that deep transparent blue which belongs only to an autumn sky, with here and there a straggling white-edged cloud, which sometimes passing before the sun, we see the shadow as it travels over the plain, darkening successively for a moment the hills and fields until lost in the distance, and giving a transient life and motion to the sleeping scene before us. Now and then a single bird is to be seen, who, as if loth to leave the happy scenes of his summer joys, still lingers behind, long after his companions have departed for southern climes. Occasionally we are startled by the squirrel, who, with a cheek

load of hickory nuts, rustles the leaves as he scampers to his hiding place, to finish stocking his cellars with provisions for the winter. For half an hour, not a breath of air is felt, or a sound heard; till presently, the wind, scarcely heard at first, begins to murmur among the trees in the distance; approaching, it increases to a mournful howl, bringing with it a cloud of leaves, which, whirled in eddies across the sky above us, afford us a lecture "more eloquent than words," on the end there *must* be to all of the beautiful and fascinating, to which we have set our hearts and engaged our affections here. Now the wind dies away again in moaning sighs, the leaves settle away in the distance, and presently all is again quiet, lonely and silent.

At such times, we feel little inclined to conversation; deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before us, about us, and above us, we find occasion for few words; conscious that each sees and deeply feels the whole, the year going reluctantly on to its grave, we find all comment unnecessary, and words superfluous; we want no communion with anything save our own silent thoughts.

I know not how it is with others, but I have sometimes felt *English* enough to think, were it proper to choose, that when I am called upon to leave all the beautiful and interesting things that have so long bound me to earth, I could choose this season, and leave them with less regret amid such a scene, when all around is gone to decay, and the earth itself seems to covet the repose of death.

Say well is good, but *do well* is better.

Experience a Teacher to Birds.—There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. A curious instance of this once occurred at a slate quarry. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on the ridge of the quarry in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first, she was very much discomposed by the flying of stones in all directions, but still she would not leave her nest. She soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain till the explosion had taken place and then return to her nest.

Litigation.—Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down till they are fairly tired out. It is like a book of surgery; there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic too; they that take the least of it are best off. Law is like a new fashion; people are bewitched to get into it; and like bad weather, most people are glad to get out of it.

Scott.—It is related of Sir Walter Scott that when in health he never refused to see any one, however humble, who called upon him; and that he scarcely ever received a letter which he did not answer by his own hand.

Bill and the Boys.

The story of Dirk Heldriver, concluded.

HIELDER having attained the summit of the pyramidal crag, to which he had been invited, now looked around for Hieldover. He saw a fire which had guided him to the spot, made of fagots burning upon the rocks, and at a little distance, he discovered the mouth of a cave. From this, Hieldover soon issued, and presented himself before his visiter. The strong light of the blazing brands, reflected upon the faces and forms of the two men, presented a striking picture. The emaciated form, the haggard features and the torn garments of Hielder, were strongly contrasted with the iron frame, the stern, flinty countenance, and homely sailor's dress of Hieldover.

The two men met, but no kindly greeting passed between them. They gazed at each other for a moment, and Hieldover then broke the silence. "You have come," said he, "at my bidding, and I will fulfil my promise. You shall see your daughter—but you must first listen to my story." Saying this, he pointed to a seat on the rock, and M. Hielder sat down. Hieldover did the same, and then he spoke as follows.

"It is now twelve years since we parted at Amsterdam. I need not go over the story of my father's death—of his intrusting my fortune and education to your care. I need not say how you discharged your trust, by bringing me up in every species of folly and dissipation; of your embezzlement of my property, and final retreat from the country to parts unknown. The latter event, as you well know, occurred in my absence from Amsterdam. When I returned to the city I found myself a beggar, and what was worse, my character was ruined. You had enjoyed a high reputation for integrity, and had taken advantage of this to denounce me as a graceless wretch, unworthy of protection or sympathy. You had also circulated the story that the vast estate bequeathed by my father had been squandered by my profligacy.

"I was just twenty-one when I returned to Amsterdam, intending to take possession of my estate, but instead of this, I found myself at once ruined in fortune and fame. It is impossible for me to describe the miseries that one after another overwhelmed me. I applied to friends; but they received me with coldness or aversion. I resorted to my companions, upon whom I had lavished favors; but they smiled and put their fingers sneeringly to the side of the nose. I applied to a lawyer; but he would not undertake my cause without a fee, and this I could not give. At length, I bent all the energies of my soul to one single purpose, and that was to pursue you, to traverse the four quarters of the globe, if necessary, to find you, and at last to inflict upon you some punishment adequate to your ingratitude and your crimes.

"Entering upon this design with a fierce and feverish desire, I shipped on board a vessel as a common sailor. I had reason to suppose that you had gone to Surinam, and the vessel I entered was bound to that port. I performed the duties of a sailor with alacrity. In the long and tedious calm, or the raging of the tempest, whether upon the quiet deck or

aloft amid the shivering spars, I never for one moment forgot my purpose. I arrived at the destined port, and made inquiries for you, but without success. I engaged in the revels of my companions; but in my maddest moments I thought of you. I shipped for Java, for I had been led to conjecture that you might be there. We performed our long voyage of alternate tempest and tranquillity. To all around me I seemed the most thoughtless of the unthinking men with whom I was associated; yet it was the burning hope of revenge that sustained me.

"You were not at Java. I set out for the Japan Isles, and reached the rock of Nangasaki, to which the Dutch traders are confined. You had been here, but had departed, leaving no clew by which you could be traced. In a daring and reckless mood, I ventured with one of my companions to enter into one of the Japanese towns. We had dressed ourselves like the natives, and for a time were unsuspected. But at last we were seized, severely beaten, put into an open boat and driven out to sea. We were forced along the coast by winds and currents, and at last, were wrecked upon a rocky shore. In a starving condition we clambered up the cliffs, and made our way to a small village. Here we were seized and conducted from post to post, till we reached Meaco, the residence of the *dairi* or king. Having been examined, we were sentenced to perpetual slavery in the diamond mines. These belonged to the king, and were situated in the mountains. For three years I wrought in gloomy caverns, without once seeing the light of day. Even here I did not forget my revenge, and had still in my bosom a conviction that I should break the chains with which my body was bound, escape from my rocky prison, and fulfil my purpose. My companion wasted away under his toil and confinement, and expired before my eyes; but my body and soul fed upon the hope which had so long animated my bosom.

"I began to meditate an escape. I laid my plans with deliberation, and at the end of eleven months, they were completed. I effected my deliverance, and lived for two years with the wild goats amid the recesses of the mountains. I had learned the language and manners of the country, and leaving my retreat, made my way without difficulty; all suspicion having been lulled by the time which had elapsed since my escape. I had concealed a number of diamonds and other gems of great value, and carried them with me. I was now rich, but I regarded my wealth only as the means by which I might traverse the world in pursuit of you.

"I reached Nangasaki, and entered a vessel bound for Amsterdam. I returned to my native city, and for a time engaged in the pleasures of fashionable life. I was courted and flattered on every side; but I became weary of blandishments, and the thirst of revenge, which had been forgotten, again revived in my bosom. I came to New York, and spent a year in search of you. At last, I discovered your place of residence, and learned that you had exchanged the name of Brocken for Hielder. I learned that you were married—that you lived aloof from mankind, and that you were regarded as a strange and mysterious

being. I visited your abode by night—I hung around your path—I frequently saw you, and was more than once on the point of thrusting my poniard into your bosom.

"It is strange, that, when you were in my power, my hand seemed withheld from striking the blow I had so long meditated. I hesitated—I wavered. At last my desire of revenge returned in its full vigor—I went, determined to fulfil my long meditated design. Concealed in the shrubbery, I saw you approach. I drew my dirk, and stood ready. You came near, but your lovely child was by your side. You paused—you sat down—you embraced that flaxen-haired girl, and gazed in her sunny face with the fond affection of a parent. I had only thought of you before as a demon; but I now saw that you were a father, and possessed a father's feeling. It was a strange revelation, and it opened a new view to my mind. I cast my poniard away with loathing, and another train of thoughts took possession of my soul.

"I lay in wait, and seizing a favorable opportunity, I carried your daughter away. She is here, and she is well. I have brought you hither; I have told you my story—I have fulfilled my purpose. I have no other revenge to bestow. Keep your ill-gotten wealth—for I know it cannot bless you. I only hope that your innocent child may not share in the misery which your crimes have inflicted upon me, and must continue to inflict upon yourself. I see a fate worse than that of Cain, written on your brow. There is a fire within your breast that consumes you. One solace only is afforded you—your daughter; and even that is mingled with a fear that is of itself torture. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! When there is no other tribunal to inflict punishment, the soul turns upon itself, and becomes an executioner. Dark and desolate as is my lot, I envy not yours."

Hieldover waited for no reply, but immediately brought out Katrina and placed her in her father's arms. After a short space, he led them down the cliff, and conducted them to one of the avenues of the mountain. He then spoke to Hielder as follows:

"Farewell—we part forever. You need not fear me—nay, forget me if you can. I forgive the injuries you have done me—the wreck of my existence which you have caused. I am unfit for the world, and I shall continue to occupy this abode. I have lived a life of evil thoughts and wicked passions. I will expiate my crimes by a life of penance in yonder cave. Beware of seeking me—of naming me to others. I seek only oblivion and repose. Adieu."

The strange man departed, and Hielder saw him no more. Years passed away, and a light was often seen on the mountains. Rumors were afloat that the giant form of a man was sometimes seen upon the cliffs, or gliding through the valley beneath. The light was at last extinguished, and the legend became current that the bones of a man were many years after found in the cave, and by their side a small sack of precious gems. The glen had long the reputation of being haunted, and was anciently known by the name of Heldriver's castle.

Head of a New Zealander.

New Zealand.

New Zealand consists of two islands, but separated only by a strait, and composing properly only one country, lying between 34° and 48° S. lat.; being thus about 1000 miles in length; but the average breadth does not exceed 100 miles. The surface is estimated at 62,160 English square miles. The northern island is known by the name, not very well fitted for English organs, of Eaheinomauwe; the southern by that of T'avai Poenammoo. The first is the smallest, but is distinguished by the finest soil, and by natural features of the boldest and grandest description. Chains of high mountains run through both islands, which, in the former, rise to the height of 12,000 or 14,000 feet, and are buried for two thirds of their height in perpetual snow; presenting on the greatest scale all the Alpine phenomena. From these heights numerous streams flow down, watering in their course the most fertile and enchanting valleys. The huge glaciers and plains of snow which cover their higher regions; the mighty torrents which pour down from them, forming stupendous cataracts; the lofty woods which crown their middle regions; the hills which wind along their feet, decked with the brightest vegetation; the bold cliffs and promontories which breast the might of the southern waves; the beautiful bays

decked with numberless villages and canoes—all conspire to present a scene, which even the rude eye of the navigator cannot behold without rapture. The soil in the valleys, and in the tracts of land at all level, is more fertile than in New Holland, and, with due cultivation, would yield grain in abundance. It produces, even spontaneously and plentifully, roots fitted for human food, particularly those of a species of fern, which covers almost the whole country.

The natives breed pigs, and cultivate some maize, yams and potatoes; and there is a species of very strong flax, which serves not only for clothing, but fishing-lines, and various other purposes. The mountains are clothed with a profusion of fir trees, of a variety of species unknown in other countries, and rising to a magnificent height, which the tallest pines of Norway cannot rival.

The natives are of a different race from those of New Holland, belonging to that Malay race which predominates in the South Sea Islands. They are tall and well formed, with large black eyes; they are intelligent, have made some progress in the arts of life, and are united into a certain form of political society. These circumstances, however, have only tended to develop in a still more frightful degree those furious passions which agitate the breast of the savage. Each little society is actuated by the deepest enmity against all their neighbors; their daily and nightly thought is to surprise, to attack, to exterminate them; and when they have gained that guilty triumph, it is followed by devouring their victims.

Yet to the members of their own tribe, or those whom they regard as friends, they are not only mild and courteous, but display the fondest attachment and most tender sensibility. Families live together in great harmony, and are seen assembled in pleasing and harmonious groups. On the death of their relations, they exhibit the most impassioned and affecting symptoms of grief, cutting their faces with pieces of shell or bone, till the blood flows and mixes with their tears.

They have a great turn for oratory, the chiefs making speeches of two or three hours, accompanied with vehement gestures, to which those of the audience correspond. Their war-canoes are very large, adorned with much curious and elaborate carving. Great diligence is also exercised, and great pain endured, in bestowing upon their skins the ornament of tattooing; and the visages of the chiefs are often entirely covered over with various regular figures. This, however, is not effected without severe pain, causing even attacks of fever; but to shrink in any degree from the operation is considered as altogether derogatory to a manly spirit. They have also a horrid art, by which the heads of their enemies, being dried in an oven, and exposed to a stream of fresh air, are maintained in a state of perfect preservation. Their houses are by no means spacious; that of Korra-korra, a powerful chief, measured only nine feet long, six feet wide, and four feet high. They are placed in hippahs, or fortified villages, seated on high and steep hills, ascended by pathways, narrow, winding, and often perpendicular, so as to be most perilous to an European; but the New Zealander leaps up as if it were level ground.

Their original arms consisted of clubs

of stone and whalebone, of long and pointed spears, and of the pattoo-pattoo, or wooden battle-axe; but since the musket has been introduced to their knowledge, it has absorbed all their warlike regard; and the strength of a chief is counted, not by his men, but by his muskets. The report of fifty being in the possession of Korra-korra spread the terror of his name for 200 miles round.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER IX.

MOUNTED upon the back of a small but vigorous Dutch pony, I made my way upon my return much more rapidly than I had done on foot in proceeding into the country. At the end of about eight days, I reached the city. During my ride I had revolved many schemes in my head, and I had determined, not only to find out my uncle, but, if possible, to vindicate his reputation. The scale of my operations was pretty large, considering my youth; but through life our anticipations are very apt to be extensive in proportion as our means are small.

Immediately upon arriving at Paramaribo, I set about my inquiries; but a fortnight passed away, and nothing had transpired to give me the least hope of success. But one night, as I was walking along the quay of the city, a person muffled up in a cloak met me, handed me a letter, and disappeared. I hastened to my room, opened the paper, and read as follows. "Your uncle is an innocent and injured man. There are those in this city who have participated in the means by which his character was rendered infamous. The chief instrument by which the base plot was executed, is the captain of the ship that was lost. He now lives in a splendid villa near the city of Caraccas, under the name of Signor Sevil."

There was neither date nor signature to this paper, and whether to consider it as a mere imposition, or as founded in truth and designed to aid my researches, I could not determine. I submitted it to my adviser, to whom I had been commended by Mr. Hartley, and he deemed the communication of great importance. It was finally determined that I should proceed to Caraccas, in the hope of ascertaining whether the statement in the paper was true, and if so, how far the fact could be made available to the clearing up of my uncle's character. Before my departure, I went to see my cousin Mirabel, and proffered my claim to relationship. She received me kindly, and entered with enthusiasm into my projects. I left her, and taking passage in a small coasting vessel, set out for Caraccas.

This city is situated on the northern coast of South America, and is the capital of the fine province of Venezuela. In about twenty days we reached our destined port, and I set out immediately for the city, which lies about fifteen miles from the sea. Our road lay over mountainous ridges, but we were rapidly and safely carried by mules, and reached Caraccas in the space of a few hours.

I found this place to contain some fifty thousand inhabitants, nearly all of them Spaniards. The streets were built at right angles, and were exceedingly nar-

row. The houses had a gloomy look, there being in each but one or two windows towards the street, but in the rear they had large courts, where there were often very pleasant gardens, with walks and fountains. There were several public squares in the town, among which the Plaça Mayor was the principal. This was about 320 feet square, and here was the chief market of the city. The churches were numerous, and the cathedral was very splendid.

I gave myself little time to survey the city, but immediately entered upon the business that had brought me hither. I soon found that such a person as Signor Sevil actually lived in a handsome edifice in the suburbs of the city. Upon further inquiry I ascertained that he had resided there but a few years, that he was a foreigner, and a degree of doubt and mystery hung over his life and character. There were even suspicions that he had been engaged in certain piratical expeditions; but as all this was surmise, and he appeared to be in the possession of wealth, the subject was little agitated.

I remained for several weeks, endeavoring to trace out the history of this individual, and became satisfied that he was actually the captain who had commanded the vessel in which my uncle's property was lost, and through whose villany he had been made to suffer so severely. Yet I was unable to obtain any specific proofs that would answer my purpose. I revolved a great many schemes, and finally determined to seek an interview with the captain, tell him my object boldly, and take my chance for the result. If I gained no advantage, I should at least lose nothing.

Accordingly, I wrote a letter to the captain, who bore the name of Signor Sevil, stating that a person from Paramaribo desired to see him on important business. This I despatched to his house, and received for answer that he would call upon me at the place designated, on the morrow. At the time appointed he came, and seemed not a little surprised at the youthfulness of the person with whom he was to have an interview. I began by addressing him as Captain Pierce, remarking that I was well acquainted with his history and character, and that my name was Boldhero. He started to his feet as if he had been stung by an adder, and then seemed about to rush upon me. I had provided myself with a pistol, which I drew from my bosom, and presented to his face. This seemed to have a cooling effect; he immediately forced a smile, resumed his chair, and said, "Well, well, let us hear what you have to say."

I then stated that my object was to vindicate the reputation of my uncle, and to recover also the large amount of money due from the insurance company at Surinam. I assured him that my purpose was not to bring him to justice, but only to obtain from him a solemn affidavit, retracting his former perjury, with a confession of the means by which he had been bribed to commit so foul a wrong.

When I had done, the man looked at me with a mixture of amazement and mirth. The audacity of my proposition seemed at once to astonish and amuse him. After looking me steadily in the face for a few moments, he said, with great civility, "I will think of this pro-

position, and when I am prepared to erect a gallows and twist a halter for my own execution, I will perhaps comply with your very reasonable request." Saying this, the man rose from his seat, saluted me with great politeness, and was about to depart.

Stung with disappointment and indignation, I placed my back to the door, determined to oppose his departure. While I stood a moment in this position, facing the captain, my feet seemed jerked from under me, and I fell to the floor. At the same instant I saw that he was thrown forcibly in an opposite direction, and laid prostrate. I arose, but was instantly thrown down again. I could now perceive that the room was rocking backward and forward; at the same time, my ears were filled with the most terrific sounds I ever heard. With a powerful effort, I arose and rushed down the stairs, into the street.

The earth trembled beneath my feet, and the buildings around seemed to be rushing into a mass of ruins. On every side, I could hear the crash of buildings falling to the earth; the screams of men, women, and children, filled with despair or crushed beneath the falling fragments; together with the heavy and portentous sound, like the deep bellowing of thunder, smothered in the bowels of the earth. Completely bewildered, I rushed along the street, escaping as if by miracle from the bricks and stones and timbers that fell around me. At length I reached the Plaça Mayor, where I had an extended view of the scene.

The whole space was nearly covered with people; priests with their crosses; women with their children; aged men and women, tottering with years; the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the young and the old; some silent and some wailing; some prostrate on the earth; others kneeling and telling their beads; others standing erect, and spreading upward their beseeching hands to Heaven. While such was the spectacle before the eye, the ear was stunned with strange and appalling sounds, and at the same time, the earth trembled as if the very stones were filled with fear at the awful visitation.

Around the square, most of the buildings were prostrate; the only edifice that seemed to defy the shock, was the cathedral, which occupied a portion of the open space. The agitation of the earth continued for a few minutes, when it gradually subsided. The trembling at last totally ceased, the air became still, and a deathlike silence settled over the ruined city. It was evident that the earthquake had passed, and the inhabitants by slow degrees began now to recover from their panic.

The desolation that pervaded the place was, however, terrific. Thousands of people had been killed, and many of the living were now houseless and homeless. Endeavoring to shun the sights of misery that presented themselves on every side, I wandered about, scarcely knowing whither I went. At last I found myself near my lodgings. The building was still standing, though considerably injured. While I stood before it, surveying its aspect, I heard a deep groan near at hand. On going to the spot from whence the sound issued, I found the captain half buried beneath a mass of bricks. I went to him, and he instantly recognized

me. "For God's sake give me help," said he, "though it is perhaps of little consequence, for I have but a few hours to live."

Touched by the poor man's sufferings, I immediately fell to work to extricate him, but found the task beyond my strength. I ran for help, which I obtained with some difficulty, and the sufferer was taken up, and carried into the adjacent building, where I had lodged. "I am dying," said he to me. "I beg you to send for a priest. Be speedy, as you would have mercy on the soul of a great sinner."

I ran to the Plaça Mayor, and speedily brought a friar to the bedside of the dying man. We were all required to leave the room, and the captain proceeded to make his confession in the ear of the priest. The holy father told him that his crimes were great, and he could only offer him absolution upon condition that he would put his declaration in writing, and in such a form as would enable the parties he had injured to obtain justice.

After a violent struggle with his pride, the sufferer yielded, and a magistrate was called to receive his dying affirmation. This was executed in due form, and in my presence. It completely exculpated my uncle from all blame. It declared that his ship was lost by stress of weather, and that he, the captain, had been bribed to give perjured evidence, in stating that the catastrophe had been brought about by my uncle's orders. Scarcely had he finished this declaration, and sworn to it, when he was seized with spasms, his mind wandered, and with a struggle that shook his whole frame, he expired.

CHAPTER X.

The object of my visit to Caraccas having been completed in a manner which seemed almost miraculous, I was impatient to return to Paramaribo, and take counsel as to what steps should be adopted for the discovery of my uncle. I therefore took passage in the first vessel bound for that port; and in the space of twenty-four days, found myself again sailing up the Surinam.

We soon landed, and after despatching a letter to Mr. Hartley, informing him of my success, and requesting him immediately to repair to Paramaribo, I hastened to the house of M. Scager, my uncle's father-in-law; I had seen the old gentleman before my departure for Caraccas, but had not consulted him as to the object of my expedition. Such, indeed, had been the bitterness of his feelings towards my uncle, on account of the disgrace associated with his name, that even an allusion to him excited his anger.

I had, however, seen my black-eyed cousin Mirabel, and imparted to her my scheme, and the hopes I entertained of rescuing her father's name from reproach, and if successful in this, my determination to range the world until I might discover him.

Young as she was, Mirabel entered into my views with ardor, and I believe that my own resolution was quickened in no small degree by the feelings which animated her own bosom, and which I saw vividly painted upon her countenance.

When I reached the house, M. Scager was absent, and my first interview was with Mirabel. She saw me, indeed, before I reached the door, and was about

to fly towards me; but she suddenly stopped, and gazed earnestly in my face. Seeming to be satisfied with the tidings it bore, she rushed forward, and I received her in my arms.

It may seem that this proceeding suited my name better than my age and condition; but it must be considered that Mirabel was my cousin, that I had achieved a great service in behalf of her father, and that the girl had very handsome black eyes.

My story was soon told, and I cannot describe the happiness that shone in Mirabel's face. But in a short time I perceived that it was shaded by a look of the deepest sorrow. I inquired the cause, and begging me to excuse her seeming ingratitude, she told me that her anxiety to know her father's fate, and to see him if living, was now so great as even to drown the enjoyment derived from knowing that his name would now be rescued from the shame which had long attended it. I spoke cheeringly to her in reply, and promised again to compass sea and land in search of him.

While we were thus engaged, M. Scager returned. I hesitated as to the manner in which I should communicate the intelligence I had brought. Mirabel, seeing my embarrassment, took the papers which I had obtained from Caraccas, and placing them in her grandfather's hands, begged him to read them at his leisure. The old man sat down, and while he was taking out his spectacles, Mirabel slipped out of the room, beckoning me with a fairy sweep of her finger to follow her.

We had not long been absent, when we were recalled, and M. Scager inquired how these papers came into Mirabel's hands. She briefly told him how I had obtained them. The old man looked at me steadfastly and doubtingly for a moment, and then, seeming to assent to the truth of the documents he had been perusing, he exclaimed, "After all, Mirabel, your father was what he seemed, a noble and an honest man, and I have done him grievous wrong. Come here, my child." As he said this, he held out his hand, and Mirabel approaching him, was taken in his arms, and the old man's tears fell thick and fast upon her face. I felt the scene to be almost more than I could bear, and hastily left the room.

I need not detail the events which immediately followed. It will be sufficient to say that in the course of a few days Mr. Hartley arrived, and upon consulting a lawyer, it was thought that the papers I had procured would be not only sufficient to establish my uncle's innocence, but to enable him, if living, to recover from the insurance company an immense sum of money, not only for the loss of his cargo, but for interest, and the conspiracy which had been entered into with the captain of the wrecked vessel. If he were dead, these sums, it was thought, could be recovered by his heirs.

It now became a matter of extreme interest to trace my uncle's career from the time he escaped from the prison and left Paramaribo. M. Scager had received several letters from him, but these did not clearly indicate the place of his abode. After consulting these letters, and putting together all the information that could be obtained, it was determined, that I should proceed with all possible despatch, to Valparaiso, at which place

it appeared tolerably certain he had been established in business about ten years before. Being supplied with letters of introduction and plenty of money, I took my departure; not, however, without an affectionate farewell from my gentle cousin.

My plan was to proceed to Buenos Ayres in a vessel, and cross the continent in a westerly direction, to Chili, of which Valparaiso is the chief commercial port. I accordingly entered on board a brig bound for Buenos Ayres. We were soon upon the ocean, and I had now leisure to reflect upon the circumstances which had recently transpired, and the prospects that lay before me.

Although I was still a youth, I had already accomplished something, and was now engaged in an enterprise seldom committed to the charge of one so young as myself. I was surprised to observe the change which had taken place in my feelings and character in the space of a few months. When I first arrived at Paramaribo, I was but a boy. I had now the settled thoughts, plans and purposes of a man. I was bound to a distant country, and dangers and trials lay before me; but these did not in the slightest degree shake my resolution. Though I was calm, I had still the ardent hope and sanguine expectation which belong to youth.

Although I knew the extreme uncertainty of my being able to find my uncle, yet I had still a sort of faith that I should at last succeed in this. "What happiness," thought I, "would flow from such an event!" I often indulged my imagination in picturing his return—in fancying the meeting between him and his daughter. I thought also of the benefits that might ultimately flow to my mother and sister; and I had likewise some dreams of a vague but agreeable nature which had relation to Mirabel and myself.

Our vessel stole on before a gentle wind, but though I was entirely at leisure, my mind was never more busy; my faculties seemed roused in every respect, and although my thoughts dwelt so much upon the particular purpose of my present expedition, I still noticed with lively interest every object of curiosity that came in my way. I was greatly struck with the splendor of the starry firmament amid these tropical regions. As we proceeded farther and farther south, groups of stars, which I had never seen before, and which are not visible in the northern hemisphere, came to view. Many of these were exceedingly brilliant, and at night, in the absence of the moon, seemed to fill the whole atmosphere with a mild lustre.

Nor were the objects connected with the sea hardly less interesting. Flocks of flying fishes, pursued by dolphins in the water, occasionally burst from the briny element, and shot like arrows for a considerable distance through the air. Huge sharks accompanied our vessel, day after day, and a large species of seal which has often been taken for the mermaid, would occasionally lift its head above the wave, and having surveyed us for a moment, would sink back into the water. The albatross, the largest of seafowl, occasionally swept by us, and myriads of wild ducks, seeming like skeins of thread bending and winding against the verge of the distant horizon, skimmed the surface of the waters, along the shores of the continent.

In about forty days from the time of our departure, we entered the mouth of the mighty river La Plata. Such was its width, that it seemed like the sea; but we gradually approached the shore, and on the southern bank of the river, 150 miles from its mouth, we now saw the city of Buenos Ayres. Anchoring at the distance of seven or eight miles from the town, on account of the shallow water, the captain and myself entered a boat and were rowed to the city.

My stay in this place was short, and I had not an opportunity to examine it with care. It stretches along a high bank for about two miles, and contains about 60,000 inhabitants. These are chiefly of Spanish descent. There are a few negroes, some of whom are slaves. By far the larger portion of the lower class are Indians, who perform the common labor, and discharge the menial offices of society. They speak the Spanish language, and have forgotten alike their original habits and their native tongue.

On inquiry, I found that the distance from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso was about a thousand miles. The road led across the vast plains called the *Pampas*, and also over the lofty mountainous chain called the Andes. It was rough and ill wrought, and was therefore seldom travelled with carriages. I learned, also, that it was beset with thieves and robbers.

In four days after my arrival, my preparations were complete, and I departed. I was mounted on a strong horse, which had been caught upon the plains and trained to the saddle. I was attended by a stout Indian, also well mounted, as a guide. We were each armed with a brace of pistols and a dirk. Thus equipped, we set forward.

Soon after leaving the city we entered upon a broken country, which was for the most part entirely in a state of nature. Here and there, was a villa surrounded by a plantation, but with these exceptions, everything had a wild aspect. It was now May—a period at which, in the land of my nativity, the trees and plants are springing into life. But here, it was autumn, and the sere and yellow leaf was visible over the landscape. Still, many of the shrubs and grasses maintained their verdure, and put forth their blossoms. The aspect of nature, however, was strange. The trees were of kinds I had never seen before, and the birds were all different from those with which I had been familiar.

In the course of two days, we were upon the pampas. These resembled the prairies of the west, but they are on a far grander scale. They stretch out to an amazing distance—their whole extent being nearly ten times as great as that of New England. The surface is slightly undulating, and generally covered with grass. A few groups of stunted palm trees are visible, and pools of salt water are occasionally met with.

Along the road we found huts, about twenty miles apart, designed for the accommodation of travellers. We sometimes met persons on horseback, and saw numerous herds of wild cattle and troops of horses grazing upon the plains. We had several opportunities of witnessing the skill of the hunters in taking these animals with the lasso. This is a long rope with a noose at the end. The

hunter, who is mounted, carries this in a coil upon his arm; when he approaches his prey, he whirls it in the air, and at last throws it with such skill and precision that the noose falls over the animal's neck.

We one day saw a hunter noose a wild bull at a short distance from us. When the lasso was thrown, the animal was at full speed, and the hunter in chase, at the distance of about twenty feet. The noose was immediately drawn tight around the neck of the flying beast. Wild with fright and pain, the creature rushed forward, bellowing with all his lungs. The huntsman held on to the rope; the horse, seeming to understand the game, kept in a position to strain it to the utmost, and at the same time to embarrass the progress of the maddened fugitive. As the creature approached the road, his mouth foaming, his tongue, swollen and black, hanging from his mouth, and his eyeballs seeming ready to gush from their sockets. Attempting to leap across a chasm, he faltered, and fell with a heavy groan into the middle of the path. The hunter sprung from his horse, and plunged a knife deep into his neck. The bull struggled, rose to his feet and plunged furiously forward. But he soon staggered, and reeling round and round, fell dead to the earth.

The Bear and Panther.

It was on as beautiful an autumnal day as ever ushered in the Indian summer, that I made an excursion after game among a group of mountains, or rather on a link in the great chain of the Alleghany range, which runs in a north-eastern direction in that part of Pennsylvania which bounds the New York line.

I had kept the summit of the mountains for several miles, without success, for a breeze had arisen shortly after sunrise which rattled through the trees, and made it unfavorable for hunting on dry ground; and indeed the only wild animal I saw was a bear, that was feeding on another ridge across a deep valley, and entirely out of reach of my rifle shot. I therefore descended the mountain in an oblique direction, towards the salt springs, which I soon reached, and after finding others had preceded me here, I left the spot for another mountain on which I intended to pass the remainder of the day, gradually working my way home. This mountain was covered with chestnut trees, and here it was that I caught a glimpse of the bear from the other ridge, and found he had disappeared but a short time previous to my arrival on this mountain. I followed his track for three miles, for chestnuts lay in abundance on the ground, and bears, like hogs, root up the leaves in search of food beneath, and it no doubt had lingered about here eating its meal until my near approach gave warning of its danger. This I could discover, as the leaves having been wet by the melted frost on the top, a path could be traced where the bear in running had turned the dried part of the leaves uppermost. I quickened my pace along the mountain side and around the turn of the mountain, with the hopes of surprising the bear, and after a rapid chase for the distance above mentioned, all proved fruitless, and I relinquished further pursuit. Warm with this exercise, and somewhat

fatigued, I descended the mountain side, and took my seat beside a stream of water which gently washed the base of the mountain, and emptied itself into the head of the waters of the Susquehannah.

I had remained, sitting on a fallen tree whose branches extended considerably into the water, for perhaps an hour and a half, when of a sudden I heard a rustling among the leaves on the mountain immediately above my head, which at first was so distant that I thought it merely an eddy in the wind, whirling the leaves from the ground; but it increased so rapidly, and approached so near the spot where I sat, that instinctively I seized my rifle, ready in a moment to meet any emergency which might offer.

That part of the mountain where I was seated, was covered with laurel and other bushes, and owing to the density of this shrubbery, I could not discover an object more than ten yards from me; this, as will afterwards appear, afforded me protection; at any rate it conduced to my success. The noise among the leaves now became tremendous, and the object approached so near, that I distinctly heard an unnatural, grunting noise, as if from some animal in great distress. At length, a sudden plunge into the water, not more than twenty yards from me, uncovered to my view a full-grown black bear, intent upon nothing but its endeavors to press through the water and reach the opposite shore. The water on an average was not more than two feet deep, which was not sufficient for the animal to swim, and too deep to run through; consequently the eagerness with which the bear pressed through the water, created such a splashing noise. as fairly echoed through the hills. Without scarcely a thought, I brought my rifle to my shoulder with the intention of shooting, but before I could sight it correctly, the bear rushed behind a rock which shielded it from my view; this gave me a momentary season for reflection, and although I could have killed the bear so soon as it had passed the rock, I determined to await the result of such extraordinary conduct in this animal; for I was wonder-struck at actions which were not only strange but even ludicrous,—there not appearing then any cause for them. The mystery, however, was soon unravelled.

The stream of water was not more than ten rods in width, and before the bear was two thirds across it, I heard another rustling, on the mountain side, among the leaves, as if by jumps, and a second plunge into the water convinced me that the bear had good cause for its precipitation; for here, pressing hard at its heels, was a formidable antagonist in an enormous panther, which pursued the bear with such determined inveteracy, and appalling growls, as made me shudder as with a chill.

The panther plunged into the water not more than eighteen or twenty yards from me, and had it been but one third of that distance, I feel convinced I should have been unheeded by this animal, so intent was it on the destruction of the bear. It must indeed be an extraordinary case which will make a panther plunge into water, as it is a great characteristic of the feline species always to avoid water, unless driven to it, either by necessity or desperation; but here nature was set aside, and some powerful motive

predominated in the passions of this animal, which put all laws of instinct at defiance, and unlike the clumsy bustling of the bear through the water, the panther went with bounds of ten feet at a time, and ere the former reached the opposite shore, the latter was midway of the stream. This was a moment of thrilling interest, and that feeling so common to the human breast, when the strong is combating with the weak, now took possession of mine, and espousing the cause of the weaker party, abstractedly from every consideration which was in the wrong, I could not help wishing safety to the bear, and death to the panther. Under the impulse of these feelings, I once more brought my rifle to my shoulder, with the intention of shooting the panther through the heart, but in spite of myself I shrunk from the effort. Perhaps it was well I reserved my fire, for had I only wounded the animal, I might have been a victim to its ferocity.

So soon as the bear found there was no possibility of escape from an issue with so dreadful an enemy, on reaching the opposite bank of the stream, it shook the water from its hair like a dog, and ran about fifteen feet on the bank, and lay directly on its back in a defensive posture; this it had scarcely done when the panther reached the water's edge, and then, with a yell of vengeance, it made one bound, and sprang, with outstretched claws and spitting like a cat, immediately on the bear, which lay in terror on the ground, ready to receive its antagonist; but the contest was soon at an end. Not more easily does the eagle rend in sunder its terror-stricken prey, than did the enraged panther tear in scattered fragments the helpless bear; it appeared but the work of a moment, and that moment was one of unrelenting vengeance; for no sooner did the panther alight on its victim, than with the most ferocious yells, it planted its hinder claws deep in the entrails of the bear, and by a few rips, tore its antagonist in pieces. Although the bear was full grown, it must have been young and in want of energy, for it was so overcome with dread as not to be able to make the least resistance.

Satisfied with glutting its vengeance, the panther turned from the bear and came directly to the water's edge to drink, and allay the parching thirst created by so great excitement, after which it looked down and then up the stream, as though it sought a place to cross, that it might avoid the water; and then, as if satisfied with revenge, and enjoying its victory, stood twisting and curling its tail, like a cat, and then commenced licking itself dry.

The animal was now within thirty-five yards of me, and seeing no prospect of its recrossing the stream, I took rest for my rifle on a projecting limb of the tree on which I still sat, and fired directly at the panther's heart. The moment I discharged my rifle the monster made a spring about six feet perpendicular, with a tremendous growl, which reverberated among the rocks, and fell in the same spot whence it sprang, with its legs extended, and lay in this situation, half crouched, rocking from side to side, as if in the dizziness of approaching death. I saw plainly that my fire was fatal, but I had too much experience to approach this enemy, until I could no longer discover

signs of life. I therefore reloaded my rifle, and with a second shot I pierced immediately behind the ear. Its head then dropped between its paws, and all was quiet.

On examining the panther, no marks of violence appeared, except where my rifle balls had passed completely through, within a foot of each other; but on turning the animal on its back, I discovered it to be a female, and a mother, and by the enlargement of her teats, had evidently been suckling her young. From this circumstance, I supposed the bear had made inroads on her lair, and probably had destroyed her kittens. I was the more convinced of this from the fact that I never knew from my own experience, nor could I learn from the oldest hunters of my acquaintance, an instance wherein a bear and a panther engaged in combat;—and again, no circumstance but the above would be sufficient to awaken that vindictive perseverance in the passions of a panther, which would lead to the annihilation of so formidable an animal as a bear.—*Cabinet of Natural History, and American Field Sports.*

The Cotton Plant.

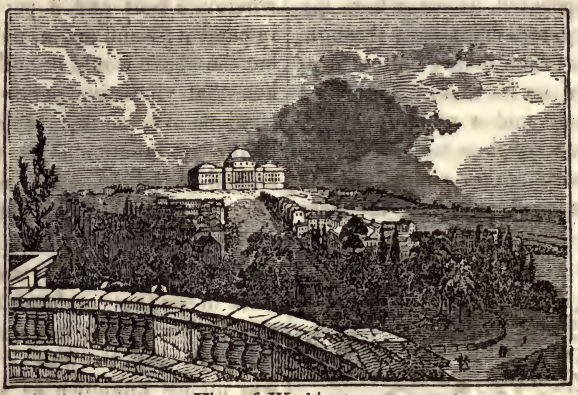
This plant grows spontaneously in the hot or tropical portions of the globe. It derives its name from the Arabian word *Kotôn;* and is one of the four great materials designed by Providence for human clothing—flax, wool and silk being the other three. It is remarkable that neither of these useful articles was the natural product of Europe. All were indigenous to Asia. Cotton and flax were also natives of Africa and America.

Cotton, which is the most important of these articles, was the last to be generally diffused. Silk, wool and linen were in use three or four thousand years ago, but cotton was introduced at a later date, and up to the time of our Saviour, was almost unknown as a material for clothing, except in India. Even in the middle ages, we hear no mention of cotton garments in Europe. The Chinese, who have taken the lead in so many arts, did not adopt cotton for use till the eleventh century, though, for four hundred years previous, they had cultivated it as an ornamental shrub in their gardens. Even at the present day, China imports the wool of this plant for manufacture.

Cotton was grown, to a small extent, in the United States, nearly two hundred years ago; but it was not extensively introduced till many years after. In 1786, Mr. Madison, writing to a friend, says, "there is no reason to doubt that the United States will one day become a great cotton producing country."

In 1792, the whole crop of the country was only 138,328 lbs.; 1795, it was 6,276,300 lbs.; and in 1842, it was 783,221,800 lbs.!!!

About two thirds of this immense quantity goes to Europe, chiefly to England, and some to France. Nearly one third is used in the manufactures of the United States. At Lowell, in Massachusetts, the several establishments make about 75 millions of yards of cotton cloth every year; and use almost 23 millions of pounds of cotton wool, annually.



View of Washington.

The Election of President.

What an agitation seems to shake this whole country from Maine to Louisiana! By day we hear the shout of mighty gatherings of the people, and by night, torch-light processions are seen throwing their lights and shadows along the streets. Hickory poles lift their tall tops to the skies on every hand, and flags and streamers are waving in every breeze, and on every side. The names of Polk and Dallas are seen dancing amid the stars and stripes, in one direction, and those of Clay and Frelinghuysen, in another. Even many of the boys and girls have hoisted their flags and play whig and democrat, like their fathers! Perhaps both child and parent, in many cases, know just about as much of what this all means—the one as the other.

It would be a long story to tell all about the election of President; but we must at least say a few words about it. Every four years the people of this country choose a man to rule over this great nation of twenty millions of people. The way the election or choice is made is this: the people of each of the twenty-six states, choose certain persons, called Electors, and these meet together, and cast their votes for President. The person who has the highest number of votes is chosen, and he removes to the city of Washington, where he lives in a fine edifice, called the White House. He holds his office for four years, and then another election of President takes place, as above described.

The two leading candidates for President, at this time, are Henry Clay of Kentucky, and James K. Polk of Tennessee.

BENJAMIN CONSTANDT.—This celebrated French orator had a cat which was so great a pet that she attended him in the morning before he got up, followed him into his study after breakfast, and played and reposed where she liked. One day, when Constandt was expected to make an important speech in the chamber of deputies, his friends, finding that he was absent after his time from the arena, came to seek him at his house, and going into his study, found him quietly reading some book that had evidently nothing to do with the matter in hand; and when they told him that everybody was waiting for him, "What can I do?" said he; "look there; my cat is sleeping in the sun on the papers I have prepared for my speech, and till she wakes, how can I take her off them?"

IRISH WIT.—A poor Irishman, on entering a village in England, observed a board on the corner of the street, prohibiting public begging. He marched straight to the parsonage, and asked to see the minister; after a little hesitation the girl admitted him to the study. Pat immediately slipped up alongside the minister, and whispered into his ear, "Your reverence will please give me something in private, and bad luck catch me if I mention it." Pat's plan answered the purpose; the minister was amused at the poor starving fellow before him, and Pat retired from the audience, asking down blessings on the "minister, his wife and childer—good luck to the whole of them!"

HE who would reap well, must sow well.

Monument to Dr. Watts.

Dr. Watts.

THERE are few persons, whose names are recorded in history, to whom mankind are more indebted than Isaac Watts, the author of the Hymns for Infant Minds, and of the version of the Psalms in common use for sacred music. How many thousands of children have had their minds touched with religious emotions, by reading his juvenile rhymes! how many millions of grown up persons have had their piety elevated, by the influence of his sacred songs!

This great and good man was born at Southampton, England, July 17, 1674. He displayed good talents at an early age, and wrote pleasing verses in his

childhood. He was educated at London, and became in due time a Dissenting minister. Though his health was always feeble, he discharged his pastoral duties with zeal and fidelity, and found time to write many good books. Those we have already mentioned are the most celebrated, because they have proved to be the most extensively useful.

Dr. Watts' life affords abundant proof, that a man even of frail constitution, and possessing by no means wonderful genius, may yet do incalculable good to mankind, provided he has a heart warmed with piety toward God, and kind, tender emotions toward his fellow men. How different is such a life, from that of the conqueror, or miser, or lover of pleasure; and how different must be the estimate which the All Wise makes of it, from what he does of the man who lives only for himself—whoever he may be!

Texas.

As the whigs and democrats are talking a great deal about Texas, some of our young readers are desirous of knowing something about it. We therefore propose to give a brief account of it.

This country lies on the Gulf of Mexico, and is bounded on the north and east by the United States, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the west by Mexico. The people of the republic claim the country to the Rio del Norte on the west. If we take this boundary, its whole extent is about 300,000 square miles, and is eight times as large as New England. It contains nearly 250,000,000 of acres.

The western regions are mountainous, and are said to abound in mineral wealth. The remaining portions of the territory are diversified with hill and dale, though the general aspect has a level character. The rivers are numerous, and the water pure.

Texas presents a variety of soil. This is divided into three kinds, *river bottoms*, *bottom prairies*, and *high prairies*. These are all rich, deep, and productive. The climate of Texas is very fine for a hot country. The low grounds are unwholesome, but the higher portions are otherwise. Snow is seldom known in the southern districts, and the winter seems like our spring.

The productions are numerous. All kinds of grain and garden vegetables thrive here. Besides these, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, tobacco, coffee, indigo, vanilla, cotton, silk, hemp, flax, honey, wax, cochineal, are easily produced. The soil and climate are particularly favorable to cotton. Of this and many other products, two crops may be obtained in a year.

Among the animals, wild horses, buffalo, deer, and a great variety of smaller game are abundant. Gold and silver abound in the mountains, and coal, iron ore, and salt are found in other parts of the country.

Texas formerly belonged to Mexico, but a good many people from the United States having settled there, they began to talk, about ten years ago, of making themselves independent. A convention assembled in March, 1835, and made a declaration to that effect. On the 21st

of the following April, a great battle took place, at San Jacinto, in which the Mexican General Santa Anna was defeated and taken prisoner. From this time, the country has remained free from invasion, but Mexico still claims it as a province and threatens to reduce it again to subjection.

The number of inhabitants in all Texas is probably not equal to that of Boston. They are, however, increasing. The people live for the most part in poor huts, but some good houses are to be found. There are a few churches and some schools. But although the climate is fine, and food is abundant, those who go to reside there, from the settled portions of the United States, must live without many of the comforts which they had formerly enjoyed. Slavery is tolerated, and may people do not wish that a new slave region should be added to the United States. The whigs are opposed to its annexation; and the democrats are in favor of it.

The following description of a wedding which took place in 1842, is furnished by a Scotch traveller, and will show how people marry and are given in marriage in this new country.

"After sixteen miles' journey down a river by moonlight, and as many more across the rough and sea-like bay of Galveston, enlivened by merry jocund talk all the way, we arrived about dawn at the new settlement of the Rock family. It was a large deserted barn or warehouse near Clare Creek. The family was already up and stirring, and engaged in active preparation for the important ceremony; and, to my surprise, the supply of eatables and drinkables was both varied and great—all, however, being presents from the bridegroom, one Luke, a wealthy land owner for Texas, in possession of much cleared ground, and many hundred head of cattle. It may be matter of surprise that a man well to do in the world should have chosen a bride so every way rude and uneducated; but in Texas women are scarce, and then the lover might have looked far before he could have found a more cheerful and good natured companion, more willing to learn, more likely to be loving, faithful, and true, than Betsy Rock.

The blushing bride received me in a cotton gown, shoes and stockings, and other articles of civilized clothing previously unknown to her, and in which she felt sufficiently awkward. But Luke had sent them, and Betsy wished to appear somebody on her wedding day. About eight o'clock the visiters began to arrive. First came a boat full of men and women from Galveston, bringing with them a negro fiddler, without whom little could have been done. Then came Dr. Worcester and his lady from St. Leon, in a canoe; after them Col. Brown, from Anahuac, in his *dug-out;* and, about nine, the bridegroom and four male and an equal number of female companions on horseback, the ladies riding either before or behind the gentlemen on pillions. Ere ten, there were thirty odd persons assembled, when a most substantial breakfast was sat down to, chiefly consisting of game, though pork, beef, coffee, and, rarer still, bread, proved that Luke had had a hand in it.

This meal being over, the boat in which the party from Galveston had come up, and which was an open craft

for sailing or pulling, was put in requisition to convey the bride and bridegroom to the nearest magistrate, there to plight their troth. The distance to be run was six miles with a fair wind going, but dead against us on our return. The party consisted of Luke, who was a young man of powerful frame, but rather unpleasant features; the bride and bride's maid, (Mary Rock officiating in this capacity,) papa of course, myself as captain, and eight men to pull us back. The breeze was fresh, the craft a smart sailer, the canvass was rap full, and all therefore being in our favor, we reached West Point, the residence of Mr. Parr, the magistrate, in less than an hour.

We found our Texian Solon about to start in chase of a herd of deer, just reported by his son as visible, and being therefore in a hurry, the necessary formalities were gone through, the fee paid, and the usual document in the possession of the husband in ten minutes. The eye of the old squatter was moistened as he gave his child away; some natural tears *she* shed, but dried them soon; and presently everybody was as merry as ever.

No sooner were the formalities concluded, than we returned to the boat, and to our great delight found that, close-hauled, we could almost make the desired spot. The wind had shifted a point, and ere ten minutes, we were again clean full, the tide with us, and the boat walking the waters at a noble rate. All looked upon this as a good omen and were proportionably merrier. About one o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Charles Luke were presented by old Rock to the assembled company at the barn; and, after an embrace from her mother, the bride led the way accompanied by her lord and master, to the dinner table.

The woods, prairies, and waters, as well as the Galveston market, had all liberally contributed their share of provender. Wild turkeys, ducks, geese, haunches of venison, were displayed, beside roast beaf, pork, red-fish, Irish and sweet potatoes, pumpkin and apple pie, and an abundant supply of whiskey, brandy, and Hollands, without which a *fête* in Texas is nothing thought of. An hour was consumed in eating and drinking when Sambo was summoned to take his share in the day's proceedings. Tables, such as they were, were cleared away, the floor swept, partners chosen, and, despite the remonstrance of one of the faculty present, Dr. Worcester, against dancing so shortly after a heavy meal, all present, the dissentient included, began to foot it most nimbly.

Never was there seen such dancing since the world began, never such laughing, such screaming, such fiddling. Every one took off shoes and stockings. I was compelled to do so, to save the toes of my especial partner, and to the rapid music of the old negro, reels and country dances were rattled off at a most surprising rate. All talked, and joked, and laughed, such couples as were tired retreating to seek refreshment; but the dancing never ceasing, except at rare intervals, when Sambo gave in from sheer fatigue and thirst. Such was the state of things until about nine o'clock, when a sudden diminution in our number was noticed by all present. The bride and bridegroom were missed, as well as the four couples who accompa-

nied Luke. Rushing into the open air, we descried the husband and wife on their fine black horse galloping beneath the pale moon across the prairie, escorted by their friends. A loud shout was given them, and those who remained, returned to the house to renew the dancing which was kept up until a late hour. It was four days after my departure ere I regained my companions at Todville.

Such was the wedding of one of those hardy pioneers of civilization, whose descendants may yet be members of a great and powerful nation."

A Physician's Dog.—An eminent physician of Chenango county, New York, had a faithful dog named Bent, that always attended him in his visits around the neighboring villages. He could never prevail on him to take a place in his vehicle, but he would follow him on foot until the doctor stopped; when, the instant he alighted from the vehicle, Bent would spring in and protect his property. If any one dared to approach the horse, the dog gave him to understand, by a most significant growl, that he must be careful how he trespassed on the rights of his master. At home, when his mistress had been washing, and left her clothes in the yard over night to dry, she had only to call the attention of Bent to the circumstance, and he would keep guard faithfully until morning.

The health of the doctor became seriously impaired, and he made a voyage to Europe with the hope of regaining it. A few days after his departure the dog became very uneasy, and scoured the village in search of him. Having become evidently satisfied that his master was not to be found in the immediate vicinity of his residence, he made an excursion about the country, to the distance of fifty or sixty miles, and stopped at every house where his master had ever been, apparently in the hope of finding him. He was gone nearly three weeks, but finally he came home, and gave up further search in despair. Upon the return of the doctor, the dog manifested his joy in the most sagacious manner. He threw his fore paws around his neck, and embraced him very affectionately. From that moment he was unwilling to go into the kitchen at night, until he had satisfied himself that the doctor had gone to rest. He would insist on entering his bedroom, and would raise himself upon the bed and look in to see if he was there. At the doctor's death, the dog seemed to be perfectly conscious of the loss he had sustained, and testified his sorrow in so affecting a manner, that it was remarked by every person that saw him.

Generous Revenge.—A young man, desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it along with him to the Seine. He hired a boat, and rowing into the middle of the stream, threw the animal in. The poor creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat, but his master, whose intention was to drown him, constantly pushed him back with his oar. In doing this, he himself fell into the water, and would certainly have been drowned had not the dog, as soon as he saw his master struggling in the stream, suffered the boat to float away, and held him above water, till assistance arrived, and his life was saved.

Prognostics of the Weather.

It is a matter of great convenience, to be able to tell, beforehand, what the weather is to be. Some persons rely upon the Almanac, but let me tell you that anybody can guess at the weather, as well as an Almanac-maker. There are certain signs, however, which foretell changes of weather, many of which have been noticed for thousands of years. Swift says, that

Careful observers may foretell the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower, &c.

Thus persons who follow the sea, learn to predict, with great certainty, what the weather will be for some time to come. Farmers, and other people also, who live in the country, where the business depends much upon the weather, get to understand the signs which foretell a change with tolerable accuracy.

Dr. Darwin has collected many of these signs in the following verses.

The hollow winds begin to blow;
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep;
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed;
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the light-red pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely send her.
Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowls cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
Then spreading, back to earth it bends.
The wind unsteady veers around,
Or settling in the south is found.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous, clear, and bright,
Illumed the dewy hill last night
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Like quadruped, stalk o'er the green
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest.
The sky is green, the air is still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
The dog, so altered is his taste,
Quits mutton bones, on grass to feast.
Behold the rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
The tender colts on back do lie,
Nor heed the traveller passing by.
In fiery red the sun doth rise,
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies.
'T will surely rain, we see 't with sorrow,
No working in the fields to-morrow.

In order to enable the reader to study the subject of signs of the weather, I will arrange those most relied upon, in alphabetical order, for convenient reference; remarking by the way, that "all signs of rain are said to fail in dry weather." By this you must understand that the signs here set down are only probable, not infallible, signs.

Aches and Pains in the body, of various kinds, frequently forebode rain. Persons, for example, subject to rheumatism, feel more pain in the affected limb or part of the body before a change of weather, particularly when fair is to be exchanged for wet. Old, carious teeth are also troublesome, and pains in the face, ears,

and gums are sometimes experienced. Limbs once broken also ache at the place of their union, and various other aches and pains have been from time immemorial found to be signs of changes of the weather.

Animals, by some peculiar sensibility to electrical or other atmospheric influence, often indicate changes of weather by their peculiar motions and habits.

Ants.—An universal bustle and activity observed in ant hills may be generally regarded as a sign of rain. The ants frequently appear all in motion together and carry their eggs about from place to place.

Asses.—When asses bray more than ordinary, particularly if they shake their ears as if uneasy, it is said they predict rain, and particularly showers. We have noticed, that, in showery weather, a donkey, confined in a yard near the house, has brayed before every shower, and generally some minutes before the rain has fallen, as if some electrical influence, produced by the concentrating power of the approaching rain-cloud, caused a tickling in the windpipe of the animal, just before the shower came up. Whatever this electric state of the air preceding a shower may be, it seems to be the same that causes in other animals some peculiar sensations,—which makes the peacock squall the pintado call "come-back," and which creates a variety of prognosticative motions in the different species of the animal kingdom.

An expressive English adage says,

When that the ass begins to bray,
Be sure we shall have rain that day.

We have, says the writer of the preceding, repeatedly been able to give our hay-makers useful admonitions founded solely on the braying of the ass. Thus the proverb says truly,

'T is time to cock your hay and corn
When the old donkey blows his horn.

Barometer.—There is no instrument now more generally used for ascertaining the coming weather than the barometer. It may however be remarked, that it is more from its rising or falling, than from its height or lowness, that we are to infer fair or foul weather. Generally speaking, the rising of the mercury presages clear fair weather, and its falling, foul weather, as rain, snow, high winds, and storms.

In very hot weather, the falling of the mercury indicates thunder.

In winter, the rising indicates frost, and in frosty weather, if the mercury fall three or four divisions, there will follow a thaw; but in a continued frost, if the mercury rise, it will snow.

When foul weather happens soon after the falling of the mercury, expect but little of it; and, on the contrary, expect but little fair weather when it proves fair shortly after the mercury has risen.

In foul weather, when the mercury rises much and high, and so continues for two or three days before the foul weather is quite over, then expect a continuance of fair weather to follow.

In fair weather, when the mercury falls much and low, and thus continues for two or three days before the rain comes, then expect a great deal of wet, and probably high winds.

The unsettled motion of the mercury denotes uncertain and changeable weather.

The words engraved on the register plate of the barometer, it may be observed, cannot be strictly relied upon to correspond exactly with the state of the weather; though it will in general agree with them as to the mercury rising and falling.

When the thermometer and barometer rise together in summer, with rain in large drops, a wholesome state of the atmosphere is at hand.

A great and sudden rising of the barometer, that is to say, a great accession of atmospherical pressure, will, in some persons, occasion a slight temporary difficulty of hearing and tingling in the ears, similar to that which is experienced in descending from high mountains, or from the air in balloons.

Bats.—When bats return soon to their hiding places, and send forth loud cries, bad weather may be expected.

Beetles flying about late in an evening often foretell a fine day on the morrow.

Blue Sky.—When there is a piece of blue sky seen in the forenoon of a rainy day, big enough, as the proverb says, "to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches," we shall probably have a fine afternoon.

Calm.—A dead calm often precedes a violent gale; and sometimes the calmest and clearest mornings, in certain seasons, are followed by a blowing showery day. Calms are forerunners of the hurricanes of the West Indies, and other tropical climes.

Candles, as well as lamps, often afford good prognostics of weather. When the flames of candles flare and snap, or burn with an unsteady or dim light, rain, and frequently wind also, are found to follow. The excrescences from the wicks called funguses also denote rain and wind.

Cats are said, when they wash their faces, or when they seem sleepy and dull, to foretell rain. The same is said of them when they appear irritable and restless, and play with their tails.

Cattle, when they gambol about in their pastures more than ordinary, foreshow rain, and in general a change of weather.

Chilliness, and a sensation of cold greater than the indication of temperature by the thermometer leads us to expect, often forebode rain, as they show that there is already an increased moisture in the air, which experience has shown to be referable to the decomposition and the first formation of cloud.

Clouds of any sort, when they increase much, portend rain, particularly at eventide; when they are very red they often foreshow wind; when they form a dapple-gray sky, with north wind, fair weather; when they rapidly form and evaporate, variable weather. Clouds, fretted and spotted, covering the sky after fine weather, or wavy, like the undulation of the sea, forbode rain.

Colors, of various kinds in the sky and clouds, tokens severally of different phenomena. Much red always forebodes wind and rain, particularly in the morning; in the evening it sometimes indicates a fine day, particularly if the morning be gray. A proverb says,

An evening red and a morning gray
Will set the traveller on his way;
But an evening gray and a morning red
Will pour down rain on the pilgrim's head.

A greenish color of the sky near to the horizon, often shows that we may

expect more wet weather. The most beautiful and varied tints are seen in autumn, and in that season the purple of the falling leaf is often a sign of a continuation of fine weather.

When the clouds become more colored than ordinary, and particularly when red prevails, it sometimes indicates an east wind.

Cocks, when they crow at unwonted hours, often foretell a change of weather. We have often noticed this before rain. But this is by no means so certain a sign as many others; because, at particular seasons, and in particular kinds of weather, cocks habitually crow all day. During the calm, still, dry, dark, and warm weather sometimes occurring in the winter months, and which may be called the halcyon days of our climate, cocks keep a constant crowing all night and day. There appear to be three principal cock crowings in ordinary weather, namely, about midnight or soon after, about three in the morning, and at daybreak; the latter is never omitted.

We have noticed, however, that when cocks crow all day, in summer particularly, a change to rain has frequently followed.

Cream and Milk, when they turn sour in the night, often indicate thereby that thunder storms will probably shortly take place. The effect is referable to the electricity of the air at the time.

Currents of Air change their course frequently in the higher regions of the air first, and are afterwards continued to the earth's surface; hence we can often foresee a change of the wind by observing the way in which the clouds above move. Both the strength of a coming gale, and the point of the compass from which it will blow, may usually be foreseen some time beforehand by noticing the velocity and direction of the clouds floating along in the upper current, or by means of balloons.

Dolphins or porpoises, when they come about a ship, and sport and gambol on the surface of the water, betoken a storm; hence they are regarded as unlucky omens for sailors. According to ancient fable, they formerly offered themselves in times of storm to convey shipwrecked mariners to the shore; but this is, of course, a story of mere human invention.

Dogs, before rain, grow sleepy and dull, and lie drowsily before the fire, and are not easily aroused. They also often eat grass, which indicates that their stomachs, like ours, are apt to be disturbed before a change of weather. It is also said to be a sign of change of weather when dogs howl and bark much in the night; they certainly do this much at the full moon, which has given rise to the saying relative to the *dogs that bay at the moon*. Dogs also dig in the earth with their feet before rain, and often make deep holes in the ground.

Dreams of a hurrying and frightful nature, also incubus, and other symptoms of oppressed and imperfect sleep, are frequent indications that the weather is changed or about to change. Many persons experience these nocturnal symptoms on a change of wind, particularly when it becomes east. In all these cases the effect seems to be produced immediately on the nervous system, and through it on the stomach, so that the stomach shall again re-act on the sensorium.

Drains, and sespools smell stronger than usual before rain.

Drowsiness and heavy sleep, both in men and animals, often forebode a heavy fall of rain or snow.

Ducks.—The loud and clamorous quackings of ducks, geese, and other waterfowl, are signs of rain. It is also a sign of rain when they wash themselves, and flutter about in the water more than usual.

Ears, when there is a tingling noise, or what is called a singing in them, afford thereby a sign of a change of weather, not simply of rain, as has been said, but of barometrical pressure in general. The sudden increase of pressure, like the descent from high mountains, or from balloons, causes in many persons a temporary deafness and roaring in the ears.

Feathers, pieces of flue, or dry leaves, playing about on the surface of ponds and other waters, as if agitated by light and varying eddies of wind, often forebode rain.

Fishes, when they bite more readily, and gambol near the surface of the streams or ponds, foreshow rain.

Flowers are many of them excellent indicators of the approaching weather by their opening and shutting, and other motions.

Fleeces, and Mares' Tails, as they are called, seen in the sky, are signs of rain and wind. By fleeces are meant those clouds which look like fleeces of wool.

Flies, and various sorts of volatile insects, become more troublesome, and sting and bite more than usual before, as well as in the intervals of rainy weather, particularly in autumn, when they are very numerous, and often become a great nuisance. This observation applies to several sorts of flies. The horse-flies likewise of all sorts are more troublesome before the fall of rain, and particularly when the weather is warm.

Forests.—The hollow sound of forests, while the wind is roaring among the woods, is a sign of rain and of storms.

Geese washing, or taking wing with a clamorous noise, and flying to the water, portend rain. Geese, by the way, are excellent guards to a house against fire or thieves.

Gnats afford several indications.—When they fly in a vortex in the beams of the setting sun, they forebode fair weather: when they frisk about more widely in the open air at eventide, they foreshow heat; and when they assemble under trees, and bite more than usual, they indicate rain.

Halo.—When this phenomenon is observed round the sun or moon, it shows that hail, snow, or rain, according to the season, will soon follow. Colored or double halos are still more certain indications of rain, and often of wind also. When mock suns or mock moons, bands of light, and other unusual phenomena attend halos, a peculiar condition of the atmosphere is indicated. The proper *halo* or luminous ring, is distinguished from the *corona* or luminous disk, which is sometimes a forerunner of rain also, but is a thing of more frequent occurrence. When halos are very red, wind almost always follows.

Headaches often foretell a change of weather in persons subject to such complaints. There is also some obscure change of weather near to the periods of new and full moon, which causes a

certain ephemeral headache that begins usually in the morning, gets worse about two o'clock, and subsides in the evening, attended with an irritated stomach; it much resembles the ordinary bilious headache from repletion, but differs from that which follows immediately on a certain sort of indigestion. Indeed, most periodical disorders seem to be connected with some atmospheric changes. And it is very remarkable, that they should so often have their worst paroxysms and the crisis of their terms, about the time of the conjunction and the opposition of the moon.

Hogs, when they shake the stalks of corn and spoil them, often indicate rain: also when they rub in the dust, the same or some similar phenomenon may be expected. When they run squeaking about, and throw up their heads with a peculiar jerk, windy weather is about to commence: hence the Wiltshire proverb, that "Pigs can see the wind."

Horses, as well as some other domestic animals, foretell the coming of rain by starting more than ordinary, and appearing in other respects restless and uneasy on the road.

Incubus or nightmare, though it commonly comes of a loaded stomach, will nevertheless often occur on the occasion of a change of weather in the night, which seems to produce the effect by disturbing the digestive organs. The same observation holds good with regard to those frightful and impressive dreams which some persons have in particular kinds of weather, and about the period of change.

Lamps, from the manner in which they burn, forebode change of weather. Before rain they burn less bright, the flame snaps and crackles, and a sort of fungous excrescence grows from the wicks, which Virgil was mindful to put among his prognostics of rain and wind.

Mare's Tails, or cormoid curlclouds in the sky, forebode wind, and sometimes rain.

Moon.—The prognostics from the looks of the moon are various, and were known of old. When she looks fiery, or red, like the color of copper, wind is generally to be suspected; when pale, or confused with ill-defined edges, rain; when very clear and bright, fine weather.

When the moon is near the full, or new, people are more irritable than at other times, and headaches and diseases of various kinds are worse. Insanity at these times has its worst paroxysms, and hence the origin of the term lunacy. Timber cut in the last quarter of the moon is said to be much the most durable. About the time of full moon the weather is generally fair. The changes of the moon are supposed to bring changes of weather.

Thus we have given a chapter upon signs, and, although they are not all to be relied upon, they may be worthy of notice.

"Job Printing—Job Printing!" exclaimed an old woman, the other day, as she peeped over her specs at the advertising page of a country paper—"Poor Job; they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first larnt to read, and if he was n't the most patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, nohow!"

The Bird of Paradise.

A SONG. WORDS BY MARY HOWITT. MUSIC BY G. J. WEBB.

Andantino.
1. Oh love - ly bird of Par - a - dise, I'll go where thou dost
go! Rise high-er yet, and high - er yet, For a stormy wind doth
blow, Rise higher yet, and high - er yet, For a stormy wind doth blow.

Now up above the tempest,
We are sailing in the calm,
Amid the golden sunshine,
And where the air is balm.

Oh gentle bird of Paradise,
Thy happy lot I 'll share;
And go where'er thou goest
On through the sunny air.

Whate'er the food thou eatest,
Bird, I will eat it too;
And ere it reach the stormy earth
Will drink with thee the dew!

Is thy nest made of the sunshine,
And the fragrance of the spice,
And cradled round with happiness,
Sweet bird of Paradise?

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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DECEMBER

THE autumn is past, and winter is upon us. Come, boys, get your caps and mittens, your greatcoats and your thick shoes; come, girls, put on your wadded hoods and your warm shawls, and let us have a ramble.

How changed is the aspect of everything around us! The trees have put off their garments; the flowers have perished; the green grass is withered and dead. How silent is the forest! Of all the merry songsters that made it ring with joyous music, not one remains behind. Even the partridge and the quail have retired to the thick woods, and left their wonted haunts alone and desolate. Even the squirrel now lies late in the morning, and retires early to bed, seeming to take little pleasure in scampering about the woods, now that he has them all to himself.

December is indeed a chill and blustering month; and here in New England, we might almost envy our friends of Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana, where the weather is still mild and pleasant. However, in a few days the snow will come, and the merry sleigh bells will

remind us of winter sports,—of snow-balling, building snow forts, sliding, skating and coasting. Nor are these the only pleasures of winter in our northern climate. When the day's sport is done, how pleasant it is to gather around the fire-side; to play blind man's buff; to tell stories, study the lessons for school, and read Merry's Museum. After all, winter has its comforts as well as summer.

Hot Water.—An Irish servant discovering one morning that a part of the wood work of the kitchen chimney was on fire, rushed up stairs to his master with the alarming intelligence. Down the master ran, to see the state of the matter. A large kettle of water was upon the fire. "Why, Pat, why don't you put it out? there's plenty of water close by." "I cant, sure; would your honor have me to pour boiling water on it sure?"

There is a small house in the upper part of the city of New York, on which are two signs, put there some years since by a Dutchman. They run thus:

"Apartments to let, either fried, stewed, raw, roasted, or in the shell."

"Oysters can be furnished with meals and lodgings at $2 per day."

Flowers.

The love of flowers seems to be universal; even children admire them, and to form a bouquet seems to be almost as natural as to put food into the mouth. The Indians of Mexico, barbarians as they were in many things, were passionately fond of flowers. Even to this day you may see, in the city of Mexico, the Indians, reduced to a state of poverty and degradation, still retaining the passion which marked them in the days of Montezuma. In their stalls where they sell fruits and vegetables, they seem almost smothered with flowers, which are every day renewed.

But there is an interest in flowers beyond their mere beauty. However graceful their forms, however charming their colors, or sweet their perfume, there is still more pleasure to be derived from the study of them in respect to their botanical characters, their formation, their mode of propagation, &c. A person, in looking over a meadow, might fancy that all was confusion, but if he will investigate the subject, he will soon discover that all these various plants can be grouped into certain families, bearing the most curious and interesting relations to each other.

We cannot, therefore, too earnestly recommend the scientific study of plants to our young readers. It is not only an innocent and pleasing pursuit—it not only leads to much useful knowledge, but it lifts the heart in admiration to that great and good Being, who, in providing for the wants of his creatures, has mingled beauty and pleasure with almost every cup of life.

A perfect orchestra consists of eighty-two stringed instruments, twenty-two wind instruments, and one hundred and forty-six voices; in all, two hundred and fifty, with an organ.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER XI.

We continued our journey with great industry, generally travelling about forty miles a day. My Indian guide had the usual taciturnity of his race, but occasionally he entered into conversation, and I then discovered that he had led a life of adventure, and possessed the happy talent of describing what he had seen. I had by this time acquired a knowledge of the Spanish language, and I therefore found his narratives quite a resource during the tedious hours during which we seemed to be creeping like snails over the almost interminable plain.

He had frequently officiated before as a guide over the road we were now travelling, and he gave me an account of several occurrences in which he had taken part, which might have graced the pages of romance.

It appears that the Pampas are inhabited by a peculiar race of men, called Gauchos. These are the descendants of Spaniards of wild and irregular character, who had fled from civilized society and settled upon the plains, subsisting almost entirely by hunting and rearing cattle. The son followed the vocation of the father, and thus several succeeding generations of hunters had been scattered over these prairies. At the time of which I am speaking, they consisted of considerable numbers of people, though they lived apart from each other in families, dwelling in small huts, and spending the greater part of their time on horseback. These men generally respected travellers, but occasionally they would take to the highway and commit desperate acts of robbery.

There were small bands of Indians, also, whose homes were along the southern borders of the Pampas, but possessing fleet horses, they occasionally made incursions even into remote portions of the plains, and after having struck a sudden blow upon some unprotected family, they would speed to another and another, marking their route with blood and conflagration. Of these wild and savage people, my guide told me various anecdotes. I have not space to recount them, but in order to give an idea of the scenes which are constantly occurring in this remote region of the world, I will repeat one of the tales which he told me.

A few years previous to the period of which I am speaking, a wealthy Spanish gentleman, with his daughter about eighteen years of age, was travelling from Chili to Buenos Ayres. They were in a carriage drawn by four horses, and were attended by several servants, two of whom were on horseback. One night, as they were passing through a thicket of tall grass, a terrible cry burst upon their ears, and at the same moment about a dozen savages sprung from their lurking places, and immediately assailed the travelling party. The servants who were armed discharged their pistols, but they were speedily torn from their horses; the coachman was knocked from his seat, and the two post-boys in their fright ran away. The gentleman in the coach threw open the door and rushed out; but at the moment, he was laid prostrate, by a blow, upon the earth.

Frightened at the sounds around them, the horses in the carriage began to rear

and plunge, and then, suddenly springing forward, ran with all their might. In a few moments, they were lost to the view, but the rattling of the wheels was heard for a time, and was then suddenly terminated by a heavy and crashing sound.

The pockets of the travellers were soon rifled, and the Indians then departed in pursuit of the coach, leaving two of the servants who had been engaged in the fray dead upon the spot, and the Spanish gentleman himself stunned by the blows he had received.

At the distance of two miles, the savages found the coach overturned, and reduced to a mere wreck. The young lady within, overcome with terror, was in a state of insensibility. Being taken out, she was speedily restored. The coach was then rifled, and the lady being placed on horseback before one of the savages, the party pushed forward across the prairie in a southerly direction.

In the course of four days, they reached their settlements, and the young lady, whose name was Donna Marina, was committed to the charge of a daughter of one of the savage chiefs. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, she seemed at first indifferent to her fate; but in the course of a few days, having recovered her health and spirits, she became desirous of knowing the fate that awaited her. She then learned that a messenger was to be despatched to Buenos Ayres, where, it was ascertained, her father had arrived, proposing to surrender his daughter for a ransom of 5000 dollars.

Understanding from the savage maiden under whose care she was placed, that no personal injury to herself was intended, she became tolerably calm. But it chanced that there was among the Indians a fiery young warrior, whose father was a Spaniard, his mother being an Indian. He was born at one of the Spanish huts in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres, and in his early days had acquired a taste for the refinements of civilized life. But his natural daring and love of adventure had led him to join the wild inhabitants of the Pampas, among whom he had now become a celebrated leader,

At this period, he was in the bloom of early manhood, and was remarkable alike for the symmetry of his form, the grace of his movements, and the manly beauty of his countenance. Among the women of the tribe, he was an object of universal regard, on account of his fine appearance, and even the stern old warriors could not withhold their admiration at his achievements in the foray and the field. Thus an object of universal adulation, it may well be supposed that the young warrior, whose name was Yorika, had a pretty high estimate of himself. He was not of the party who had captured the fair Marina; but when he heard of the beauty of the maiden, he sought an opportunity to see her. His wishes were easily gratified by means of a little flattery bestowed upon her keeper. Vanity had led the youthful Indian to seek the interview, but a deeper sentiment led him frequently to renew it.

The beauty of the captive stole into his heart, and doubtless, her gentle manners awakened his recollections of scenes that had been familiar in his childhood. At all events, he was deeply enamored of the Spanish maiden, and did not hesitate to avow his passion. His overtures, however, were sternly repelled; and,

stung to the quick, the fiery savage determined to obtain by force the maiden he could not win by affection.

During these events, the messenger had communicated with the father of Donna Marina at Buenos Ayres, and brought a favorable answer to the proposition of ransom. In two days a gentleman was to arrive at a designated point to pay the required sum and receive the captive. Preparations were immediately made to carry the treaty into effect, and in due time four men were despatched with Donna Marina to meet the Spanish agent. Yorika had been designated as one of this party, but he excused himself, seeming to disdain a service which offered so little of enterprize or adventure.

The party set forward, and at the place of meeting found the person whom they expected, already in attendance. The negotiation was speedily settled, the money paid and the captive surrendered. The savages, and the Spanish maiden, now under the charge of her affianced lover, also departed. The latter were mounted on horseback, and by the light of a summer moon they made their way across the plain. Rejoicing in their reunion after the distressing events which had transpired, they rode side by side, their hearts being often too full for utterance.

At length their path led them into a shallow vale thickly overgrown with wild thistles. As they were passing through this, a pistol was fired, and a ball whizzed near the breast of the attendant of Donna Marina. A moment after, the athletic form of Yorika rose from the thicket and sprung like a lion upon the object at which his pistol had been aimed. The Spaniard was immediately pulled from his horse, and a desperate conflict ensued. The superior strength of the Indian, however, prevailed, and he soon pressed the form of his antagonist beneath him. He drew his dirk, and was about to plunge it into the breast of his foe.

At that critical instant, the Spaniard brought his pistol to bear, and discharging it in the breast of the Indian, laid him prostrate upon the earth. Bruised and bleeding, he rose from the ground and made his way to Marina. At first, the girl shrunk back with horror, imagining that it was the victorious Yorika, who had come to claim her as his own. But when her reason was restored, and she learned the truth, she expressed her joy and gratitude alike for the safety of her lover and her own.

Such was one of the tales of my guide, which beguiled the weariness of our journey over the Pampas. He related several narratives respecting the jaguar, which is a kind of tiger infesting the thickets which border upon the road. One day, as we were passing through an immense forest of thistles, ten feet in height, and spreading out like an interminable sea on every side, he pointed to a spot where a traveller, on descending from his horse, had been seized and torn in pieces by one of these furious beasts.

Day after day, we continued our monotonous course. Although it was winter, the weather by no means answered to the common idea of that season. We had occasional rain, but it was seldom colder than during our April or May. Few incidents occurred to break the uniformity of our journey. One day appeared

like another, and as we had no objects by which we could mark our progress, we seemed, like a ship in the waste of waters, to stand still in the midst of the shoreless desert. As we stood alone upon the bosom of the mighty prairie, stretching out on every side, and blending itself with the sky, we seemed dwindled into insects. Never have I felt such a sense of nothingness as in the presence of that mighty plain. In measuring myself by the gigantic scale which the Pampas presented, it seemed that I might be blotted from existence like the veriest moth that fluttered in the breeze. It was not until I turned my mind upon my plans and prospects, my hopes and fears, that my bosom began to swell again with those powerful emotions which seem to give importance to our existence and enable us to triumph over the despondency which often besets the heart, and might otherwise sink us in despair.

The sense of loneliness, the yearning for society, the longing to be restored to the sympathy of human beings which beset one in these solitudes, can only be understood by experience. I doubtless felt these the more from my youth and the want of that stern habit of self-reliance which is acquired by men who pursue a life of hazard and adventure. But I was becoming trained in the school of experience, and day by day was learning to sustain myself with my own thoughts, plans and prospects.

We met few travellers upon the road. Four men on horseback, and a company with two vehicles, were all that we encountered in a distance of more than 500 miles. The latter consisted of some five and twenty persons. They had a baggage cart, which was a capacious, rude uncouth-looking vehicle, with cane sides and a roof covered with hides. The body was balanced upon two prodigiously high wheels for the convenience of passing through rivers. The other vehicle was a long coach, called a *galera*, and resembled the modern omnibus; the seats ran sideways, and the door was at the end. To each of these carriages there were four horses, and a postilion to each horse. Such is the ordinary equipment of travellers upon the Pampas.

The post houses upon the road were miserable tenements, generally of mud, and affording scanty accommodation. The lazy inhabitants seem to offer the commonest civility with reluctance or languid indifference. We occasionally met with huts inhabited by squalid Indians, who seemed sunk in indolence and apathy. They were nearly naked, yet they possessed a gentle and kindly character. The herds of cattle upon the plains furnish them abundance of meat, and they parted with it freely, seeming to be almost indifferent whether they received compensation or not.

At the end of twenty days, we reached the verge of the Pampas, and now began to ascend the highlands, which rise by gradations for the distance of nearly two hundred miles, at the foot of the Andes. Industriously pursuing our journey, we rose step by step, and at last reached a village situated in a deep gorge at the foot of mountains that seemed to reach the skies. Here we sold our horses, and purchased mules, these animals being considered safer in climbing the dizzy precipices, over which our road now lay.

Being duly equipped, and having rested

three days, we departed and began to creep up the frowning battlements of the Andes. Sometimes we seemed lost in deep and dark ravines; sometimes we threaded our way amid rocks that lifted their shaggy pinnacles over our heads, which seemed to threaten us with destruction, and sometimes, we reached a lofty peak from which we could see the rugged valley stretched out behind, and still loftier pinnacles rising up to the heavens in front. How striking the contrast between these savage mountains and the level prairie!—yet the emotions they excited were nearly the same; the same overpowering sense of vastness in nature; the same oppressive sense of my own insignificance, visited me here as upon the Pampas. There was, indeed, something exhilarating in the mountain air, and the consciousness of danger frequently experienced as we wound along the edges of the mountains with a yawning chasm of five hundred feet below, imparted something of a romantic interest to our journey. The scenery, too, was often amazingly grand, and when at last we reached the highest ridge of the Andes, and I gazed upon its glittering peaks covered with everlasting snow, I experienced a sensation which I shall never forget. They seemed indeed like bluish-white clouds piled up to the very heavens. They appeared like the ghosts of mountains, dreamy and mist-like, rather than those eternal barriers of snow-capped granite which they really are.

Winding for several days along the devious path, amid the wilderness of rocky peaks and cliffs, we began to emerge from the labyrinth, and the western slope of the Andes soon opened before us. Creeping over a succession of ridges, we finally reached the undulating plain, and from an eminence, we caught a distant view of the Pacific. Proceeding through a country of great fertility we arrived at the place of our destination, thankful indeed that I had reached it in safety.

CHAPTER XII.

I FOUND the city of Valparaiso to be much smaller than its commercial importance had led me to suppose. It is the chief port on the western coast of America. From this point, the principal commerce is carried on with the Islands of the Pacific and the coast of Asia. Indeed, Valparaiso is the centre of trade in this quarter of the world. Still, at the time I was there, more than twenty years ago, its population did not exceed 15,000. In 1822, it suffered from a dreadful earthquake, but it has now increased, and since the independence of Chili, it has become even more important than in former times. It is built along a bending beach, at the foot of a high bluff, which overlooks the town. The buildings are ornamented with piazzas, painted with different colors, giving the place a very lively appearance. The present number of inhabitants is about 25,000.

It may well be believed that the business which brought me to this place, engrossed my thoughts, and that immediately after my arrival, I began to devote my attention to it. I delivered the letters of introduction I had brought, and pursued my enquiries in relation to my uncle, in the channels which had been pointed out. To my great mortification,

I soon found that he was not in Valparaiso.

The only clue I could obtain which seemed to offer the least chance of his discovery, was that a man bearing the Spanish name of Signor Morales, had come to this city some fifteen years before. He engaged in commerce, and being a man of enterprise, was very successful, and speedily amassed a large estate. Suddenly, and without any known cause, he became poor, closed his business and lived a life of seclusion. At last, he disappeared and no one seemed to know with certainty whither he had gone.

I found various rumors respecting him. One person said he had gone to the Island of Juan Fernandes, and now lived there alone as Alexander Selkirk had done before him. I was told by another that he had become a friar, and lived as a hermit near the foot of one of the snow-capped mountains of the Andes. Another story was, that the mysterious merchant had gone to Potosi, where he had purchased a silver mine and become immensely rich.

Amid these various rumors, one thing only seemed to be clear, and this was, that the individual to whom they related was in fact my uncle. The description of his person, manners, and appearance was exact. Everything else however was uncertain. It seemed probable, indeed, that he had himself set afloat the contradictory rumors as to his residence, with a view of concealing his real purpose.

I remained several months at Valparaiso, following out every suggestion that seemed to offer a clue to the object of my search. At last there seemed some reason to suppose that the story of my uncle's being at Potosi, was not altogether without foundation. Faint, indeed, was the hope thus offered, but in the absence of every other, I determined to visit that celebrated place. My guide across the Pampas had continued with me and again setting out on horseback, we laid our course for southern Peru, a country which is now known by the title of Bolivia.

The road led to the north. and lay at a distance of sixty or seventy miles from the ocean. For the most part we travelled over a wavy table-land, nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea. On our right, lay the mighty range of the Andes; on our left, the almost boundless Pacific. The country was thinly settled, there being here and there a small village; or, more frequently, the villa of some Spanish planter. The country was exceedingly fertile, and the cattle seemed as abundant as upon the prairies of Buenos Ayres. As we rode along, the grass, now in its fullest bloom, frequently concealed the pasturing herds from view, and often as we rode along, the coarse herbage seemed to form a wall on either side of the path, rising even as high as my head. Never have I seen a more lovely climate, or a more fruitful soil.

Though we met with few adventures, our journey was delightful. In ten days we approached the celebrated desert of Atacama, which stretches four hundred and fifty miles along the Pacific, and forms the maritime district of the present republic of Bolivia. Upon this spot, as if it were deserted of Heaven,

the rain never falls, and it is accordingly given up to everlasting blight and desolation. It is a sandy waste, and is not only destitute of vegetation, but it is said that no animal, not even a spider, a cricket, or a worm, is found throughout its vast extent.

Our road, for two days, lay along the verge of this waste. It seemed marked with a peculiar aspect of solitude and desertion. No word can express the emotions which it suggested, but that of *death*. Neither life, nor motion, nor verdure were visible throughout its measureless bosom. No sound seemed to stir the atmosphere, in that region of silence. I paused as we rode over its surface; and such was the absolute void of nature—such the settled silence of the very atmosphere—that I felt oppressed, and moved forward to throw off a feeling that my heart would cease to beat in the midst of this pulseless creation.

Taking leave of the desert, our course turned more to the eastward, and we began to enter a more mountainous territory. One evening, as the sun went down, we saw before us a lofty peak, covered with snow. From its top, issued a perpendicular column of dark smoke, which, at the elevation of a few hundred feet, expanded into a thin cloud. Its shape was that of a pine tree, divested of branches, except at the top.

We knew this mountain to be a volcano, and we gazed upon it with intense interest. We soon arrived at a small village, and took up our lodgings for the night. Being greatly fatigued, I retired early to bed, and was speedily wrapped in profound repose. I was at length awaked by a violent shaking, and the most terrific sounds I ever heard. I sprang out of bed, and rushed to the window. The whole heavens seemed to be on fire, and as I caught a view of the volcanic peak, I perceived that it was vomiting forth torrents of lava, smoke and flame. The inhabitants of the village were already in the street, and seemed to be frantic with alarm, if not despair. I hurried on my clothes, and descended also to the street.

The volcano was in full blast, rumbling to its foundation, and keeping up at its mouth a roaring sound, like the continued discharge of artillery. Amid the columns of black smoke that rose to the sky, hundreds of rocks, red with heat, seemed shot upward, like blazing rockets, while the molten lava—a river of fire—was seen pouring over the edge of the crater, and making its way toward the village. But this was not the greatest danger. The thick masses of snow and ice, around the peak of the crater, were melted, and roaring torrents were already bursting down the declivity.

The confused sound of the raging waters was audible, even amid the thunder that shook the fabric of the mountains. The valley was situated in a gorge, through which the river must pour its flood. Conscious of the peril, the people were preparing for flight. But the danger was even more near at hand than was anticipated. While I stood gazing at the sublime pinnacle of the volcano, I heard a rush at a little distance, and suddenly I perceived the tumbling waters gushing between the houses and filling the narrow street. Most of the people had already fled, and I followed in their train. Sarcely had we reached

a rocky eminence on the side of an adjacent ridge, when the whole village was engulphed, and speedily swept away.

So sudden had been the alarm, so rapid our retreat, that I had not saved a single article, except the clothes upon my back. My own horse, as well as that of my guide, with every particle of baggage, money, papers, letters—every vestige was swallowed up by the inundation; I was even uncertain of the fate of my guide, till at last I discovered him, half wild with terror, amid the throng that had now gathered upon the cliff.

During the remainder of the night the volcano remained in violent agitation, and the swollen torrent of water continued to flow down its side and sweep over the buried village. One by one, the people departed to seek shelter at a small town about two miles distant, and when morning came, finding no hope of recovering my horse or baggage, I followed the rest, and took up my lodgings at the post-house.

CHAPTER XIV.

My situation was now in the highest degree embarrassing and painful. I was at least three hundred miles from Potosi, and excepting a small piece of gold, and a few dollars in silver, which I happened to have in my pocket, in all amounting to about seven dollars, I was absolutely destitute of money. I was in the midst of strangers, and had no means of obtaining credit, by which I might repair my losses. I spent two or three days in walking up and down the river, which had swept away our horses and baggage; but the torrent continued to increase, rather than subside, and had now the aspect of a permanent river. Not the slightest hope was therefore presented of retrieving our fortunes. No other alternative was offered but to make our way to Potosi on foot.

No sooner was my resolution taken than I departed, still accompanied by Balbo, my Indian guide. When I was once again in action, my spirits rose, and with a cheerful heart I pursued my way over the rugged country that lay before me. For several days, the tall pyramidal top of the smoking volcano was in view, and indeed, as we proceeded, it seemed to lift its head above the surrounding mountains as if to watch us, or to keep us company. It was not till we had travelled a distance of more than forty miles, that it began to dwindle in the distance, and sink down amid the mountain peaks that encircled it.

It was a beautiful season, and on every side, there were objects to attract my attention. The strange but gorgeous flowers that were scattered in profusion on every hand; the gaudy birds; the contrast between the mountain scenery on one side, and the waving plain, marked with cultivation, on the other, afforded constant topics for observation and reflection. No very remarkable incidents occurred, yet there were passages in our journey which were by no means devoid of interest. We met with no towns, and few villages.

The Indians constituted the chief inhabitants upon the route. These were marked with a peculiar character of gentleness, and their hospitality was unbounded. They allowed us freely to share in whatever food they possessed, and would seldom accept of payment.

Their houses were of the simplest materials, consisting of poles set upright in the ground, the sides and roof being firmly thatched with palm leaves. Their furniture was rude and scanty. They seemed to sail down the stream of life, resigning themselves with easy indolence to its current. They had most of them some cattle, and milk furnished a leading article of their food.

In one instance, we met with an exciting adventure. As we were crossing a broken range of mountains, we perceived a small animal, resembling a deer, pursued by a bird of enormous size. My guide immediately informed me that the quadruped was a vicuna, and that the pursuer was a species of vulture, which is familiar to most readers under the name of condor. When we first saw them, the vicuna was straining every nerve to escape, while the condor hung over his back, and at every opportunity struck his talons into his flesh.

They both swept by us, so close that we could distinctly see every feature of the pursuer and pursued. The little quadruped was foaming at the mouth; his eye was wild and glaring, and his sides streaming with blood. The vulture, with his merciless gaze fixed upon his prey, held his talons ready for the blow, while he seemed to glance through the air on his outspread wings, like an arrow from the bow. On they went, till at last the vicuna came to a precipice of nearly two hundred feet in depth. Pressed by his remorseless enemy, he hesitated not for a moment, but taking the fatal leap, fell crushed and lifeless into the depths of the rocky gorge beneath. The condor wheeled round and round, and finally stooped with an easy motion to partake of his feast.

I had some curiosity to see the monster at his meal. After winding round for a considerable distance, we reached the bottom of the ravine. We approached the savage bird, and perceived that he had already commenced his feast; he had torn open the bowels of the vicuna, and seemed to cut and rend the flesh with his enormous beak as easily as if it had been a butcher's knife. As we drew near, he glared upon us fiercely, and seemed to deliberate for a moment whether he should not repel the unwelcome intrusion. Finding us not disposed to retreat, he seized his prey in his claws, and beating his wings with a furious impulse rose heavily upon the air. Bending his course slightly downward along the distant slope of the mountains, he continued for some time in view, and at last disappeared amid the mazes of the forest.

Pursuing our way with diligence, we now began to ascend the mountains which encircled the valley of Potosi. Winding our way through deep vales, and often climbing along the dizzy edges of beetling cliffs, we reached the top of the mountain range and looked down upon the scene below. The wild and rugged ramparts which encircle this famous city, bear a desolate and wintry aspect. Scarcely a tree crowns their summits, and nothing but mosses and lichens seem to flourish in the chill and ungenial climate. Yet below, we could perceive bright patches of vegetation, seeming to indicate a milder temperature.

Beginning now to descend, we proceeded with caution, and were soon lodged in the celebrated city of Potosi.

City of Potosi.

CHAPTER XV.

Before I proceed with my narrative, I must give some little account of the celebrated town in which I now found myself. Potosi is situated within a circle of mountains, and stands at the foot of a lofty peak which rises far above the rest. In this are the rich mines of silver which have given such fame to the place.

The number of inhabitants in Potosi was once 100,000, but it has greatly diminished, and the present number does not exceed 15,000; half of these are Indians. The towns of South America are not famous for their neatness; in this respect, however, Potosi has the advantage over most other cities in this quarter of the world. It is the custom to whitewash the houses on the outside, which gives them a very cheerful aspect.

Potosi is very remarkable in several respects. In the morning the air is keen and cold, but in the middle of the day it is burning hot. At night, the cold returns, and it seems almost as chill as during our New England March. Potosi is situated at an elevation of 13,265 feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest inhabited place on the face of the globe.

After my arrival here, my first business was to despatch letters to my friends at Valparaiso for a supply of money, and letters of introduction. I then sallied forth to take a view of the town. On my return I stated the manner in which I had lost my baggage to the landlord of the hotel, and having informed him that I had come on important business, requested him to supply me with such articles as I needed till I could obtain remittances. The man looked in my face with a gaze of amaze-

ment, and then laughed outright at what he deemed my brazen impudence.

I was, in fact, miserably clad, and my servant was worse off than myself. We looked, indeed, like a couple of vagabonds, and though I was at first angry, I did not think the conduct of the landlord unreasonable when I reflected upon the whole matter. But what was to be done? I was out of money and totally unknown to everybody in the place. It was necessary to do something for immediate support, and I therefore determined that my guide, Balbo, should go to work in the mines if I could get him a place, hoping that he would obtain the means of subsistence for us both.

Everybody has heard how the silver mines of Potosi were discovered. An Indian hunter was pursuing a vicuna up the slope of the mountain. In order to aid his ascent, he seized upon a small tree. This gave way, and beneath its roots, he saw a shining mass of silver. This occurred three hundred years ago, and since that time, more than a thousand millions of dollars have been taken from the mines in the mountain where this accidental discovery was made.

I had heard the story of the Indian hunter, and fancied that silver in Potosi was almost as abundant as common earth. When I reached the mines, however, I found the fact to be otherwise. The openings to these mines are small holes, which are entered by getting down upon the hands and knees. In this manner, you crawl along for a number of yards, when the space widens, and you are able to stand upright. There are a great many of these shafts, and some of them penetrate to a considerable distance into the bowels of the mountain. The silver ore is found in veins, and in following these, the miners have wrought out irregular winding caverns, sometimes ascending, and again descending. They work by blasting the rock with gunpowder. The ore, thus broken off, is carried out in the leather aprons of the workmen.

Most persons have no other than pleasant ideas in regard to silver; but if they could see the miserable Indians toiling in the mines, shut out from the light of day, grimed with soot and gunpowder, and haggard from the want of pure air, and all to obtain this precious metal, they would ever after feel that even this is purchased at almost too dear a rate.

I was not a little shocked and disgusted to observe the severe and painful toil required at the mines. After the ore is obtained, it is broken into pieces about the size of a hen's egg. It is then put into a mill, and reduced to powder. In this state, it is mixed with salt and quicksilver, and remains fifteen days. By this time the silver has become mixed with the quicksilver. The earthy particles are then washed away, and the silver is separated from the quicksilver by squeezing. Such is the laborious process of mining; yet, notwithstanding the severe nature of the occupation, I found the wages to be but fifteen cents a day. The urgency of the case conquered my feelings, and I agreed that Balbo should go to work the next day.

This he accordingly did, and I found that, by the utmost economy, we could both of us subsist upon his earnings. I was now at leisure to pursue my inqui-

ries in relation to the object of my journey. It is unnecessary to detail the careful investigation that I made, or to say with what anxiety I pursued my search. I may sum up the whole in stating that my uncle was not in Potosi, and that if he had ever been there, he had removed to some other part of the country at least three years before.

At the end of two months, I expected an answer from Valparaiso, but none was received; and after two months more I was forced to adopt the conclusion that my letters had miscarried, or my correspondents had refused to comply with my request. My situation was again in the highest degree embarrassing. After revolving a great many schemes in my mind, I determined to join a company of merchants who were going at that time to Quito. I offered myself as a mule-driver, and Balbo as a servant. Both were accepted, and we speedily set forward. I have not space to detail the incidents of this journey of more than 1500 miles in length. My story has, perhaps, already extended beyond the patience of the reader. It will be enough to say, that, after travelling over mountains and plains, and beholding some of the most sublime scenery in the world, we reached the capital of Equador.

Chimborazo.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE are few places in the world more remarkable than Quito. It lies nearly under the equator, yet, being more than 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, it has a climate like that of our June during the whole year. The face of nature seems to be covered with perpetual bloom. While some of the peo-

ple are sowing their wheat, others are harvesting theirs.

The city of Quito is itself built upon the skirt of the volcanic mountain of Pichinca. It is a fine city, with many elegant buildings, though the streets are irregular, and arches are frequently necessary in order to cross the yawning chasms created by the eruptions of the mountain.

In a southerly direction, at the distance of about a hundred miles, is the celebrated peak of Chimborazo. It is 21,440 feet in height, and is capped with everlasting snow. In a clear day, I could see this sublime mountain, seeming like a thin blue cloud, and appearing almost to blend with the distant sky. I had now given up every hope of meeting with my uncle, and thought only of finding my way back to Guiana. An opportunity was soon offered for setting out for my return. Three Spanish travellers were about to proceed to Assumpcion on the Pilcomayo, and then descend the Amazon to its mouth. Balbo and myself were engaged as servants, and we speedily set forward.

We crossed the mountains on mules, sometimes employing llamas for carrying our baggage. These animals are about twice the size of the sheep, and have a gentleness of character that seems to win kindness from every one. They have indeed one habit which seems incompatible with their general course of non-resistance; for if you offend them, they will spit in your face. Yet they cannot endure chastisement. They will perform the utmost labor of which they are capable; but if you strike them in order to urge them beyond this, they will lie down and die.

In a fortnight we reached the small town of Assumpcion. We here embarked upon the Amazon in a boat, being liberally provided with everything needful for our voyage.

After a diversity of incidents, we reached the town of Barra, just below the point where the Rio Negro enters the Amazon. We here parted with our bateau and joining some other travellers, hired a larger craft and proceeded on our way. The weather was exceedingly hot, and several of our company were taken sick, and the Spaniard in whose service I was engaged, died of fever. Proceeding to the shore, which at this point was occupied with impenetrable forests, we made a grave in the earth, and left the body to its solitary repose.

Among the strangers who had joined us at Barra was a gentleman who appeared marked with care and bowed with years. He was now among the sick, and I was engaged as his attendant. He had caught the fever common to this climate, and it seemed rapidly advancing to its crisis. We had no physician on board, but the stranger seemed competent to give directions, and these I scrupulously followed. At last we came to a small settlement on the banks of the river, and he concluded to be set on shore, in order to obtain medical aid, and have the comforts necessary to his condition. I went with him to his lodgings, and saw him placed in his new quarters.

I had felt an interest in him from the

beginning, and I now offered to continue with him, at the same time expressing my desire to return to Paramaribo. The name seemed to excite his curiosity, and he looked me steadily in the face for a moment. "Are you going to Paramaribo?" said he. I replied in the affirmative. "I was going thither myself," said he, "but I may never reach that place. Take this, young man, and on your arrival, deliver it according to its address." He then handed me a parcel, and as I took it, I saw upon it the name of M. Scager.

At this moment an agitating thought took possession of my mind. "Who—what is this stranger? May it not after all be the individual whom I have sought so long?" Struck with this suggestion, I gazed at the sick man with such intensity as to attract his attention. "What is the matter, young man?" said he. "Oh, tell me, sir, tell me your name. For heaven's sake tell me your name," said I. The stranger rose from his pillow, and with a startled aspect demanded, "Why this curiosity? what mean these questions?"

"Pray sir," said I, "are you not my uncle?" The sick man leaned back upon his pillow, and with a broad smile upon his countenance as if I had said something exceedingly ludicrous, replied, "I think not; but what is your name?" "Richard Boldhero," said I. The stranger once more rose from his pillow, saying, "Indeed, indeed, Richard Boldhero?" "Yes, yes," said I, "and you are my father's brother—I know you now—you are indeed my uncle."

I need not describe the remainder of the scene. The object of my long search was found. For seven weeks I watched by his bedside, during which period he seemed hovering betwixt life and death. By slow degrees he recovered, and in due time we took passage down the river, and at last reached its mouth. I had now traversed nearly the whole length of this giant stream—a distance of about 3,500 miles.

At Mazago we took passage in a brig for Paramaribo, and in two weeks we reached that place. During our voyage, my uncle gave me an account of his life after his departure from thence. He had settled for a time at Valparaiso, and had acquired a considerable amount of property. This he converted into cash, and remitted it to Mr. Hartley, for the purpose of discharging his debts, as we have already related. Since that period, he had led an unsettled life, being engaged at different times in various enterprises. Finding himself advancing into the vale of years, a desire to return to the scenes of his youth took possession of his mind, and when I met him, he was on his way to fulfil this wish. He had not heard of the turn of fortune in his favor, but considered his name as still disgraced in Paramaribo. It may be readily believed that the information I gave him brought back the sunshine which had long departed from his bosom.

I must pass over my own meeting with Mirabel as well as that of her father. The imagination of the reader will doubtless do better justice to the scene than any words I can supply. I had been absent a year and eleven months, and during that period had often suffered the deepest anxiety for my mother and sister. I now found letters from

well, and enjoying as much happiness as their humble condition would permit. In a few weeks I set out to return to Connecticut, my uncle having promised soon to follow me, and bring Mirabel with him.

I reached home in due season, and four months after, his promise was fulfilled. He settled at Middletown, having recovered a sum of money sufficient to make him wealthy from the insurance company that had inflicted upon him such gross injustice and so many sorrows. On hearing the conduct of Dexter to my father, he caused a suit to be instituted against him, in the course of which, it was proved that he had been guilty of embezzling property belonging to the concern. He was obliged to pay a large sum to my mother, and his own reputation which he had built up with such hypocritical care, was blasted forever.

In the course of my life, viewing the hard fortune of my father and my uncle, I had sometimes distrusted the justice of Providence; but I now saw that the persecutors of both had been made to suffer the severest retribution. With this reflection I must close my story, only adding that Mirabel no longer calls me cousin, but many years ago exchanged that pleasant title for one of a still dearer character.

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said when he plunged in a pond, at seeing a boy pick up a stone.

He who swims in sin will sink in sorrow.

The Squirrel and Rattlesnake.

Rattlesnakes hunt and secure for their prey, with ease, grey squirrels that abound in our woods; therefore, they must be possessed of swiftness to obtain them. Having enjoyed the pleasure of beholding such a chase in full view, in the year 1821, I shall detail its circumstances:

Whilst lying on the ground, to watch the habits of a bird which was new to me, previous to shooting it, I heard a smart rustling not far from me, and turning my head that way, saw, at the same moment, a grey squirrel, full grown, issuing from the thicket, and bouncing off in a straight direction, in leaps of several feet at a time; and, not more than twenty feet behind, a rattlesnake of ordinary size, pursuing, drawn out, apparently, to its full length, and sliding over the ground so rapidly, that, as they both moved away from me, I was at no loss to observe the snake gain upon the squirrel.

The squirrel made for a tree, and ascended its topmost branches as nimbly as squirrels are known to do. The snake performed the same task considerably more slowly, yet so fast, that the squirrel never raised his tail nor barked, but eyed the enemy attentively as he mounted and approached. When within a few yards, the squirrel leaped to another branch, and the snake followed by stretching out two thirds of his body, whilst the remainder held it securely from falling. Passing thus from branch to branch, with a rapidity that astonished me, the squirrel went in and out of several holes, but remained in none, knowing well, that

wherever his head could enter, the body of his antagonist would follow; and, at last, much exhausted and terrified, took a desperate leap, and came to the earth with legs and tail spread to their utmost, to ease the fall. That instant the snake dropped also, and was within a few yards of the squirrel before it began making off.

The chase on land again took place, and ere the squirrel could reach another tree, the snake had seized it by the back, near the occiput, and soon rolled itself about it in such a way, that although I heard the cries of the victim, I scarcely saw any portion of its body. So full of its ultimate object was the snake, that it paid no attention to me, and I approached it to see in what manner it would dispose of its prey. A few minutes elapsed, when I saw the reptile loosening gradually and opening its folded coils, until the squirrel was entirely disengaged, having been killed by suffocation. The snake then raised its body from the ground, and passed its head over the dead animal in various ways, to assure itself that life had departed; it then took the end of the squirrel's tail, swallowed it gradually; bringing first one and then the other of the hind legs parallel with it, and sucked with difficulty, and for some time, at them and the rump of the animal, until its jaws became so expanded, that, after this, it swallowed the whole remaining parts with apparent ease.

This mass of food was removed several inches from the head in the stomach of the snake, and gave it the appearance of a rouleau of money in a purse with both ends towards its centre; for, immediately after the operation of swallowing was completed, the jaws and neck resumed their former appearance. The snake then attempted to move off, but this was next to impossible; when, having cut a twig, I went up to it, and tapped it on the head, which it raised, as well as its tail, and began for the first time to rattle. I was satisfied that, for some lapse of time, it could not remove far, and that the woods being here rather thin, it would soon become the victim of a vulture. I then killed it, and cut it open, to see how the squirrel lay within.

I had remarked that after the process of swallowing was completed, singular movements of the body had taken place; a kind of going to and fro for a while, not unlike the convulsive motions of a sick animal, as a dog, for instance, going to vomit. I concluded that some internal and necessary operation was going on. This was proved, when I found the squirrel lying perfectly smooth, even to its hair, from its nose to the tip of its tail. I noted all this on the spot. This over, I sought my game again, and felt a great satisfaction; but having met my friend, Mr. James Perry, on whose lands, in Louisiana, I was then hunting, and having related what had just happened, he laughingly said, "Why, my dear sir, I could have told you this long ago, it being nothing new to me." These facts, I trust, are quite sufficient to exemplify the faculties of swiftness, and the powers of extension and diminution, in the rattlesnake.—*Mr. Audubon's Notes on the Rattlesnake.*

Butter was not known to the Greeks; they have no word which gives an idea of it.

There is Time Enough.

THIS is one of the most mischievous sentences in the English language. Not that it is bad in itself—for it is strictly true, as we intend to show presently. But its meaning is sadly perverted, and what was meant for good, becomes the occasion of evil.

Many a good thing might have been done had it been begun in season; but because there was time enough, it was let alone, and let alone, and so not started until too late, or never moved at all.

But there is such a thing as bringing good out of evil. The bee extracts honey, as sweet, if not as abundant, from the thistle, as from the rose. And he who would profit by studying human nature, and watching divine providence, may learn wisdom from his past errors, and turn over his misfortune to some good account.

The wisest man in ancient days, (and we believe he was fully as wise as people commonly are at present,)—the wisest man of ancient days has given us to understand that there is *a time* for everything under the sun. *A time for laughter and for tears, for sorrow and for joy.* A time for business, a time for recreation, and a time for rest; but he does not say a word about leisure time, or time for idleness. He speaks too of a time to die, leaving us to infer, as we may very naturally, that He, *who made the sun to rule the day*, the moon and stars to govern the night, has given us *time enough*, just time enough, and none to spare, to perform all our duties, and to enjoy every rational pleasure—to make the world better for our having lived in it, and to become better fitted ourselves, for "another and a better world."

There is *time enough*, says the schoolboy; whose time runs out, and he goes half fitted to the counting room, or enters half fitted at college.

Time enough, thinks many a young man, if he does not say so, to commence habits of frugality and economy, and thus provide for future wealth; but the time never, never comes, and he, to use a homely phrase of Dr. Franklin's, "scratches a poor man's head as long as he lives."

How many designs have we formed, of doing this and that good thing, which fell through, not because we had little time, but because we had time enough, and so wasted one hour after another till the time had passed.

Time enough to work says the idler and spendthrift; but his clothes wear out before he finds time to earn new ones; and his pockets are emptied, and he has no time to replenish them.

Franklin has a homely saying to this effect,—that he who loses an hour in the morning, must run all day, and 'tis a wonder if he overtakes his business before night. So, if any one finds himself pinched for time, it is likely he has thrown away an hour, when he thought he had time enough and a little to spare.

Time enough—say we, when in a serious mood we resolve to be more diligent, more systematic, more punctual; when we resolve upon any *reform*.

We do not mean to procrastinate; but while we muse, the moment passes, and is irrecoverably lost.

Do you say, "We knew all this before?"

No doubt of it. Yet we are apt to think there is not only *time enough*, but some to spare.

But this is an error, and should be corrected.

The different length of different lives is nothing against our position, that life is just long enough. The oldest person has enough of duty and enough of pleasure too, if he lives aright, to occupy his threescore years and ten, while he whose sun goes down at noon, has time enough, if he will but improve it, to make his life here a blessing to others, and that hereafter blessed and glorious to himself.

—— "That life alone is long,
Which answers life's great end."

THE FOLLY OF WAR.—A few days since a farmer in the town of Jefferson, heard loud talking and angry words bandied about among his dunghill fowls, and being a man of a pacific disposition, no ways inclined to countenance family quarrels, and withal being a little curious to know the cause of the disturbance, and who was in the right, and who was in the wrong, with divers other causes him thereunto moving, he leisurely bent his course towards the scene of cackling and confusion, aforesaid, which, as is recorded in the case of Bullum *vs.* Boatum, was "very natural for a man so to do." Arrived in the vicinity of the disturbance above particularly referred to, he observed his dunghill cock, who is a great pugilist, and in the enjoyment of all his physical strength, engaged in mortal combat with a striped snake of about eighteen or twenty inches in length, the cock to all appearance having the decided advantage over his more wily, though less nervous adversary, dealing his blows in quick succession, employing alternately his bill and spurs with true pugilistic skill and science. But the cunning serpent, well aware that the victory must declare against him by fair combat, brought into requisition a portion of that innate cunning for which that reptile has been celebrated from the beginning of the world to the present time; and seizing his antagonist by the thigh, in the rear, he completely secured himself from any further danger from him. Thus situated, the cock very naturally thought his only "safety was in flight," he accordingly "cleaved the air majestically with his wings," the snake keeping fast the hold, and dangling like a taglock, underneath, until the cock, overcome by fatigue, alighted on a neighboring apple tree. The snake immediately coiled his tail around a branch of the tree—the cock again attempted flight, but he could scarcely clear the limb, from which he hung with his head downwards, making every effort to escape, but all in vain, until the farmer came to his assistance—killed the snake and set him at liberty.

WAGER LOST.—In the year 1765, a waterman having laid a wager that he and his dog would both leap from the centre arch of Westminster bridge, and land at Lambeth within a minute of each other; he jumped off first and the dog immediately followed, but not being in the secret, and fearing that his master would be drowned, he laid hold of him by the neck and dragged him on shore, to the great diversion of the spectators.

ANECDOTE OF A CAT.—Sometime ago a respectable lady from Glasgow, having been on a visit at the house of a friend in Edinburgh, fancied a beautiful cat of the Muscovy species, which graced the fireside of the hostess. The latter, being pressingly solicited, at length consented to present her visiter with the animal, and puss was accordingly enclosed in a basket, and transported along with her new proprietrix in the inside of a carriage to the city of Glasgow. For seven or eight weeks after the animal's arrival at her new residence, she was watched, lest, not being reconciled to the change, she should make her escape.

At the termination of that time, she littered two kittens; and this circumstance was considered a sufficient guarantee for her remaining, for some weeks at least, in her new house. Some days afterwards, however, puss with both her kittens disappeared, and no traces could be obtained of the place to which she had been removed, until about eight days from the time of her disappearance from her Glasgow residence, when her well-known mew was recognized by her former mistress at the door of her drawing room. The door was opened; and there was seen poor puss with her brace of kittens—they in excellent condition—but she worn to a skeleton. The distance betwixt Edinburgh and Glasgow is upwards of forty miles; and as the sagacious animal could only carry one of her kittens such a distance at a time, she must, after having placed the one, in some place of concealment in Edinburgh, have returned to Glasgow for the other—thus travelling altogether upwards of one hundred and twenty miles. There is no doubt but puss chose the darkness and silence of the night as the most eligible season for the performance of her singular journey.

EXAMINATION OF A SCHOOL BOY.—The following anecdote illustrates the danger of trusting to memory alone, in the acquisition of knowledge.

"Now, my boy," said the master, "pray inform me who was the first man in the world?" "Adam," replied the youth, with quickness.

So far so good; the next attempt was not equally fortunate. "And pray, who was the *wisest* man in the world?" "Eve," replied the boy, with a triumphant air; at which all the boys burst into a loud fit of laughter, which the authority of the master calling silence, could not suppress for some minutes.

"You mistook the question, my boy," said the master; "you imagined, no doubt, that I asked who was the wisest *woman* in the world; and to that question your answer is very accurate; for, as Eve was the *first* woman in the world, she must at that time have also been the *wisest*."

But the mortified pupil was too much disturbed by the laughter of his schoolfellows to avail himself of this ingenious hint. He appealed to the ready-made answers of his catechism, to prove that his master alone was the cause of his distress.

"Look there; question fourth, 'Who was the first woman in the world?' answer, 'Eve;' but instead of that, when I expected question fourth, you asked question fifth, that you did!"

A Sly Couple.—A gentleman in the county of Stirling kept a greyhound and a pointer, and being fond of coursing, the pointer was accustomed to find the hares, and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going out together and killing hares for their own amusement. To prevent this a large iron ring was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar and hung down so as to prevent the dog from running, or jumping over dykes, &c.

The animals, however, continued to stroll out to the fields together, and one day the gentleman suspecting that all was not right, resolved to watch them, and to his surprise found that the moment they thought they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and carrying it they set off to the hills and began to search for hares as usual. They were followed and it was observed, that whenever the pointer scented the hare, the ring was dropped and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor puss the moment the other drove her from her form, but that he uniformly returned to assist his companion after he had caught the prey.

The Philosopher Puzzled.—De la Croix relates the following instance of sagacity in a cat, which, even under the receiver of an air pump, discovered the means of escaping a death that appeared to all present inevitable.

"I once saw," says he, "a lecturer upon experimental philosophy place a cat under the glass receiver of an air pump, for the purpose of demonstrating that very certain fact, that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston, in order to exhaust the receiver of its air, when the animal, that had begun to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarefied atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more from passing out of the receiver.

"All the exertions of the officer were now unavailing; in vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he let air again into the receiver, which as soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but when he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as before. All the spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the wonderful sagacity of the animal, and the lecturer found himself under the necessity of liberating her, and substituting another in her place, that possessed less penetration, and enabled him to exhibit the cruel experiment."—*Naturalist.*

Rising Genius.—A boy who displayed a long dangling watch-chain, was asked, "What's the time of day, Josiah?" The lad drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and after examining it for a while referred to another boy and said, "Is this the figure nine, or the figure seven?" He was told that it was the figure seven, "Well then," said the genius, "it lacks just about half an inch of eight."

THE FRENCH OFFICER AND HIS MASTIFF.—A French officer, more remarkable for his courage and spirit than his wealth, had served the Venetian republic for some years with great valor and fidelity, but had not met with that preferment which he merited. One day he waited on a nobleman whom he had often solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying; the nobleman turned his back upon the necessitous veteran, and left him to find his way through a suit of apartments magnificently furnished. He passed them lost in thought; till casting his eyes on a sumptuous sideboard, where a valuable collection of Venetian glass, polished and formed in the highest degree of perfection, stood on a damask cloth, as a preparation for a splendid entertainment, he took hold of a corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful English mastiff which always accompanied him, said to the animal, in a kind of absence of mind, 'Here, my poor old friend, you see how these haughty tyrants indulge themselves, and yet how we are treated."

The dog looked his master in the face and gave tokens that he understood him. The master walked on, but the mastiff slackened his pace, and laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull brought all the glass on the sideboard in shivers to the ground, thus depriving the insolent noble of his favorite exhibition of splendor.

A RUSTY shield prayed to the sun and said, "Oh sun, illumine me with thy ray!" To which the sun replied, "Oh shield, make thyself clean!"

LACONIC.—Perhaps our readers are not all aware that the style of speaking called *laconic* was taken from a practice at Sparta, anciently *Laconia*. Lycurgus, the lawgiver, exercised the young people in conversation while at their meals. Questions were asked them at the table, to which short and ready answers were required. This was both the amusement and business of old men, and great attention was paid by those who watched over education, both to the expression and manner of these replies. The boys, accustomed to have their answers listened to, corrected and applauded by men for whom they had the greatest esteem, acquired a quickness and propriety in answering, with a manner of speaking, at once graceful, respectful, and determined; while that strict obedience which was required of the young, that watchful eye that was kept over them by the aged, in whose hands all the authority of the laws was placed, produced that modesty in youth, and that reverence for age, for which Sparta became so famous.

A WISE PARROT.—There is an Eastern story told of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to market for sale, fixing the price at one hundred rupees. A Mogul, seeing the parrot, asked him "Are you worth one hundred rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The Mogul was delighted and bought the bird. He soon found out that it was all he could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he one day exclaimed, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot replied, "What doubt is there of that?"

Mount Vernon.

This name does not mean a town or village, but an estate, which was for many years the residence of Washington. We give above, a view of the house, which still remains, though it is a good deal dilapidated since it was inhabited by the great and good man to whom it owes its celebrity.

Mount Vernon is a large farm, near the Potomac, and lies about eight or ten miles below Alexandria, in the District of Columbia. The house is an old-fashioned one, of ample size, with a deep piazza in front. It commands a view of the river and surrounding country, and is a very pleasant spot. But its chief interest lies in the fact that here was the house of Washington, and that good, hospitable companion of his fortunes, lady Washington.

Many people, from all parts of the world, visit this place every year, and as they walk over the grounds, and tread the halls of the mansion, the image of the father of his country arises before the fancy, and the stranger seems to realize the scenes that have long since passed away. What a power there is in grea-

ness and goodness, to impart an interest to everything that has been associated with those who, in life, displayed these noble qualities; and in death, have left behind a name and fame, which it is the delight of mankind to cherish!

Nine Tailors make a Man."—This sentence, which had its origin in the grateful mind of one who had received a start in life from the charity of tailors, has now, from an ignorance of the circumstance, entirely lost its meaning. The term had its origin in the following manner.

In 1742, an orphan beggar boy applied for alms at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. His interesting and forlorn appearance touched the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital, our young hero purchased fruit, which he retailed at profit. From this beginning, by industry and perseverance, he finally rose to wealth and distinction, and when he set up his carriage, he caused to be painted on the pannel, "Nine tailors made me a man."

Socrates.—It is said of Socrates, the great Grecian philosopher, that he never allowed his temper to overcome him, but displayed the utmost tranquillity on all occasions. Feeling at one time displeased with one of his servants, he said, "I would beat thee, if I were not angry."

The word "*gentleman*," is evidently no mark of wealth or station. "You are no gentleman," said a waiter in a tavern to a person who had given him three-pence. Three-pence more would have constituted the gentleman in the eyes of the waiter, while in truth the three-pence might have been withheld through poverty.

"What sort of a person," said an individual to his landlady, "is that who occupies your back parlor?" "He is a tailor by trade," said she, "but very much the gentleman." This meant that he paid his five shillings a week regularly!

A Sailor in a Coach.—Sailors are favorites, from a general belief in their superior frankness and gallantry; but an early association with tar and oakum is by no means calculated to purify the taste or give the manners the highest finish. We shall not easily forget the sensation once produced by the arrival of a distinguished naval officer at an archery meeting in England; he was pleased to descend the steps of his carriage stern foremost, as if he were descending an accommodation ladder!

Criticism upon Preaching.—"I did n't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said the deacon who had slept all the sermon time, to a brother deacon. "Did n't like it, brother A.; why I saw you *nodding assent* to every proposition of the parson."

Want of punctuality is a species of falsehood.

1835
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G. I. BROWN Del & Sc.

Farewell to the Old Year.

We have came to the close of another year and another volume. In the opposite picture, we see old **1844** going down into the abyss of the past, while the new year, like a youth upon his sled at the top of the hill, is ready to begin his race. The grisly image of Time is standing by, marking the flight of years, and notching down the ineffaceable record upon the cold gray rock of eternity.

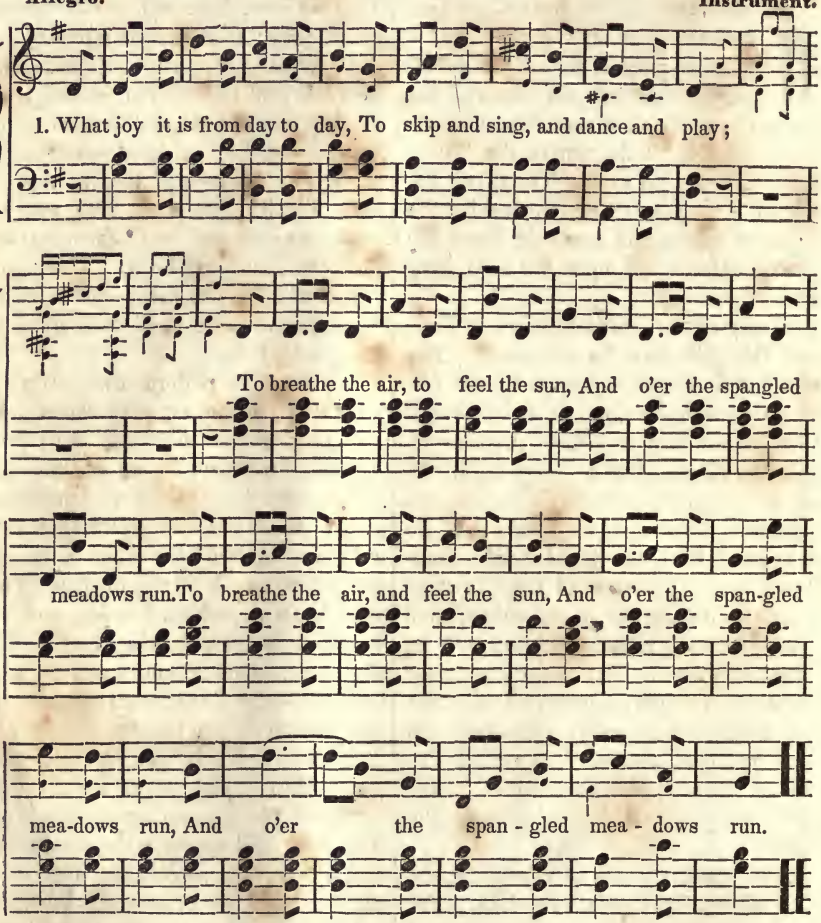
Well—so it is—so it must be. "Time and tide will wait for no man." The world rolls round, and what mortal can stay its revolutions? Let us be careful then, to see that this most precious of gifts be diligently and wisely used. If we have spent our time well, we have no reason to lament its departure: if we have used it amiss—if we have squandered it in the pursuit of folly, or used it in the indulgence of sin—then, then indeed we have reason to mourn over its irreparable loss. But the moment we are aware of such an error, let us arrest our downward progress; adopt new and wise resolves, that we may reclaim the loss of the past, as far as may be, by the more diligent and faithful use of the future.

And while we talk to others, let not Bob Merry forget his own duty. For the last twelve months, we have plodded on, bringing forth things new and old, to the best of our feeble ability, in fulfilment of our vocation, which is to please and profit our gentle friends and readers. That we have done well, we cannot presume to say; that we have intended well, is all we can venture to assume. Amid the cares and toils of our journey,—the flaws, cross-currents, and tempests of our voyage—we have at least one comfort—perhaps but one—and that is, that our little Black Eyes and Blue are still good-humored, and still cheer us with their confidence and favor. This joyous breeze still fills our sails—and with this encouragement we shall start upon the voyage of 1845.

We hope to perform every trip this year, under some new advantages. We not only retain our old publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Soden & Co.,—who commenced the Museum and have carried it on so successfully through eight volumes—but we have taken on board a new captain,—D. Mead of New York, who is an experienced sailor, and who intends to make a dashing voyage. To drop the metaphor, and speak in plain language—the Museum is hereafter to be issued from two points—the office of Bradbury, Soden & Co., No. 12 School street, Boston, and that of the aforesaid D. Mead, 148 Nassau street, New York. The work will appear with promptitude, and we shall be careful to see that, every month, the patrons of the work shall find a palatable assortment of literary varieties. We shall still be happy to receive the favors of our correspondents, addressed to Bradbury, Soden & Co., 12 School St., Boston.

Pleasant Things.

MUSIC BY G. J. WEBB.


Allegro.
Instrument.
1. What joy it is from day to day, To skip and sing, and dance and play;
To breathe the air, to feel the sun, And o'er the spangled
meadows run. To breathe the air, and feel the sun, And o'er the span-gled
mea-dows run, And o'er the span - gled mea - dows run.

What joy to move my limbs about,
To whoop and halloo, call and shout,
Among the woods and feel as free
As any bird upon a tree.

What joy, when hungry, 't is to eat,
What pleasure in our daily meat;
How sweet, when sleep the eyelids close,
To sink in calm and soft repose.

But who bestows the constant joy
On every little girl and boy?
'T is God, our Father, great and wise,
Whose goodness every joy supplies.

Then let me love and praise the Lord,
And strive to know his holy word,—
To do no wrong, and think no ill,
And evermore perform his will.

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